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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XV.

	No.	Page
LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN, - - - - -	128	1
"DO YOU THINK I'D INFORM?" BY MRS S. C. HALL, -	129	1
THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM. BY MRS S. C. HALL, - -	129	23
TREASURES OF THE EARTH.—I. MINERAL, - - -	130	1
THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK, - - - - -	131	1
THE NORMAN CONQUEST, - - - - -	132	1
LIFE AND TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT, - - - - -	133	1
THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY, - - - - -	134	1
BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS, - - - - -	134	21
SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY, - -	135	1

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.
1847.



WILLIAM PENN, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, was born in London on the 14th of October 1644. He was the only son of Sir William Penn, a naval commander of distinction, first during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and afterwards in the service of Charles II., from whom he received the honour of knight-hood. His health having suffered from his active duties, Admiral Penn retired from service in 1666, although then only in the forty-fifth year of his age. His wife, the mother of William Penn, was the daughter of a merchant in Rotterdam.

Penn received his preliminary education at Chigwell, in Essex, near his father's country residence. From Chigwell school he was removed, at twelve years of age, to a private academy in London; and having made great progress in all the usual branches of education, he was entered, at the age of fifteen years, as a gentleman commoner at Christ-church, Oxford. At college he is said to have been remarkable not more for his sedateness and

attention to study, than for his extreme fondness for all athletic sports. His first bias, too, towards the opinions of that religious sect of which he became afterwards so distinguished an ornament, the Society of Friends, was produced at this period of his life. It was the effect of the preaching of one Thomas Loe, once a member of the university of Oxford, but who had embraced the doctrines of the Quakers, and was now a zealous propagator of the same.

Serious and thoughtful from his childhood, young Penn was strongly impressed by the views of religious truth which Loe inculcated; and the consequence was, that he and a few of his fellow-students who had been similarly affected began to absent themselves from the established worship of the university, and to hold private meetings among themselves for devotional purposes. For this breach of the college rules a fine was imposed upon them by the authorities of the university. Neither Penn nor his associates were cured of their disposition to nonconformity by this act of severity; they still continued to hold their private meetings, and naturally became more zealous in their views as they saw these views prohibited and discountenanced. Their zeal soon manifested itself in an act of riot. An order having been sent down to Oxford by Charles II. that the surplice should be worn by the students, as was customary in ancient times, Penn and his companions were so roused by what they conceived a return to popish observances, that, not content with disobeying the order themselves, they attacked those students who appeared in the obnoxious surplices, and tore them off their backs. So flagrant an outrage on college discipline could not be allowed to pass without severe punishment, and accordingly Penn and several of his companions were expelled. As may be conceived, Admiral Penn was by no means pleased when his son returned home with the stigma attached to him of having been expelled from college; nor was he more satisfied when he learned the cause. Himself untroubled with any such religious scruples as those which his son professed, he could not make any allowance for them, but, on the contrary, insisted that he should give them up, and live as any young gentleman of good family and loyal principles might be expected to do. The young man meeting his father's remonstrances with arguments in self-defence, the hasty old admiral turned him out of doors.

Through his mother's intercession a reconciliation soon took place; and the admiral determined, as the best means of finishing his son's education, and possibly of curing him of what he considered his over-religiousness, to send him to spend a year or two in France. Penn accordingly left England in 1662, and was absent on the continent till 1664. On his return to England, his father was much pleased to find him so polished in demeanour and manners, and did not doubt but his intention in sending him abroad had been in a great measure fulfilled. By his advice

Penn became a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he continued till 1666, when his father sent him over to Ireland to manage his pretty extensive estates in the county of Cork. In this commission he conducted himself entirely to his father's satisfaction, residing sometimes on the estates themselves, sometimes in Dublin, where he had the advantage of mixing in the society attending the court of the Duke of Ormond, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and his father's friend. While attending to his business in Ireland, however, a circumstance befell him, which might have induced his father to have acted differently, could he have foreseen it. Being accidentally one day in Cork, he heard that Thomas Loe, the person whose preaching had so deeply affected him at Oxford, was to address a meeting of Quakers in that city. Penn could not think of losing the opportunity of again seeing and hearing his old friend, and accordingly he entered the place where Loe was to preach. He took his seat, and had waited for a few minutes, when the preacher rose, and commenced his sermon with the following striking words:—"There is a faith which overcometh the world; and there is a faith which is overcome by the world." The words, and the sermon which they introduced, seemed adapted to his own case. Had not his faith been one which had been overcome by the world? and was it not, therefore, a weak, poor, and useless thing? Such was the force of this reflection, strengthened as it was by intercourse with Loe, that he resolved from that day to devote himself to the service of religion, and to adhere to the sect whose principles he respected most. In short, from that time Penn became a professed Quaker.

Nonconformity in religious observances was at that time somewhat dangerous. In Scotland, a religious persecution was fiercely raging; and although in other parts of the kingdom the spirit of bigotry on the part of the government did not manifest itself to the same extent, yet everywhere throughout Great Britain and Ireland dissenters were subject to grievous annoyances; and it was in the power of any meddlesome or narrow-minded person to point to numerous persecuting laws existing in the statute-book, and to demand that they should be put in force against them. Accordingly, William Penn soon paid the price of his conscientiousness. Making it a point, ever after his meeting with Loe, to attend the religious assemblies of the Quakers in preference to those of the Established Church, he was apprehended, along with eighteen others, on the 3d of September 1667, and carried before the mayor of Cork, charged with transgressing the act against tumultuous assemblies passed seven years before. The mayor, perceiving Penn to be a gentleman, offered him his liberty on condition that he would give security for his good behaviour in future; but Penn refused to comply with this condition, and was therefore committed to prison with the others. From prison he addressed a letter to the Earl of Orrery, then

lord president of Munster, and a friend probably of Admiral Penn, requesting his interference to procure the release of himself and his companions. The earl immediately ordered the release of Penn; the others, it would appear, however, were permitted to remain in prison.

Meanwhile some friend of the family, resident in Ireland, had conveyed to the admiral the unwelcome intelligence that his son had joined the Quakers. Without any delay the old man summoned his son home; and their first interview was a stormy one. The admiral at length, finding that his son had become a confirmed Quaker, and losing hope of moving him further, only stipulated that the youth should consent to depart so far from the customs of his sect, as to take off his hat in presence of the king, the Duke of York, and himself! After a violent struggle between filial affection and religious convictions, William announced that he could not agree even to this limited amount of hat worship, and was again turned out of doors.

Thus driven out into the world, and disqualified by his previous education for earning his livelihood by any ordinary profession, Penn would have fared badly, had not his mother, without the admiral's knowledge, kept up a communication with him, and supplied him with money out of her own purse. Not long afterwards, being now in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he began to preach at meetings of those who, like himself, had embraced the tenets of the Quakers. About the same time, too, he commenced his career as a polemical pamphleteer—a character which he kept up till his dying day, having in the course of his life published an immense number of controversial pamphlets in defence of his sect and of religious liberty in general. The title of his first work, published in 1668, was as follows:—"Truth Exalted, in a short but sure Testimony against all those Religions, Faiths, and Worships, that have been formed and followed in the darkness of Apostacy; and for that Glorious Light which is now risen, and shines forth in the Life and Doctrine of the despised Quakers, as the alone good old way of Life and Salvation." To account for the somewhat bombastic appearance of this title, as well as for much in the conduct of William Penn and other early Quakers, which might otherwise seem difficult to explain, it must be mentioned that the early Quakers differed considerably from the modern Society of Friends with respect to the ideas which they entertained regarding the importance of their own sect. George Fox, William Penn, and the early Quakers in general, regarded Quakerism as a "glorious light"—a new dispensation, destined to abrogate existing forms of faith, and restore Christianity to its primitive purity. Hence their sanguine mode of speaking concerning their own mode of faith; hence their extraordinary exertions to make proselytes; and hence that activity, and even restlessness in society, which distinguished the early Quakers from their modern successors.

William Penn was a great accession to the sect whose views he had adopted. Both by the publication of pamphlets, and by public debates, he endeavoured to make an impression in favour of the Quakers. One of his publications, a pamphlet, called "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," gave so much offence to some of the established clergy, and especially to the bishop of London, that Penn was apprehended, and sent as a prisoner to the Tower. During his imprisonment here, which lasted seven months, he wrote his "No Cross, no Crown," one of the most popular of all his works; the leading idea of it being, "that unless men are willing to lead a life of self-denial, and to undergo privations and hardships in the course of their Christian warfare; that is, unless they are willing to bear the cross, they cannot become capable of wearing the crown—the crown, namely, of eternal glory." At length Penn was discharged by an order from the king, who was probably moved to this act of leniency by his brother, the Duke of York, Admiral Penn's friend.

The admiral by this time was disposed to be reconciled to his son, whose constancy to his opinions he could not help admiring, notwithstanding that he had no predilection for the opinions themselves. Partly to keep him out of harm's way, he sent him a second time on a mission of business to Ireland. While dutifully fulfilling the business on which he had been sent, Penn employed a great part of his time in Ireland in preaching and writing tracts in favour of Quakerism. He likewise visited many poor persons of his sect who were suffering imprisonment for their fidelity to their convictions; and, by means of his representations and his influence, he was able to procure from the lord-lieutenant the discharge of several of them. On his return to England he was kindly received by his father, and took up his abode once more in the paternal mansion.

The spirit of intolerance had, in the meantime, become more rampant in the government; and in 1670, parliament passed the famous act against conventicles, by which it was attempted to crush nonconformity in England. The Quakers of course were visited with the full severity of the act; and William Penn was one of the first of its victims. Proceeding one day to the place of meeting, which he attended in Gracechurch Street, he found the door guarded by a party of soldiers, who prevented him from entering. Others of the congregation coming up, gathered round the door, forming, with the chance loiterers, who were attracted by curiosity, a considerable crowd. Penn began to address them; but had hardly begun his discourse, when he and another Quaker named William Mead, who was standing near him, were seized by the constables, who were already provided with warrants for the purpose, signed by the lord mayor, and conveyed to Newgate, whence they were brought to trial at the Old Bailey sessions on the 3d of September 1670. As this trial was really very important, we shall detail the proceedings

at some length. The justices present on the bench on this occasion were Sir Samuel Starling, lord mayor of London; John Howel, recorder; five aldermen; and three sheriffs. The jury consisted, as usual, of twelve persons, whose names deserve to be held in honour for the noble manner in which they performed their duty. When the prisoners Penn and Mead entered the court, they had their hats on, according to the custom of their sect. One of the officers of the court instantly pulled them off. On this the lord mayor became furious, and ordered the man to replace the hats on the heads of the prisoners; which was no sooner done, than the recorder fined them forty marks each for contempt of court in wearing their hats in presence of the bench. The trial then proceeded. Witnesses were called to prove that, on the 15th of August last, the prisoners had addressed a meeting of between three and four hundred persons in Gracechurch Street. Penn admitted that he and his friend were present on the occasion referred to, but contended that they had met to worship God according to their own conscience, and that they had a right to do so. One of the sheriffs here observed that they were there not for worshipping God, but for breaking the law. "What law?" asked Penn. "The common law," replied the recorder. Penn insisted on knowing what law that was; but was checked by the bench, who called him "a saucy fellow." "The question is," said the recorder at length, "whether you are guilty of this indictment." "The question," replied Penn, "is *not* whether I am guilty of this indictment, but whether this indictment be legal. It is too general and imperfect an answer to say it is the common law, unless we know where and what it is; for where there is no law, there is no transgression; and that law which is not in being, is so far from being common, that it is no law at all." Upon which the recorder retorted, "You are an impertinent fellow, sir. Will you teach the court what law is? It is *lex non scripta*; that which many have studied thirty or forty years to know, and would you have me tell you in a moment?" Penn immediately answered, "Certainly, if the common law be so hard to be understood, it is far from being very common; but if Lord Coke in his Institutes be of any consideration, he tells us that common law is common right, and that common right is the great charter privileges confirmed." "Sir," interrupted the recorder, "you are a troublesome fellow; and it is not to the honour of the court to suffer you to go on." "I have asked but one question," said Penn, "and you have not answered me, though the rights and privileges of every Englishman are concerned in it." "If," said the recorder, "I should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you would be never the wiser." "That," replied the imperturbable Penn, "is *according as the answers are*." After some further conversation, or rather altercation, the mayor and recorder became enraged. "Take him away, take him away," they cried to the officers of the

court; "turn him into the bale-dock." This order was obeyed, Penn protesting, as he was removed, that it was contrary to all law for the judge to deliver the charge to the jury in the absence of the prisoners. But now a second contest commenced—a contest between the bench and the jury. The latter, after being sent out of court to agree upon their verdict, unanimously returned the following one—"Guilty of *speaking* in Gracechurch Street." The bench refused to receive this verdict; and after reproaching the jury, sent them back for half an hour to reconsider it. At the end of the half hour the court again met; and the prisoners having been brought in, the jury delivered precisely the same verdict as before, only this time they gave it in writing, with all their names attached. The court upon this became furious; and the recorder, addressing the jury, said, "Gentlemen, you shall not be dismissed till we have such a verdict as the court will accept; and you shall be locked up without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the court; we will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it!" On this Penn stood up and said, "My jury, who are my judges, ought not to be thus menaced; their verdict should be free, and not compelled; the bench ought to wait upon them, and not to forestall them. I do desire that justice may be done me, and that the arbitrary resolves of the bench may not be made the measure of my jury's verdict." The court then adjourned, the jury, including one who complained of ill health, being locked up without food, fire, or drink. Next morning, on being brought in, they still returned the same verdict. They were violently reproached and threatened; and the recorder even forgot himself so far as to say that "he had never till now understood the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the Inquisition among them; and that certainly it would never be well in England till something like the Spanish Inquisition were established there." The jury were again locked up without food, drink, tobacco, or fire, for twenty-four hours. On the third day, the natural and glorious effect of this brutality on the minds of Englishmen was produced. In place of the indirect acquittal contained in their former verdict, they now, with one voice, pronounced the prisoners "Not guilty!" Upon some paltry legal pretence they were all fined for their contumacy, and sent to prison till the fine should be paid. Penn himself was shut up till he should pay the mulct for contempt of court. This he would not do; but his father, it is thought, laid down the money for him, and he was liberated.

Penn's father dying immediately after his liberation, left him a clear estate of £1500 a-year—a considerable property in those days. The old man had by this time been brought to regard his son's conduct in a more favourable light than he had done at first; and one of his dying advices to him was, to "suffer nothing in this world to tempt him to wrong his conscience."

For twelve months after his father's death Penn proceeded as before, preaching habitually at meetings of persons of his own persuasion, writing tracts and treatises in defence of Quakerism, and on other theological and political topics, among which was an account of the recent trial of himself and Mead, and engaging also in oral controversy with several dissenting preachers who had inveighed against the Quakers from their pulpits. His activity soon brought him into fresh trouble. Towards the end of the year 1671, he was again apprehended on the charge of preaching to an illegal assembly, and brought before Sir John Robinson, lieutenant of the Tower, who was one of his judges on the former trial. Sir Samuel Starling was also present. Unable to convict the prisoner on the conventicle act, Sir John, who was resolved not to let him escape, adopted another plan, and required him to take the oath of allegiance to the king, well knowing that, as it was contrary to the principles of the Quakers to take an oath at all, he would refuse, and thereby subject himself to imprisonment. "I vow, Mr Penn," said Sir John Robinson, on his refusal, "I am sorry for you. You are an ingenious gentleman; all the world must allow you, and do allow you that; and you have a plentiful estate; why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people?" "I confess," said Penn in reply, "I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those that are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those that are more honestly simple." "I wish you wiser!" said Sir John. "And I wish thee better!" replied Penn. "You have been as bad as other folks," observed the judge. "When and where?" cried Penn, his blood rising at this accusation of hypocrisy. "I charge thee to tell the company to my face." "Abroad and at home too," said Sir John. Penn, indignant at this ungenerous taunt, exclaimed, "I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with having seen me drunk, heard me swear, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it a practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions." Then turning to his calumniator, and forgetting for a moment his wonted meekness, "Thy words," said he, "shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet!"

The result of the trial was, that Penn was committed to Newgate for six months. In prison he composed and published several new works, all connected with the subject of religious toleration, especially as it concerned his own sect. On his release, he made a tour through Holland and Germany, apparently for the purpose of disseminating the doctrines of Quakerism; but few particulars are known respecting this tour. On his return to England in 1672, being now in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he contracted a marriage with Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling, in Sussex, and a lady of great beauty and accomplishments. After their marriage, they took up their residence

at Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, where his wealth would have enabled Penn, had he so chosen, to lead the life of an influential country gentleman. Nothing, however, could cool the enthusiasm of Penn in behalf of what he esteemed a great and glorious cause; and for three or four years after his marriage, he was incessantly occupied in the composition of controversial pamphlets, defending the Quakers against the attacks and misrepresentations of other sects, and in travelling from place to place for the purpose either of preaching, or of conducting a debate with an antagonist. Early in 1677, he removed his residence from Rickmansworth, in Herts, to Worminghurst, in Sussex. In the same year, in company with the celebrated George Fox and Robert Barclay, he made a second religious tour through Holland and Germany, visiting, among others, the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, daughter of the king of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James I. of England, who had shown considerable interest in the doctrines of the Quakers, and who received him very graciously. On his return to England, we find him engaged in a remonstrance to parliament in behalf of the Quakers, which deserves some notice. At that time, as the readers of history well know, a strong feeling prevailed throughout the nation against the Roman Catholics, who were suspected of innumerable plots and conspiracies against the church and state, which, for the most part, had no existence except in the fancies of the most bigoted portion of the Protestants. The feeling against the Catholics became so high, that all the existing laws against them were rigorously put in force, and much persecution was the consequence—twenty pounds a-month being the penalty of absence from the established worship of the country. In order, however, to distinguish between the Roman Catholics and other dissenters, so that the former alone might suffer, it was proposed in parliament that a test should be offered, whereby, on taking a particular oath, a suspected party might escape. This of course was quite a sufficient method for dissenters in general, who had no objection to take the required oath; but for Quakers, who objected to oaths altogether, the plan was of no advantage. On refusing to take the oath, they would be liable to be treated as Jesuits, or Roman Catholics in disguise. On this point William Penn presented a petition to the House of Commons, in which he prayed that, with regard to the clause for discriminating between Roman Catholics and others, the mere word of a Quaker should be deemed equivalent to an oath; with this addition, however, that if any Quaker should be found uttering a falsehood on the occasion, he should be subject to exactly the same punishment as if he had sworn falsely. Being admitted to a hearing before a committee of the House of Commons, he spoke in support of his petition, insisting that it was hard that the Quakers “must bear the stripes of another interest, and be their proxy in punishment.” “But mark,” he continued,

in words which did him and his sect much honour, when contrasted with the general intolerance of those times, "I would not be mistaken. I am far from thinking it fit, because I exclaim against the injustice of whipping Quakers for Papists, that Papists should be whipped for their consciences. No: for though the hand pretended to be lifted up against them hath lighted heavily upon us, yet we do not mean that any should take a fresh aim at them, or that they should come in our room; for we must give the liberty we ask, and cannot be false to our principles, though it were to relieve ourselves; for we have good will to all men, and would have none suffer for a truly sober and conscientious dissent on any hand. And I humbly take leave to add, that those methods against persons so qualified do not seem to me to be convincing, or indeed adequate, to the reason of mankind; but this I submit to your consideration." The effect of Penn's representations was such, that a clause for the relief of Quakers was actually introduced into the bill then before the House: the prorogation of parliament, however, put a stop to the progress of the bill.

Passing over Penn's further exertions, both by speech and writing, in the cause of Quakerism and of religious toleration in England, as an account of these would not possess much interest now, we come to the most important event in his life—namely, the foundation of the North American colony of Pennsylvania.

PENN LED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES
—OBTAINS A GRANT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

After various unsuccessful attempts, two English colonies had been planted on the eastern coast of North America in the early part of the seventeenth century. The more southern of the two was called Virginia, and was colonised principally by mercantile adventurers; the more northern was called New England, and was colonised principally by Puritans, who, driven by persecution from the mother country, had crossed the Atlantic in order to enjoy liberty of conscience in a new country of their own founding. From the year 1620, a constant stream of emigrants from Great Britain had been pouring into these colonies; so that, towards the latter part of the century, the coast on both sides of the Potomac river was overspread by a British population—those on the north side of the river calling themselves New Englanders, and those on the south side Virginians. The manner in which the colonisation was carried on was as follows:—The king granted to some nobleman, or to some mercantile company, a certain territory roughly marked out; this nobleman or company again either sold the property in lots to intending emigrants, or themselves organised an emigration on a large scale, and superintended the foundation of a colony on the territory in question. It is evident, therefore, that the purchase and sale of lands in America had become, in the reign of Charles II., a favourite

branch of speculation; some parties buying portions of land with an actual view to settle in the new world, or at least to possess property in it, others buying with the mere intention of selling again. Now, it so happened that, in the year 1664, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., who had obtained from his brother Charles II. a grant of a great part of the New England coast, conveyed over a portion of it, under the name of New Jersey, to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret. Lord Berkley again disposed of his half share to two members of the Society of Friends—John Fenwick and Edward Byllinge. It appears that some dispute arose between these two individuals respecting their shares in the land which they had purchased; for, in the year 1775, we find William Penn, who seems to have been a friend of both, acting as arbitrator between them, and endeavouring to persuade Fenwick to yield, and, for the credit of the body to which he belonged, not to carry the dispute to a court of law. His remonstrances were effectual; the difference between Fenwick and Byllinge was adjusted; and the former emigrated to New Jersey, apparently in the mere capacity of superintendent for Byllinge, while Byllinge himself remained at home.

This was Penn's first connexion with the American colonies; a connexion, it will be observed, quite casual, but which was followed by important consequences. Byllinge becoming involved in pecuniary difficulties, conveyed over his property in New Jersey to his creditors, prevailing upon William Penn to act as trustee, along with two of the creditors, for the judicious application of the property to the purpose of discharging his debts. Penn entered on the business with much alacrity; and after concluding an arrangement with Sir George Carteret, by which the boundaries of his and Byllinge's shares of New Jersey were defined—the former under the name of East New Jersey, and the latter under that of West New Jersey—he prepared to turn his position, as Byllinge's trustee for West New Jersey, to the best account. The property having been divided into a hundred lots, Fenwick, Byllinge's agent, was paid off with ten of these, and the remaining ninety were to be applied for the behoof of the creditors. All that was necessary now was to invite promising emigrants to settle in these lands; and with this view Penn drew up a constitution, consisting of a number of articles of mutual agreement, which the purchasers of the lands were to sign, and which were characterised by his own spirit of liberality and toleration. At the same time, in order that no one might embark in the undertaking without a full knowledge of the condition of the country he was going to, and the difficulties which he must encounter, he and his colleagues published "A Description of West New Jersey," embracing all the information they had it in their power to give. In consequence of these representations, about eight hundred respectable settlers, most of them Quakers, embarked for New Jersey in the beginning of 1678.

Once led to take an interest in the American colonies, nothing was more natural for William Penn, situated as he was, a member of a persecuted sect, who had all his life been struggling ineffectually for the attainment for himself and his fellows of some measure of religious liberty, than to conceive the project of heading an emigration on a large scale, to consist of Quakers and other dissenters. Might he not be the instrument of founding a new state, which, constructed upon better and sounder principles than those which regulated the old states of Europe, would one day become great, and flourish? Or, even supposing that so noble a prospect were never to be realised, would it not in itself be a good and philanthropic action to remove some hundreds of families from a land where they were suffering continual wrong for conscience' sake, and plant them in a land where, supporting themselves by the sweat of their brow, they might still eat their bread in peace, and bless God the giver? Such were the thoughts that recurred again and again to the mind of William Penn, as instance after instance of persecution presented itself to his view. Intelligence which he received of the prosperity of the colonists, whom, in his capacity as trustee for Byllinge, he had been instrumental in sending out to New Jersey, confirmed him in the notion which he was indulging; and at length he formed the decided resolution to head an extensive scheme of emigration on his own account.

Fortunately the execution of this project was facilitated by a claim which Penn had upon government. His father, Admiral Penn, had at different times advanced sums of money to the needy and dissolute government of Charles II., which, together with arrears of pay, amounted to £16,000; and, as his father's heir, Penn was of course entitled to the payment of this debt. In lieu of the money, Penn proposed that government should make him a grant of a tract of country in New England, yet uncolonised—the tract, namely, lying to the north of Maryland, bounded on the east by the Delaware river, extending as far to the west as Maryland, and as far to the north as was plantable. He had no doubt been led to fix on this territory by favourable accounts which he had received of its resources. When the application was made to government, considerable opposition was offered to Penn's proposal, on the ground that he was a Quaker. At length, however, on the 4th of March 1681, a royal charter was granted, constituting Penn full and absolute proprietor, under the British crown, of all the land which he had petitioned for. The rights with which this charter invested him were most ample. "The use," says his biographer, Mr Clarkson, "of all ports, bays, rivers, and waters in the specified territory, of their produce, and of all islands, mountains, soils, and mines there, was wholly granted to him. He was to hold the territory in free and common soccage by fealty only, paying two beaver skins annually, and a fifth of all the gold and silver discovered, to

the king. He had the power of making laws, with the advice, assent, and approbation of the free men of the territory assembled for the raising of money for public uses; of appointing judges and other officers; and of pardoning and reprieving, except in cases of wilful murder and high treason. He had the power of dividing the province into towns, hundreds, and counties; of erecting and incorporating towns into burghs, and burghs into cities; of selling or alienating any part or parts of the said province, in which case the purchasers were to hold by his grant; of constituting fairs and markets; and of making ports, harbours, and quays. He had the power of assessing, reasonably, and with the advice of the free men assembled, customs on goods laden and unladen, and of enjoying the same, saving only to the king such impositions as were and should be appointed by act of parliament. In case of incursion by neighbouring barbarous nations, or by pirates or robbers, he had power to levy, muster, and train to arms all men in the said province, and to act as their captain-general, and to make war upon and pursue the same." To these general provisions were added many regulations in detail, the whole charter amounting to one of the most full and absolute ever granted to a subject. With regard to the name of the new territory, Penn proposed at first that it should be called New Wales, by way of companionship, it may be supposed, to New England. Objections, however, being taken to this name, he proposed Sylvania, as one which the woody nature of the country rendered suitable; and ultimately this name was adopted, with the prefix of the word Penn, in honour of William Penn's father, for whom both the king and the Duke of York had a great regard. Penn was anxious to have this prefix struck out, as apparently too assuming; and he actually made application for that purpose: the king, however, insisted that the name Pennsylvania should remain, as accordingly it did.

Penn immediately took steps for the colonisation of his newly-acquired territory. He first published a paper giving "Some Account of the Province of Pennsylvania in America, lately granted under the Great Seal of England to William Penn;" and to this paper he annexed a statement of the terms on which he intended to sell his land to emigrants. According to this statement, he was to sell a hundred acres for forty shillings, reserving, for legal reasons, a perpetual quit-rent of one shilling for every hundred acres. He next published a list of those conditions as to the future management of the colony on which he was willing to part with his land to purchasers. The most prominent of these conditions related to the manner in which he wished the native Indians to be treated by those who settled in the new territory. With a degree of humanity rare in that age, though quite in consonance with his own noble character, he forewarned all his adherents that he was determined to put the native Indians on a level with the colonists as regarded civic rights, and that all

differences between the two parties should be settled by an equal number of referees from both sides.

As it was deemed necessary, moreover, that intending settlers should have some previous idea of the form of government to be adopted in the new colony, Penn drew up a rough outline of such a constitution as he wished to see established, and as he had no doubt would meet the approbation of all likely to be interested. This constitution embraced twenty-four articles, of which the first, named by Penn the *Great Fundamental*, was as follows:—
 “In reverence to God, the father of light and spirits, the author as well as object of all divine knowledge, faith, and worship, I do, for me and mine, declare and establish for the first fundamental of the government of my province, that every person that doth and shall reside therein shall have and enjoy the free profession of his or her faith and exercise of worship toward God, in such way and manner as every such person shall in conscience believe is most acceptable to God.”

All the necessary preparations having been made, three ships full of emigrants set sail for Pennsylvania in the end of 1681. The superintendence of this first detachment was intrusted by Penn to his relative, Colonel Markham, assisted by commissioners. These were instructed to open up a communication with the natives, and to make all possible arrangements for the establishment of a peaceful relation between them and the future colony. With this view they carried a letter, written in Penn's own hand, and addressed to the Indians; of which remarkable document the following is a copy:—“There is a great God and Power which hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you and I, and all people, owe their being and well-being, and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we have done in the world. This great God hath written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. Now, this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world; and the king of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein. But I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbours and friends; else what would the great God do to us, who hath made us, not to devour and destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly together in the world? Now, I would have you well observe that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised toward you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought to make themselves great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This, I hear, hath been matter of trouble to you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood, which hath made the great God angry. But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard

toward you, and desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in anything any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them. I shall shortly come to see you myself, at which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters. In the meantime, I have sent my commissioners to treat with you about land, and a firm league of peace. Let me desire you to be kind to them and to the people; and receive the presents and tokens which I have sent you, as a testimony of my good-will to you, and of my resolution to live justly, peaceably, and friendly with you. I am, your loving friend,

WILLIAM PENN."

Penn was busy making preparations to follow the settlers, whom he had already despatched, when he was afflicted by the death of his mother, for whom he had ever manifested the greatest affection. Shortly after this melancholy event, he published in full the constitution to which we have already alluded, under the title, "The Frame of Government of the Province of Pennsylvania, in America, together with certain Laws agreed upon in England by the Governor and divers Freemen of the aforesaid Province, to be further explained and confirmed there by the first Provincial Council that shall be held." After stating in the preface that he "does not find a model of government in the world that time, place, and some singular emergencies have not necessarily altered, and that it is not easy to frame a civil government that shall serve all places alike," he proceeds to detail the arrangements which, after due deliberation and consultation, he concluded to be advisable in the meantime. The following is the summary of these arrangements, given by Penn's biographer, Mr Clarkson:—"The government," he says, "was placed in the governor and freemen of the province, out of whom were to be formed two bodies; namely, a Provincial Council, and a General Assembly. These were to be chosen by the freemen; and, though the governor or his deputy was to be perpetual president, he was to have but a treble vote. The provincial council was to consist of seventy-two members. One-third part—that is, twenty-four of them—were to serve for three years; one-third for two; and the other third for only one year. It was the office of this council to prepare and propose bills; to see that the laws were executed; to take care of the peace and safety of the province; to settle the situation of ports, cities, market-towns, roads, and other public places; to inspect the public treasury; to erect courts of justice, institute schools, and reward the authors of useful discoveries. Not less than two-thirds of these were necessary to make a quorum; and the consent of not less than two-thirds of such a quorum was required in all matters

of moment. The general assembly was to consist, the first year, of all the freemen; and the next of two hundred. These were to be increased afterwards according to the increase of the population of the province. They were to have no deliberative power; but when bills were brought to them from the governor and provincial council, they were to pass or reject them by a plain 'Yes' or 'No.' They were to present sheriffs and justices of the peace to the governor; of the number presented by them, he was to select half. They were to be elected annually. All elections of members, whether to the provincial council or to the general assembly, were to be by ballot. This charter, or frame of government, was not to be altered, changed, or diminished in any part or clause of it, without the consent of the governor, or his heirs or assigns, and six parts out of seven of the freemen both in the provincial council and general assembly."

Another precaution which Penn took before departing for America deserves to be noticed. To prevent any future dispute between himself or his heirs, and the Duke of York and his heirs, with regard to the proprietorship of Pennsylvania, he procured from his royal highness a written surrender of all his claims, real or supposed, to the lands in question. Not only so; but being aware, also, that, adjoining the district which had been granted him by royal charter, there was a tract of land called "the Territories," already inhabited by Swedes and Dutch, and belonging to the Duke of York, the possession of which would, he conceived, be advantageous to the infant colony of Pennsylvania, he made application to the duke with a view to obtain it. The duke willingly agreed; and by a deed of feoffment, dated August 24, 1682, the Territories were formally made over to William Penn and his successors.

Nothing remained now but to take leave of his wife and children before embarking on an undertaking then more hazardous than, with our present notions of America and its distance from England, we can well conceive. This he did in a letter of counsel addressed jointly to his wife and children, some passages of which are so impressive and honourable to the writer, that we cannot refrain from giving a brief specimen:—"My dear wife—Remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the most beloved as well as most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest." He next addresses himself to his children. "Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour

to you; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding—qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight; nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors. And though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfullest acts of service to you in your infancy as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish, your dear mother."

On the 1st of September 1682, the ship *Welcome*, of three hundred tons burthen, set sail from Deal with William Penn and about a hundred other emigrants, mostly Quakers, on board. She had not sailed many days when the small-pox broke out in the ship, and raged so violently, that about thirty of the passengers died. The rest arrived safely at their destination after a voyage of six weeks, the *Welcome* anchoring in the Delaware river about the middle of October.

FOUNDATION OF THE COLONY—OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA —INCREASE OF SETTLERS.

The territory of Pennsylvania which William Penn had selected in North America possessed natural advantages of no ordinary kind. "It may be doubted," says one authority, "whether a more widely-diversified region exists upon the face of the earth, or one of similar area in which the vegetable and mineral productions are more numerous." Scarcely any part is level; the country is a perpetual alternation of hill and valley. Watered by many large rivers, as the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Schuylkill, the Alleghany, the Ohio, &c. as well as by innumerable rivulets, it seemed a most inviting country for emigrants. A general perception of these advantages had no doubt actuated Penn in his choice of this particular region. At the time, however, when he made the choice, all was wild and uncultivated—a tract, for the most part, of jungly forest-land, traversed in silence by idle streams. "At the beginning of the year 1681," says the author of an American history of Philadelphia, "the tract of ground upon which Philadelphia now stands was covered with forests; and men and savage beasts had a pretty equal right to it. Tradition has preserved the anecdote, that, in the year 1678, a ship called the *Shields* of Stockton, the first that had ever ventured so high up the Delaware, approached so close to the shore in tacking as to run her bowsprit among the trees which then lined the bank, and the passengers on board, who were bound for Burlington, remarked upon it as an advantageous site for a town. Little could they foresee the city

that was to be erected on that spot, or the contrast between its growth and that of the still humble village for which they were destined."

Sailing up the Delaware, Penn first reached the Territories, already mentioned as having been ceded to him by the Duke of York, and as being inhabited by Dutch and Swedes. These people, now Penn's subjects, and who had been prepared for his coming by Colonel Markham, were ready to give him a hearty welcome. About three thousand of them were assembled at Newcastle, where he first landed, a little below the site of the present Philadelphia. Here there was a magistracy and a courthouse, in which Penn, after formally taking possession of the country, delivered an address, assuring the inhabitants of his intentions to govern them in a spirit of kindness and regard for their interests. From Newcastle Penn proceeded to New York, that he might form a better idea of affairs, as they stood in a part of the country already colonised. Returning to Newcastle, he summoned a general assembly of the settlers, at a place called Upland, but to which he then gave the name of Chester. When the general assembly met, it consisted of free settlers indiscriminately from the province and from the Territories; all such as chose to take part in the proceedings at this first assembly being, in terms of one of the articles of the constitution, at liberty to do so. A speaker having been chosen, one of the first acts of the assembly was to pass an act uniting the Territories and the province, and naturalising Swedes, Dutch, and all foreigners within the boundaries of the entire region. The laws drawn up by Penn in England were then confirmed, with some modifications and additions. Among these additions the following deserve notice:—"All children of the age of twelve were to be taught some useful trade or handicraft, to the end that none might be idle in the province. All pleadings, processes, and records in courts of law were to be as short as possible. All fees of law were to be moderate, and to be hung up on tables in the courts. All persons wrongfully imprisoned or prosecuted were to have double damages against the informer or prosecutor. All fines were to be moderate. With respect to the criminal part of these laws, one new principle was introduced. William Penn was of opinion, that though the deterring of others from offences must continue to be the great end of punishment, yet in a community professing itself Christian, the reformation of the offender was to be inseparably connected with it. Hence he made but two capital offences—namely, murder, and treason against the state; and hence also all prisons were to be considered as workshops, where the offenders might be industriously, soberly, and morally employed." Thus all was begun fairly; the settlers, most of them sensible and religious men, who had experienced the effects of intolerant and bad government, manifesting a laudable desire to lay down at the outset liberal and generous principles for the

government in all time coming of the colony which they would have the responsibility of founding.

In the opinion of Penn, something was still wanting before he could proceed another step in the colonisation of Pennsylvania. The greater number of his contemporaries, to whom lands were ceded in these regions by the government at home, held that they had by that cession acquired all the necessary rights, and that no other parties were entitled to a voice in the matter. Not so thought William Penn. We have seen how he had instructed his commissioners to open up the way to a friendly communication with the native Indians, and how he had sent a letter to the latter, expressing his wish to "enjoy the lands with their love and consent." His commissioners had obeyed his instructions, and had made a bargain with the natives before his arrival. In order publicly to ratify this bargain in person, Penn, shortly after his arrival, made arrangements for meeting the chief men of the Indians, who were still numerous in the region. A grand convocation, accordingly, of the Indians and settlers, the latter headed by Penn, was held near the site of the present city of Philadelphia, under the spreading boughs of a prodigious elm-tree. The natives came to the place of meeting in great numbers, and all armed; Penn came, with his friends, unarmed. The only mark of distinction which the leader of the settlers presented was a sash of blue silk network, and the parchment-roll which he held in his hand, and which contained the conditions of the treaty. The Indians, on his approach, threw down their arms, and seated themselves on the ground; on which their chiefs—one of whom, as being the principal, wore a chaplet with a small horn attached, the primitive symbol of power—announced to Penn that they were ready to hear him. Tradition has preserved the main points in Penn's address on this memorable occasion.

He began—"The Great Spirit, who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love." After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. "Among other things," says Mr Clarkson, "they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to

them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again that the ground should be common to both people. He then added that he would not do as the Marylanders did—that is, call them children or brothers only, for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it."

The Indian chiefs answered in lengthened speeches, and pledged themselves "to live in love with William Penn and his children so long as sun and moon should endure." The treaty was concluded—a treaty of which it has been remarked with truthful severity, that it was the only one concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by oaths, and the only one that never was broken! The great elm-tree under whose boughs it was concluded stood for a hundred and thirty years after, an object of veneration to the people around.

The purchase of Pennsylvania from the Indians having been concluded, and the land in a great measure surveyed by a person who had been brought out for the purpose, Penn, who had already established his own residence on an island in the Delaware, a few miles below the falls of Trenton, opposite the site of the present Burlington, and to which he had given the name of Pennsburg, next turned his attention to the foundation of a town in some advantageous locality. After mature deliberation, a place, called by the Indians Coaquannoc, was chosen as the site. It was the very spot which had struck the passengers on board the South Shields of Stockton, on their way to Burlington, as so well adapted for a city. A neck of land situated between two navigable rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill, with quarries of good building stone in the immediate neighbourhood, the place seemed to be marked out by nature for the purpose. Accordingly, previous to Penn's arrival, some of the settlers whom he had sent out had taken up their habitations on the spot, erect-

ing bark huts, the art of constructing which they were taught by the Indians; or digging caves, which they fitted up so as to afford tolerable accommodation, in the high bank overhanging the Delaware.

The site of the city having been determined on, the surveyor, Thomas Holmes, drew up, under Penn's directions, a map or plan according to which the streets were to be laid out. "According to this plan," says Mr Clarkson, "there were to be two large streets, the one fronting the Delaware on the east, and the other the Schuylkill on the west, of a mile in length. A third, to be called High Street, of one hundred feet broad, was to run directly through the middle of the city, so as to communicate with the streets now mentioned at right angles—that is, it was to run through the middle from river to river, or from east to west. A fourth, of the same breadth, to be called Broad Street, was to run through the middle also, but to intersect High Street at right angles, or to run from north to south. Eight streets, fifty feet wide, were to be built parallel to High Street—that is, from river to river; and twenty of the like width, parallel to Broad Street, crossing the former. The streets running from east to west were to be named according to their numerical order—First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on; and those from north to south according to the woods of the country—as Vine Street, Spruce Street, Sassafras Street, Cedar Street, and so on. There was to be, however, a square of ten acres in the middle of the city, each corner of which was to be reserved for public offices. There was to be also, in each quarter of it, a square of eight acres, to be used by the citizens in like manner as Moor-fields in London." To the "distractingly regular city," as Mr Dickens calls it, thus mapped out, but not one house of which had yet been built, he gave the name of PHILADELPHIA, in token of the principle of brotherly love on which it was founded—brotherly love among English, Swedes, Dutch, Indians, and men of all languages and nations.

The work of building commenced apace. Within a few months of Penn's arrival, as many as twenty-three ships, loaded with emigrants from Somersetshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Wales, and Ireland, sailed up the Delaware, and anchored off the site of the new town. Most of the emigrants they brought to the settlement were men such as Penn wished to see in his colony, sober and industrious persons, who had left Great Britain in order that they might lead a quiet and peaceable life, undisturbed by persecution. A number of them brought out with them a variety of implements and pieces of machinery, which were of great use in the infant state of the colony. Accommodated first in temporary huts, or the caves before-mentioned, on the banks of the Delaware, they gradually distributed themselves through the settlement at their pleasure—few of them, however, removing far at first from the site of the town. As these removed, and pro-

vided themselves with better residences, their old habitations, the Indian-built huts, and the caves on the river bank, were taken possession of by new-comers, who in their turn made way for others, mutual benevolence and assistance being the rule of the settlement. It was in one of the rude caves dug in the river bank that the first native Philadelphian was born. This person, whose name was John Key, and who died in 1767, at the age of eighty-five, always went by the name of *First-born*.

In the spring of 1683 the affairs of the new colony presented a very flourishing appearance. The more recently-arrived settlers had experienced some hardships during the winter, but, on the whole, fewer than might have been anticipated, and the new year was entered upon with cheerfulness and hope. The following extract contains the recollections, in old age, of one of the first Pennsylvanian settlers, by name Richard Townsend, and may be taken at once as a succinct account of the rise of the colony, and as an illustration of the simple and devout character of the early settlers:—"After our arrival," he says, "we found it a wilderness. The chief inhabitants were Indians and some Swedes, who received us in a friendly manner; and though there was a great number of us, the good hand of Providence was seen in a particular manner, in that provisions were found for us by the Swedes and Indians at very reasonable rates, as well as brought from divers other parts that were inhabited before. After some time I set up a mill on Chester Creek, which I brought ready framed from London, which served for grinding corn and sawing boards, and was of great use to us. Besides, with Joshua Tittery, I made a net, and caught great quantities of fish, which supplied ourselves and many others; so that, notwithstanding it was thought near three thousand persons came the first year, we were so providentially provided for, that we could buy a deer for about two shillings, and a large turkey for about a shilling, and Indian corn for about two shillings and sixpence per bushel. And as our worthy proprietor treated the Indians with extraordinary humanity, they became very civil and loving to us, and brought us in abundance of venison. After our arrival, there came in about twenty families from High and Low Germany, of religious, good people, who settled about six miles from Philadelphia, and called the place German Town. About the time German Town was laid out, I settled upon my tract of land, which I had bought of the proprietor in England, about a mile from thence, where I set up a house and a corn-mill, which was very useful to the country for several miles round; but there not being plenty of horses, people generally brought their corn on their backs many miles. I remember one man had a bull so gentle, that he used to bring his corn on him instead of a horse. Being now settled within six or seven miles of Philadelphia, where I left the principal body of Friends, together with the chief place of provisions, flesh meat was very scarce with me for some time, of which I found the

want. I remember I was once supplied, by a particular instance of Providence, in the following manner:—As I was in my meadow mowing grass, a young deer came and looked on me. I continued mowing, and the deer in the same attention to me. I then laid down my scythe and went towards him, upon which he ran off a small distance. I went to my work again, and the deer continued looking on me; so that several times I left my work to go towards him, but he still kept himself at a distance. At last, as I was going towards him, and he, looking on me, did not mind his steps, he ran forcibly against the trunk of a tree, and stunned himself so much that he fell; upon which I ran forward, and getting upon him, held him by the legs. After a great struggle, in which I had almost tired him out, and rendered him lifeless, I threw him on my shoulders, holding him fast by the legs, and with some difficulty, on account of his fresh struggling, carried him home, about a quarter of a mile, to my house; where, by the assistance of a neighbour who happened to be there, and who killed him for me, he proved very serviceable to my family. I could relate several other acts of Providence of this kind, but omit them for brevity. As people began to spread, and to improve their lands, the country became more fruitful, so that those who came after us were plentifully supplied; and with what we exceeded our wants, we began a small trade abroad; and as Philadelphia increased, vessels were built, and many employed. Both country and trade have been wonderfully increasing to this day, so that, from a wilderness, the Lord, by his good hand of providence, hath made it a fruitful land; on which things to look back, and observe all the steps, would exceed my present purpose.”

To this we may add an extract from a letter written by Penn himself to a society of traders in England, who had purchased a large quantity of land in Pennsylvania, and which sketches the history of the colony down to the date at which it was written, August 1683:—“The country,” he says, “lies bounded on the east by the river and bay of Delaware and Eastern Sea. It hath the advantage of many creeks, or rivers rather, that run into the main river or bay, some navigable for great ships, some for small craft. Our people are mostly settled upon the upper rivers, which are pleasant and sweet, and generally bounded with good land. The planted part of the province and territories is cast into six counties—Philadelphia, Buckingham, Chester, Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex—containing about four thousand souls. Two general assemblies have been held, and with such concord and despatch, that they sat but three weeks, and at least seventy laws were passed, without one dissent in any material thing. And for the good government of the said counties, courts of justice are established in every county, with proper officers—as justices, sheriffs, clerks, constables—which courts are held every two months. Philadelphia, the expectation of those that are concerned in this

province, is at last laid out, to the great content of those here that are anyways interested therein. The situation is a neck of land, and lieth between two navigable rivers, Delaware and Schuylkill; whereby it hath two fronts upon the water, each a mile, and two from river to river. But this I will say for the good providence of God, that of all the many places I have seen in the world, I remember not one better seated; so that it seems to me to have been appointed for a town, whether we regard the rivers, or the conveniency of the coves, docks, springs, the loftiness and soundness of the land, and the air, held by the people of these parts to be very good. It is advanced, within less than a year, to about fourscore houses and cottages, such as they are, where merchants and handicrafts are following their vocations as fast as they can; while the countrymen are close at their farms. Some of them got a little winter corn in the ground last season, and the generality have had a handsome summer crop, and are preparing for their winter corn. They reaped their barley this year in the month called May, the wheat in the month following; so that there is time in these parts for another crop of divers things before the winter season. We are daily in hopes of shipping to add to our number; for, blessed be God, here is both room and accommodation for them. I bless God I am fully satisfied with the country, and entertainment I got in it; for I find that particular content which has always attended me, where God in his providence hath made it my place and service to reside."

Even in Pennsylvania, young as the colony was, and composed of better materials than most colonies, crime soon made its appearance. Before the first grand jury summoned in the province in March 1683, a settler named Pickering was brought to trial for issuing counterfeit silver coin—an offence which one would not have expected to find at so early a stage in the history of a new society. The man having been found guilty, was sentenced to pay a fine of forty pounds, to be employed towards the erection of a court-house—a much more lenient sentence than would have been awarded in the mother country. Before the same jury a woman named Margaret Mattson was tried for witchcraft. The verdict returned deserves notice for its peculiarity: it was, that the accused was "*guilty of having the common fame* of being a witch, but not guilty in manner and form as she stands indicted." This verdict probably meant that the jury found the prisoner guilty of a notoriously malicious disposition—the true offence of many of the poor wretches whom the barbarous British justice of that day condemned to the stake.

At midsummer 1684 the population of the colony amounted to upwards of seven thousand souls—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Dutch, Swedes, and Germans. About twenty different townships had been established; and Philadelphia could boast of a population of two thousand five hundred persons, well lodged

in about three hundred houses, all regularly built according to the prescribed plan. Attracted by Penn's reputation for just and honourable dealing, and by reports of the flourishing condition of the settlement, ships were arriving in quick succession with new settlers from different countries of the old world. Seeing the success of his project thus so far happily realised, Penn, who had now been two years in America, resolved to return to England. His reasons for doing so were twofold. In the first place, a dispute had arisen between him and Lord Baltimore, the proprietor of the adjoining province of Maryland, as to the boundaries of their respective territories; and this dispute had at length become so warm, that there was no hope of settling it except by being personally present to represent the state of the case to the home government. Again, intelligence had reached Penn in America that the dissenters in the mother country, and especially those of his own persuasion, were suffering greater persecutions than ever; and even if he had not hoped to effect something in their behalf by his personal influence at court, it was Penn's nature, wherever he saw persecution going on, to desire to be in the midst of it, either to help the sufferers, or at least to write against the oppressors. Accordingly, on the 12th of August 1684, William Penn set sail for England, having made all necessary arrangements for the government of the colony during his absence. The supreme power was vested in the provincial council; as president of which he named Thomas Lloyd, a Quaker preacher, who had emigrated from Wales.

RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND—HIS ANNOYANCES THERE.

In February 1685, four months after Penn's return to England, Charles II. died, and was succeeded by his brother the Duke of York, under the title of James II. It has already been mentioned that the duke had always manifested a liking for Penn, at first as the son of his friend, Admiral Penn, and afterwards on account of his own merits. This liking he continued to exhibit in a very marked manner after his accession to the crown; and Penn, to improve the opportunities of usefulness which his free access to the king afforded him, took up his residence at Kensington, in order to be near the palace. The following passage from Gerard Croese's history of the Quakers will give an idea of the intimate terms on which Penn was with James II. "William Penn," says Croese, "was greatly in favour with the king, and the Quakers' sole patron at court. The king loved him as a singular and sincere friend, and imparted to him many of his secrets and counsels. He often honoured him with his company in private, discoursing with him of various affairs, and that not for one, but many hours together, and delaying to hear the best of his peers, who at the same time were waiting for an audience. Penn being so highly favoured, acquired thereby a number of

friends. Those also who formerly knew him, when they had any favour to ask at court, came to, courted, and intreated Penn to promote their several requests. Penn refused none of his friends any reasonable office he could do for them, but was ready to serve them all, but more especially the Quakers, and these wherever their religion was concerned. They ran to Penn without intermission, as their only pillar and support, who always caressed and received them cheerfully, and effected their business by his interest and eloquence. Hence his house and gates were daily thronged by a numerous train of clients and suppliants, desiring him to present their addresses to his majesty. There were sometimes there two hundred or more." Earl Buchan, in his life of Fletcher of Saltoun, relates an instance of Penn's great influence at the court of James II. By his advice many exiled Presbyterians were permitted to return to their native country, and among others Sir Robert Steuart of Coltness, who had taken refuge in Holland. On his return, however, Sir Robert "found his estate and only means of subsistence in the possession of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Hamilton. Soon after his coming to London he met Penn, who congratulated him on his being restored to his native country. Coltness sighed, and said, 'Ah, Mr Penn, Arran has got my estate, and I fear my situation is about to be now worse than ever.' 'What dost thou say?' says Penn; 'thou surprisest and grievest me exceedingly. Come to my house to-morrow, and I will set matters right for thee.' Penn went immediately to Arran. 'What is this, friend James,' said he to him, 'that I hear of thee? Thou hast taken possession of Coltness's estate. Thou knowest that it is not thine.' 'That estate,' says Arran, 'I paid a great price for. I received no other reward for my expensive and troublesome embassy in France than this same estate; and I am certainly much out of pocket by the bargain.' 'All very well, friend James,' said the Quaker; 'but of this assure thyself, that if thou dost not give me this moment an order on thy chamberlain for two hundred pounds to Coltness, to carry him down to his native country, and a hundred a-year to subsist on till matters are adjusted, I will make it as many thousands out of thy way with the king.' Arran instantly complied; and Penn sent for Sir Robert, and gave him the security."

Although it is certain that, in thus acting the part of private adviser to the king, William Penn had the good of the country in view; and although there can be no doubt that, in that capacity, he rendered many services to the cause of civil and religious liberty, yet the prudence of his conduct in so mixing himself up with court affairs is somewhat questionable. At all events, his intimacy with the king subjected him to many imputations and suspicions, which it was difficult to clear away. The efforts of James to restore the supremacy of the Roman Catholic church

being then the great subject of interest in the nation, it was concluded that Penn was privy to all the king's plans and measures; that he was co-operating with him for the overthrow of Protestantism; in short, that he was a Papist. The absurdity of such rumours would have been evident to any one who had taken the trouble to look back on Penn's former life; but in a time of public excitement, the extravagance of a story is no security against its being believed. Members of the Church of England, Protestant dissenters of all denominations, even the Quakers themselves, joined in the cry against Penn, and he became one of the most unpopular men in England. To say that he was a Papist, was not enough; he was stigmatised as a Jesuit, wearing the mask of a Quaker, in order the better to accomplish his purposes. It was currently reported that he had been educated at St Omer's; that he had taken priest's orders at Rome; that the pope had given him a dispensation to marry; and that he was in the habit of officiating at the celebration of mass before the king at Whitehall and St James's. Of these rumours Penn took no notice, except when they reached him through some of his friends, who were anxious that he should take some steps to exculpate himself. On such occasions he used to say that he had a personal regard for the king, and that he believed him to mean well, and at heart to be in favour of toleration; that as for the king's secret and arbitrary schemes for the restoration of the Catholic religion, he knew nothing of them; that his aim had ever been to use his influence "to allay heats, and moderate extremes, even in politics;" and that the only ground on which he could conceive the charge of his being a Papist to have been founded, was his anxiety to admit all sects alike to the benefits of religious freedom.

These representations were of no avail in clearing his reputation with the public; and accordingly, in the year 1688, when James II. was expelled from the kingdom, and William of Orange appointed his successor, Penn was one of those who were likely to suffer from their friendship with the fallen monarch. Four different times he was arrested and examined on a charge of being a Jesuit, and a secret partisan of the exiled king; but no instance of guilt could be proved against him. On one of these occasions, when he was examined before King William in council, a letter was produced which James II. had sent to Penn, but which government had intercepted. In this letter James desired Penn "to come to his assistance, and to express to him the resentments of his favour and benevolence." On being asked why King James wrote to him, Penn replied that this was no fault of his; that if the king chose to write to him, he could not prevent it. As for the king's meaning in the letter, he supposed it was that he should assist in an attempt to restore him to the throne. This, however, he had no intention to do. He had always loved King James, and had received many favours from

him, and he should be willing to render him any private service he could, but nothing more. This candid and manly defence produced its effect, and Penn was discharged.

Wearied out with these annoyances, and having no great public duty now to detain him in England, seeing that the toleration he had so long struggled for was realised, at least to a great extent, under the government of King William, Penn was anxious to return to his American colony, where his presence was greatly desiderated, on account of various differences which had broken out among the settlers. He was preparing to set sail in 1690, when his departure was prevented by a fresh charge of treason preferred against him by a wretch of the name of Fuller, who was afterwards publicly declared to be a cheat and impostor, but whose true character was not then known. Not wishing to run the risk of being convicted on the oath of such a man, who would not scruple, of course, as to the means he would employ in making out his case, Penn lived in great seclusion in London for several years, occupying himself in writing replies to the letters he received from America, and in composing numerous tracts on subjects congenial to his tastes and disposition. In the year 1693, his misfortunes reached their height. Early in that year he was deprived of the governorship of Pennsylvania, which was annexed, by royal commission, to that of the province of New York. Towards the end of the same year his wife died. Before this time, however, a reaction had begun in his favour. His own character began to be better appreciated by King William, while that of his accuser, Fuller, became disgracefully notorious. Accordingly, Penn being admitted to plead his cause before the king and council, was honourably acquitted; and shortly after, by a royal order, dated the 20th of August 1694, he was reinstated in his government.

It was not, however, till the year 1699 that Penn returned to Pennsylvania, from which he had been absent about fifteen years. The interval of five years between his restoration to the governorship and his return to the colony was spent in preaching tours through England and Ireland, and in conducting those controversies out of which he appeared to be out of his natural element. In 1696 he contracted a second marriage with Hannah, daughter of Thomas Callowhill, a merchant of Bristol; and not long afterwards his eldest son, by the former marriage, died in his twenty-first year.

Accompanied this time by his wife and family, Penn returned to America in November 1699, and immediately commenced revising the conduct of his substitutes during his absence, and adopting new measures for the good of the colony. A discussion has been raised as to the wisdom and disinterestedness of Penn's government of Pennsylvania during this his second visit, and indeed during the latter part of his proprietorship; some contending that he did not show the same liberality as at the outset, and

others defending him from the charge. Among the former, the most distinguished critic of Penn is Benjamin Franklin, whose judgment is, that Penn began his government as a man of conscience, proceeded in it as a man of reason, and ended it more as a man of the world. Penn's most zealous apologist against this charge of Franklin is his biographer, Mr Clarkson. To examine minutely the arguments on both sides, would not answer any good purpose; it may be sufficient to remark, that the charge of Franklin is founded on certain changes introduced by Penn into the political constitution of Pennsylvania, tending to increase his own authority as governor, and that it does not affect the general spirit in which Penn fulfilled his important trust, which was uniformly that of mildness, justice, and benevolence. It was not to be expected that a constitution or frame of government prepared on the other side of the Atlantic by the mere pen, and transplanted to the new world, would satisfy the actual wants of the colony, or require no change. Accordingly, that there should be differences of opinion between the colonists and the governor on some points, or among the various classes of the colonists themselves, was natural enough; the merit of Penn and the early Pennsylvanians was, that, notwithstanding these differences, the general spirit of the administration was healthy and tolerant. "Governments," said Penn himself, "depend upon men, rather than men upon governments. Like clocks, they go from the motion which men give them. Let men be good, and the government cannot be bad. If it be ill, they will cure it. No government could maintain its constitution, however excellent it was, without the preservation of virtue." Thus it was that, although Pennsylvania at its commencement had its political disputes, it had a security for prosperity in the character of its founders.

Two objects which occupied a great share of Penn's attention in his capacity of governor of Pennsylvania, were the condition of the negroes who had been imported into the settlement, and the civilisation of the North American Indians with whom the colonists were brought into contact. "Soon after the colony had been planted," says Mr Clarkson, "that is, in the year 1682, when William Penn was first resident in it, some few Africans had been imported; but more had followed. At this time the traffic in slaves was not branded with infamy as at the present day. It was considered, on the other hand, as favourable to both parties: to the American planters, because they had but few labourers in comparison with the extent of their lands; and to the poor Africans themselves, because they were looked upon as persons thus redeemed out of superstition, idolatry, and heathenism. But though the purchase and sale of them had been adopted with less caution upon this principle, there were not wanting among the Quakers of Pennsylvania those who, soon after the introduction of them there, began to question the moral

licitness of the traffic. Accordingly, at the yearly meeting for Pennsylvania in 1688, it had been resolved, on the suggestion of emigrants from Crisheim, who had adopted the principles of William Penn, that the buying, selling, and holding men in slavery was inconsistent with the tenets of the Christian religion. In 1696, a similar resolution had been passed at the yearly meeting of the same religious society for the same province. In consequence of these noble resolutions, the Quakers had begun to treat their slaves in a manner different from that of other people. In 1698, there were instances where they had admitted them into their meeting-houses, to worship in common with themselves."

Penn, on his return, keenly took up the cause of the negroes, both in his private capacity as a member of the Society of Friends, and in his public one as governor. "He began to question," says Mr Clarkson, "whether, under the Christian system, men ought to be consigned to unconditional slavery; whether they ought to be bought and sold. This question he determined virtuously, and in unison with the resolutions of the two fore-mentioned yearly meetings of the Quakers. He resolved, as far as his own powers went, upon incorporating the treatment of the negroes, as a matter of Christian duty, into the discipline of the religious body to which he belonged. He succeeded; and a minute was passed by the monthly meeting of Philadelphia, and properly registered there, by which a meeting was appointed more particularly for the negroes once every month; so that, besides the common opportunities they had of collecting religious knowledge by frequenting the places of public worship, there was one day in the month in which, as far as the influence of the monthly meeting extended, they could neither be temporally nor spiritually overlooked. Having secured their good treatment in a certain degree among those of his own persuasion, his next object was to secure it among others in the colony, on whom the discipline of the Quakers had no hold, by a legislative act. This was all he could do at present. To forbid the bringing of slaves into the colony was entirely out of his power. He had no command whatever over the external commerce of the mother country. He was bound, on the other hand, by his charter, to admit her imports, and at this moment she particularly encouraged the slave trade. His first step, then, was to introduce a bill into the assembly which should protect the negroes from personal ill treatment, by fair trials and limited punishments, when they committed offences; and which, at the same time, by regulating their marriages, should improve their moral condition. This he did with a view of fitting them by degrees for a state of freedom; and as the bill comprehended not only those negroes who were then in the province and territories, but those who should afterwards be brought there, he hoped that it would lay the foundation of a preparatory school for civilisation

and liberty to all of the African race." This bill, unfortunately, he was unable to carry, at least in its full extent. But the good effects of his exertions, so far as they did succeed, were ultimately seen. From the time that the subject of negro treatment was introduced into the discipline of the Pennsylvanian Quakers by Penn, it was never lost sight of by that body. Individual Quakers began to refuse to purchase negroes, others to emancipate those in their possession; and at length it became a law of the society that no member should hold slaves. In the year 1780, not a Quaker possessed a slave in Pennsylvania; and from that time slavery dwindled away in the state, till, in the year 1810, there were only eight hundred slaves in Pennsylvania, in a population of nearly a million.

Penn's success with the Indians was similar. Unable to do much for them legislatively, he did much by his example and influence, visiting them personally, and trying by all means to establish a friendly commercial intercourse with them. Whatever advances in the arts of civilised life were made in the early part of the eighteenth century by the Indian tribes of the north-west, were due originally to William Penn; and for more than fifty years after his death, his name was remembered among them as that of a "true and good man."

Penn was roused from his quiet and benevolent labours in behalf of the colonists, the negroes, and the Indians, by the intelligence that a movement had been begun in England for the abolition of the proprietary system of governing the American colonies. Deeply interested in this intelligence, he thought it due to his interests to embark for England, where, accordingly, he arrived in December 1701.

The bill which had brought him from America was not proceeded with; and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne in 1702 was a favourable event for his interests. Penn, however, never returned to America, but spent the remaining sixteen years of his life in England. It is melancholy to add that these last years of the existence of so good a man were clouded with misfortune. His outlay on Pennsylvania had far exceeded the immediate returns which the property could yield; and the consequence was, that he was involved in pecuniary embarrassments. To meet these, he was obliged, in 1709, to mortgage the province for £6600. The loss of a lawsuit added to his difficulties; and for some time he was a prisoner within the rules of the Fleet. In 1712, he agreed to sell his rights to government for £12,000. The bargain, however, was never concluded, owing to his being incapacitated by three apoplectic fits, which, following each other rapidly, deprived him to a great extent of memory and consciousness. He lingered on, however, till the 30th of July 1718, when he died at Ruscombe, in Berkshire, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Penn's appearance and personal habits are thus described

by Mr Clarkson :—" He was tall in stature, and of an athletic make. In maturer years he was inclined to corpulency ; but used a great deal of exercise. His appearance at this time was that of a fine portly man. He was very neat, though plain in his dress. He walked generally with a cane. He had a great aversion to the use of tobacco. However, when he was in America, though he was often annoyed by it, he bore it with good-humour. Several of his particular friends were one day assembled at Burlington ; while they were smoking their pipes, it was announced to them that the governor's barge was in sight, and coming up the river. The company supposed that he was on his way to Pennsburg, about seven miles higher up. They continued smoking ; but being afterwards unexpectedly informed that he had landed at a wharf near them, and was just entering the house, they suddenly concealed their pipes. Perceiving, from the smoke, when he entered the room, what they had been doing, and discovering that the pipes had been hid, he said pleasantly, ' Well, friends, I am glad to see that you are at least ashamed of your old practice.' ' Not entirely so,' replied Samuel Jenings, one of the company ; ' but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weak brother.' They then expressed their surprise at this abrupt visit, as, in his passage from Philadelphia, not only the tide, but the wind had been furiously against him. He replied, with a smile on his countenance, ' that he had been sailing against wind and tide all his life.' "

The colony made rapid progress after Penn's death, settlers being attracted to it from all parts of the old world by the freedom of its constitution and its natural advantages. The proprietorship was vested in the heirs of Penn by his second marriage, his children by the first marriage having inherited his British estates, which, at the time of Penn's death, were of greater value than his American property. In the year 1752, while Pennsylvania was still a British colony, the French made encroachments on it from the north-west, and built Fort Duquesne—now Pittsburg. Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania, speedily grew in size and importance. Its name is associated with some of the most distinguished events in the history of the United States. It was there that the delegates of the various colonies assembled in the year 1774, when they declared against the right of the mother country to tax the colonies ; and it was also there that the famous declaration of independence was proclaimed in 1776. On the conclusion of the war of independence, Penn's descendants sold their right of proprietorship over Pennsylvania to the American government for £130,000. Philadelphia continued to be the seat of the federal government till the year 1800. In the present day it is a large and populous city, celebrated for the number of its foundations and benevolent institutions, all less or more originating in the philanthropic principles early introduced into Pennsylvania.



“DO YOU THINK I'D INFORM?”

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

JAMES HARRAGAN was as fine a specimen of an Irishman as could be met with in our own dear country, where the “human form divine,” if not famous for very delicate, is at least celebrated for very strong proportions: he was, moreover, a well-educated, intelligent person; that is to say, he could read and write, keep correct accounts of his buying and selling, and managed his farm, consisting of ten good acres of the best land in a part of Ireland where all is good (the Barony of Forth), so as to secure the approbation of an excellent landlord, and his own prosperity. It was a pleasant sight to see the honest farmer bring out the well-fed horse, and the neatly-appointed car, every Saturday morning, whereon his pretty daughter Sydney journeyed into Wexford, to dispose of the eggs, butter, and poultry, the sale of which aided her father's exertions.

Sydney was rather an unusual name for a young Irish girl; but her mother had been housekeeper to a noble lady, who selected it for her, though it assimilated strangely with Harragan. The maiden herself was lithe, cheerful, industrious, and of a gentle loving nature; her brown affectionate eyes betokened, as brown eyes always do, more of feeling than of intellect; and her red lips, white teeth, and rich dark hair, entitled her to the claim of rustic beauty. Her mother had been dead about two years, and Sydney, who during her lifetime was somewhat inclined to be vain and thoughtless, had, as her father expressed it, “taken altogether a turn for good,” and discharged her duties

admirably as mistress of James Harragan's household. She had five brothers, all younger than herself; the two elder were able and willing to assist in the farm, the juniors went regularly to school.

Sorrow for the loss of his wife had both softened and humbled James Harragan's spirit; and when Sydney, disdaining any assistance, sprang lightly into the car, and seated herself in the midst of her rural treasures, her father's customary prayer, "Good luck to you, Sydney, my darling," was increased by the prayer of "May the Lord bless you, and keep you to me, now, and till the day of my death!"

The car went on, Sydney laughing and nodding to her father, while he smiled and returned her salutation, though, when she was fairly out of sight, he passed the back of his rough hand across his eyes, and murmured, "I almost wish she was not so like her mother!" When James entered his cottage, he sat by the fire, and, taking a slate that hung above the settle, began to make thereupon sundry calculations, which I do not profess to understand. How long he might have continued so occupied I cannot determine, for his cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, who was by his side ere he noticed his approach. The usual salutations were exchanged; the best chair dusted, and presented to the stranger; everything in the house was tendered for his acceptance. "His honour had a long walk, would he have an egg or a rasher for a snack? Sydney was out, but Bessy her cousin was above in the loft, and would get it or anything else in a minute; or maybe he'd have a glass of ale—good it was—Cherry's ale—no better in the kingdom." All Irishmen—and particularly so fine and manly a fellow as James—to be seen to advantage, should be seen in their own houses—CABINS I cannot call such as are tenanted by the warm farmers of this well-cultivated district.

Mr Herrick, however, could not be tempted; he would not suffer the rasher to be cut, nor the ale to be drawn, and James looked sad because his visitor declined accepting his humble but cheerful hospitality.

"James," said Mr Herrick, "I am glad I found you at home, and alone, for I wanted to speak with you. I have long considered you superior to your neighbours. I do not mean as a farmer—though you have twice received the highest prizes which the Agricultural Society bestow—but as a man."

James looked gratified, and said he was so.

"I have found you, James, the first to see improvement, and to adopt it, however much popular prejudice might be against it. You have ever been ready to listen to and act upon the advice of those your reason told you were qualified to give it; and you have not been irritated or annoyed when faults, national or individual, have been pointed out to you which can be and ought to be remedied."

"I believe what yer honour says is true; but sure it's proud and happy we ought to be to have the truth told of us—it is what does not always happen; if it did, poor Ireland would have had more justice done her long ago than ever came to her share yet."

"And that, James, is also true," said Mr Herrick; "the Irish character has not only its individual differences, which always must be the case, but it has its provincial, its baronial distinctions."

"Indeed, sir," replied Harragan, "there can be no doubt about that; we should be sorry, civilised as we are here, to be compared to the wild rangers of Connaught, or to the staid, quiet, tradesmanlike people of the north."

"The northerns are a fine prudent people," said Mr Herrick, "notwithstanding your prejudice; but what you have said is only another proof that persons may write very correctly about the north of Ireland, and yet, unless they see the south, form a very limited, or, it may be, erroneous idea of the character of the southerners. The Irish are more difficult to understand than people imagine. You are a very unmanageable people, James," added the gentleman good-humouredly.

"Bedad, sir, I suppose ye're right; some of us are, I dare say. And now, sir, I suppose there is a *raison* for that?"

"There is," answered his friend. "You are an unmanageable people, *because of your prejudices*."

"That's your old story against us, Mr Herrick," said James; "and yet you can't deny but I've been often led by your honour, and for my good, I'll own to that."

"James," continued his friend, "will you answer me one question? Were you, or were you not, at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?"

James's countenance fell, it positively elongated, at the question. So great was the change, that those who did not know the man might have imagined he had committed a crime, and anticipated immediate punishment. "At Gerald Casey's?" he repeated.

Mr Herrick drew a letter—a soiled, dirty-looking letter—from his pocket, and slowly repeated the question.

"I was, sir," he answered, resting his back against the dresser, and pressing his open palms upon the board, as if the action gave him strength.

"Who was there, James?"

"Is it who was in it, sir? Why, there was——Bedad, sir, there was——Oh, thin, it's the bad head I have at reminding—I forget who was there." And the countenance of James assumed, despite his exertions, a lying expression that was totally unworthy his honest nature.

"James," observed Mr Herrick, "you used not to have a bad memory. I have heard you speak of many trifling acts of kind-

ness my father showed you when you were a boy of twelve years old."

The farmer's face was in a moment suffused with crimson, and he interrupted him with the grateful warmth of an affectionate Irish heart. "Oh, sir, sure you don't think I'm worse than the poor dog that follows night and day at my foot? You don't think I've no heart in my body?"

"I was talking of your memory," said Mr Herrick quietly; "and I ask you again to tell me who were at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?"

"I left Gerald Casey's before dusk, sir; and it's what took me in it was——"

"I don't ask when you left it, or what took you there. I only ask you who were present?"

James saw there was no use in equivocating, for that Mr Herrick would be answered. He was, as I have said, an excellent fellow; yet he had, in common with his countrymen, a very provoking way of evading a question; but anxious as he was to evade this, he could not manage it now. Mr Herrick looked him so steadfastly in the face, that he slowly answered, "I'd rather not say one way or other who was there or who was not there. I've an idea, from something I heard this morning, before the little girl went into Wexford, that I know now what your honour's driving at. And sure," and his face deepened in colour as he continued—"and sure, Mr Herrick, 'do you think I'd inform?'"

Mr Herrick was not astonished at the answer he received. On the contrary, he was quite prepared for it, and prepared also to combat a principle that militates so strongly against the comfort and security of all who reside in Ireland.

"Will you," he inquired, "tell me what you mean by the word 'inform?'"

"It's a mean dirty practice, sir," replied Harragan, "to be repeating every word one hears in a neighbour's house."

"So it is," answered the gentleman; "an evil, mean practice, to repeat what is said merely from a love of gossip. But suppose a person, being accidentally one of a party, heard a plot formed against your character, perhaps your life, and not only concealed the circumstance, but absolutely refused to afford any clue by which such a conspiracy could be detected——"

"Oh, sir," interrupted Harragan, "that's nothing here nor there. I couldn't tell in the gray of the evening who went in or out of the place; I had no call to any one, and I don't want any one to have any call to me."

"You must know perfectly well who were there," said Mr Herrick. "The case is simply this: a gentleman in this neighbourhood has received two anonymous letters, attacking the character of a person who has been confidentially employed by him for some years. James Harragan, *you know who wrote these*.

letters ; and I ask you how, as an *honest man*, you can lay your head upon your pillow and *sleep*, knowing that an equally honest man may be deprived of the means to support his young family, and be turned adrift upon the world, through the positive malice of those who are envious of his prosperity and good name ?”

James looked very uncomfortable, but did not trust himself to speak.

“I repeat, you know by whom these letters were written.”

“As I hope to be saved !” exclaimed James, “I saw no writing—not the scratch of a pen !”

“Harragan,” continued Mr Herrick, “it would be well for our country if many of its inhabitants were not so quick at invention.”

“I have not told a lie, sir.”

“No, but you have done worse—you have equivocated. Though you did not see the letter written, *you knew it was written* ; and an equivocation is so cowardly, that I wonder an Irishman would resort to it ; a lie is in itself cowardly, but an equivocation is more cowardly still.”

Harragan for a moment looked shillalas and crab-thorns at his friend, for such he had frequently proved himself to be, but made no further observation, simply confining himself to the change and repetition of the sentences—“Do you think I'd inform ?”

“Not one belonging to me ever turned informer.”

“Am I then,” said Mr Herrick, rising, “to go away with the conviction that you know an injury has been done to an innocent person, and yet will not do anything to convict a man guilty of a moral assassination ?”

“A what, sir ?”

“A moral murder.”

“Look here, sir ; one can't fly in the face of the country. If I was to tell, my life would not be safe either in or out of my own house ; you ought to know this. Besides, there is something very mean in an *informer*.”

“It is very sad,” replied Mr Herrick, “that a spirit of combination for *evil* more than for *good* destroys the confidence which otherwise the gentry and strangers would be disposed to place in the peasantry of Ireland. As long as a man fears to speak and act like a man, so long as he dare not hear the proud and happy sound of his own voice in condemnation of the wicked, and in praise of the upright—so long, in fact, as an Irishman dare not speak what he knows—so long, *and no longer*, will Ireland be insecure, and its people scorned as cowards !”

“As cowards !” repeated James indignantly.

“Ay,” said Mr Herrick ; “there is a moral as well as a physical courage. The man who, in the heat of battle, faces a cannon-ball, or who, in the hurry and excitement of a fair or pattern, exposes his bare head to the rattle of shillalas and clan-alpines without shrinking from punishment or death, is much inferior

to the man who has the superior moral bravery to act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, and does right while those around him do wrong."

"I daresay that's all very true, sir," said James, scratching his head; adding, while most anxious to change the subject, "It's a pity yer honour wasn't a councillor or a magistrate, a priest, minister, or friar itself, then you'd have great sway intirely with your words and your learning."

"Not more than I have at present. Do you think it is a wicked thing to take away the character of an honest man?"

"To be sure I do, sir."

"And yet you become a party to the act."

"How so, sir?"

"By refusing to bring, or assist in bringing to justice those who have endeavoured to ruin the father of a large family. Do you believe so many murders and burnings would take place if the truth was spoken?"

"No, sir."

"That's a direct answer from an Irishman for once. If the evil-disposed, the disturbers of the country, knew that truth would be spoken, disturbances would soon cease; you believe this, and yet, by your silence, you shield those whom you *know* to be bad, and despise with all your heart and soul."

"I don't want to have any call to them one way or other, good, bad, or indifferent," answered James.

"Very well," said Mr Herrick, thoroughly provoked at the man's obstinacy, and rising to leave the cottage; "you say you wish to have no call to them. But mark *me*, James Harragan: when the spirit of anonymous letter-writing gets into a neighbourhood—when wicked-minded persons can destroy either a man's reputation or his life with equal impunity, there is no knowing where the evil may stop, or who shall escape its influence. The knowledge of the extent to which these secret conspiracies are carried, deters capitalists from settling amongst us; they may have security for their money, but they have none for their lives; if they offend by taking land, or offering opposition to received opinions, their doom may be fixed; those whom they have trusted will know of that doom, and yet no one will come forward to save them from destruction."

"Sir," said Harragan, "*secret* information is sometimes given."

"I would accept no man's secret information," answered Mr Herrick, for he was an upright man, perhaps too uncompromising for the persons with whom he had to deal; "justice should not only be *even-handed*, but *open-handed*; it is a reproach to a country when the law finds it necessary to offer rewards for *secret* information. I wish I could convince you, James, of the difference which exists between a person who devotes his time to peeping and prying for the purpose of conveying information to

serve himself, and him who speaks the truth from the upright and honourable motive of seeing justice done to his fellow-creatures."

"I see the *differ* clear enough, sir," replied the farmer; "but none of my people ever turned informers. I'll have no call to it, and it's no use saying any more about the matter; there are plenty of people in the country who can tell who was there as well as I; I'll have no call to it. When I went in the place, I little thought of who I'd meet there, and I'll go bail it's long before I'll trouble it again. There's enough said and done now."

"A good deal *said*, certainly," rejoined Mr Herrick, "but nothing *done*. There are parts of the country where I know that my entering into this investigation would endanger my life, but, thank God, that is not the case here. I will pursue my investigation to the uttermost, and do not despair of discovering the delinquent."

"I hope you may, with all my heart and soul, sir," replied the farmer.

"Then why not aid me? If you are sincere, why not assist?"

And again James Harragan muttered, "Do you think I'd inform?"

"I declare before heaven!" exclaimed Mr Herrick, "you are the most provoking people under the sun to deal with."

"I ask your honour's pardon," said James slyly; "but you have not lived long enough in foreign parts to know that."

"Your readiness will not drive me from my purpose. I repeat, you are the most provoking people in the world to deal with. Convince an Englishman or a Scotchman, and having convinced his reason, you may be certain he will act upon that conviction; but you, however convinced *your* reason may be, continue to act from the dictates of *your* prejudice. Remember this, however, James Harragan: you have refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand has planted in the bosom of an excellent and industrious man—take care that the same invisible power *does not aim a shaft against yourself*."

Mr Herrick quitted the cottage more in sorrow than in anger; and after he was gone, James Harragan thought over what he had said: he was quite ready to confess its truth, but prejudice still maintained its ascendancy. "Aim a shaft against myself," he repeated; "I don't think any of them would do that, though I'm sorry to say many as good and better than I have been forced to fly the country through secret malice; it is a bad thing, but times 'll mend, I hope."

Alas! James Harragan is not the only man in my beloved country who satisfies himself with *hoping* that times will mend, without *endeavouring* to mend them. "Aim a shaft against myself," he again repeated. "Well, I'm sure what Mr Herrick said is true; but, for all that, I couldn't inform!"

The fact was, that, reason as he would, James could not get rid of his prejudice; he could not make the distinction between the man who turns the faults and vices of his fellow-creatures to his own account, and he who, *for the good of others*, simply and unselfishly speaks the truth.

Time passed on: Mr Herrick, of course, failed in his efforts to discover the author of the anonymous letters: the person against whom they were directed, although protected by his landlord, was ultimately obliged to relinquish his employment, and seek in other lands the peace and security he could not find in his own. He might, to be sure, have weathered the storm; for his enemies, as will be seen by the following anecdote, had no immediate intention of persecuting him to the death. A stranger, who bore a great resemblance to the person so obnoxious to those who met at the smith's forge, was attacked while travelling on an outside car in the evening, and in the immediate neighbourhood, and beaten most severely before his assailants discovered they had ill-used the wrong man! Nothing could exceed their regret when they discovered their mistake.

"Ah, thin, who are ye at all at all?" inquired one fellow, after having made him stand up that they might again knock him down more to their satisfaction; "sure ye're not within a foot as tall as the boy we're afther. Is it crooked in the back ye are on purpose? Well, now, think o' that!—what call had ye to be on Barney Brian's car, that so often carries *him*, and with the same surtoo? and why didn't ye say ye wasn't another? Well, it's heart sorry we are for the *mistake*, and hope it'll never happen to ye again, to be like another man, and he an *out-lawyer*, as a body may say, having received enough notice to quit long ago, if he'd only heed it, which we'll make him do, or have his life, after we admonish him onst more, as we've done you by mistake, with a taste of a bating, which we'd ask ye to tell him, if you know him; there, we'll lay you on the car, as aisy as if you war in yer mother's lap, and ask ye to forgive us, which we hope you'll do, as it was all a *mistake*! and no help for it!"

The victim of "the mistake," however, who was an Englishman, suffered for more than three months, and cannot comprehend to this day why those who attacked him so furiously were not sought out and brought to justice. He never could understand why an honest man should refuse to criminate a villain. The poor fellow for whom the beating was intended was not slow to discover the fact, and with a heavy heartache bade adieu to his native land, which, but for the sake of his young children, he would hardly have quitted even to preserve his own life.

James Harragan did not note those occurrences without much sorrow; he saw his daughter Sydney's eyes red for three entire days from weeping the departure of the exile's wife, whom she loved with the affection of a sister; and he had the mortification to see his beloved barony distinguished in the papers as a "dis-

turbed district" from the mistake to which we have alluded, at the very time when many of the gentry were sleeping with their doors unfastened. James Harragan knew perfectly well that if he had spoken the truth, all this could have been prevented. Still time passed on. Mr Herrick seldom visited James; and though he admired his crops, and spoke kindly to his children, the farmer felt he had lost a large portion of the esteem he so highly valued.

But when a man goes on in the full tide of worldly prosperity, he does not continue long in trouble upon minor matters. Sydney's eyes were no longer red; nay, they were more sparkling than ever, for they were brightened by a passion to which she had been hitherto a stranger. And Sydney, though gifted with as much constancy as most people, if she did not forget, certainly did not think as frequently as before of her absent friend. Sydney, in fact, was what is called—in love; which, I believe, is acknowledged by all who have been in a similar dilemma, to be a very confusing, perplexing situation. That poor Sydney found it so, was evident, for she became subject to certain flushings of the cheek and beatings of the heart, accompanied by a confusion of the intellectual faculties, which puzzled her father for a time quite as much as herself. She would call rabbits chickens, and chickens rabbits, in the public market, and was known to have given forty-two new laid eggs for a shilling, when she ought only to have given thirty-six.

Then in her garden, her own pet garden, she sowed mignonne and hollyhocks together, and wondered how it was that what she fancied sweet pea, had come up "love lies bleeding." Dear, warm, affectionate Sydney Harragan! She was a model of all that is excellent in simple guileless woman; and when Ralph Furlong drew from her a frank but most modest confession that his love was returned, and that "if her father did not put against it," she would gladly share his cottage and his fortunes, there was not a young disengaged farmer in the county that would not have envied him his "good luck."

Soon after James Harragan's consent had been obtained to a union which he believed would secure the happiness of his darling child, the farmer was returning from the fair of New Ross, where he had been to dispose of some spare farming-stock; and as he trotted briskly homeward, passing the well-known mountain, or, as it is called, "Rock" of Carrickburn, he was overtaken by a man to whom he had seldom spoken since the evening when he had seen him and some others at Gerald Casey's forge. Many, many months had elapsed since then. And, truth to say, as the young man had removed to a cottage somewhere on the banks of the blue and gentle river Slaney, James had often hoped that he might never see him again.

"I'm glad I overtook you, Mr Harragan," he said, urging his long lean narrow mare close to the stout well-fed cob of the com-

fortable farmer. "It's a fine bright evening for the time of year. I intended coming to you next week, having something particular to talk about."

"Nothing that concerns me, I fancy?" replied Harragan stiffly.

"I hope it does, and that it will; times are changed since we last met—with me particularly." Harragan made no reply, and they rode on together in silence for some time longer.

"Mr Harragan, though you are a trustworthy man as ever stept in shoe-leather, I am afraid you haven't a good opinion of me."

"Whatever opinion I may have, you know I kept it to myself," replied the farmer.

"Thank you for nothing," was the characteristic reply.

"Ye're welcome," rejoined James as drily. Again they trotted silently on their way, until the stranger suddenly exclaimed, reining up his mare at the same moment, "I'll tell you what my business would be with you; there's nothing like speaking out of the face at onst."

"You did not always think so," said the farmer.

"Oh, sir, aisy now; let bygones *be* bygones; the country's none the worse of getting rid of one who was ever and always minding other people's business; and you yerself, Mr Harragan, are none the worse for not having high-bred people ever poking their noses in yer place!"

"Say what you have to say at onst," observed James; "the evening will soon close in, and the little girl I have at home thinks it long till I return."

"It's about her I want to spake," said the stranger. "If you'll take the trouble some fine morning early to ride over to where the dark green woods of Castle Boro dip their boughs in the Slaney, ye'd see that I have as tidy a place, as well filled a *haggard*, and as well managed fields, as any houlder of ten acres of land in the county; besides that, I have my eye on another farm that's out of lase, and if all goes right I'll have it. Now, ye see, my sister's married, and my mother's dead, and I've no one to look after things; and for every pound ye'd tell down with yer daughter, I'd show a pound's worth. And so, Mr Harragan, I thought that of all the girls in the country, I'd prefer Sydney; and if we kept company for a while"—he turned his handsome but sinister and impudent countenance towards the astonished farmer, adding, "I don't think she'd refuse me."

"You might be mistaken for all that," replied James, grasping his stout stick still more tightly in his hand, from a very evident desire to knock the fellow down.

"Well, now, I don't think I should," he replied with vulgar confidence; "it's the aisiest thing in life to manage a purty girl, if one has the knack, and I've managed so many."

"Ride on!" interrupted the farmer indignantly. "Ride on, before I am tempted to knock ye off the poor starved baste that

ye haven't the heart to feed! *You* marry my Sydney—*you!*—a rascal like *you!* Why, Stephen Murphy, you must be gone mad—Sydney married with a cowardly backbiter! I'd rather dress her shroud with my own hands. A—a ride on, I tell you," he continued, almost choked with passion; "there is nothing, I believe, that you would think too bad to do. And hark ye, take it for your comfort that she is going to be married to one worthy of her, and I her father say so."

"Oh, very well! very well!" said the bravo; "as you plase, Mr Harragan; as you plase; I meant to pay yer family a compliment—a compliment for yer silence—ye understand me; not that I hould myself over and above obleeged for that either. Ye like to take care of yerself for the sake of yer little girl, I suppose; and the counthry might grow too hot for you, as well as for others, if ye made free with yer tongue. No harm done; but if I had spaking with the girl for one hour, I'd put any sweetheart in the county, barring myself, out of her head. I'll find out the happy young man, and wish him joy. Oh, maybe I *wont* wish joy to the boy for whom I'm insulted," he added, inflicting a blow upon the bare ribs of the poor animal he rode, that made her start; "maybe I *wont* wish him joy, and give him Steve Murphy's blessing. Starved as ye call my baste, there's twice the blood in her that creeps through the flesh of yer over-fed cob;" and sticking the long solitary iron spur which he wore on his right heel into the mare, he flew past James Harragan, flourishing his stick with a whirl, and shouting so loud, that the mountain echoes of the wild rocks of Carrickburn repeated the words "joy! joy!" as if they had been thrown into their caverns by the fiend of mockery himself.

Instantly James urged his stout horse forward, crying at the top of his voice to Murphy to stop; but either the animal was tired, or the mare was endowed with supernatural swiftness, for he soon lost sight even of the skirts of Murphy's coat, which floated loosely behind him. "The scoundrel!" he muttered to himself, while the gallop of his steed subsided into a heavy but tolerably rapid trot; "I wanted to tell him to take care how he meddled with me or mine. Sydney! Sydney indeed! And the rascal's assurance!—he never spoke three words to my girl in his life! It's a good thing we're rid of him here anyway. I hope he's not a near neighbour of any of Furlong's people, that's all: his impudence—to me who knew him so well! Sarve me right," he thought within himself, when his mutterings had subsided; "sarve me right to keep the secret of such a fellow. I suffered those who war innocent to leave the country—and he to talk of paying my family a compliment! Mr Herrick said it would come home to me, and so it has. I'm sure Murphy must have been *overtaken*,* or he'd never dare to propose such a thing.

* Topsy.

But, then, if he was, why, the devil takes the weight off a tipsy man's tongue, and then all's out."

It was night before Harragan arrived at his farm, and there the warm smiles and bright eyes of his Sydney were ready to greet his descent from the back of his stout steed, and the bridegroom elect was ready to hold the horse; and his sons, now growing up rapidly to manhood, crowded round him; and his dog, far more respectable in appearance than the generality of Irish cottage dogs, leaped to lick his hand; and the cat, with tail erect, purred at the door; the very magpie, that Sydney loved for its love of mischief, stretched its neck through its prison bars to greet the farmer's return to his cottage home.

"There's no use in talking," said James Harragan, after the conclusion of a meal which few small farmers are able to indulge in—I mean supper. "There's no use in talking, Sydney—but I can't spare you—it's a certain fact, I cannot spare you. Furlong must find a farm near us, and live here; why, wanting my little girl, I should be like a sky without a sun."

"Farms are not to be had here—they are too valuable to be easily obtained, as you well know," replied the young man; "but sure she'll not be a day's ride from you, sir; unless, indeed, my brother should have the luck to get a farm for me that he's afther by the Slaney, a little on the other side of the ferry of Mount Garrett; but that is such a bit of ground as is hard to be met with." The father hardly noticed Furlong's reply, for his eyes and thoughts were fixed upon his child, until the word "Slaney" struck upon his ear, and brought back Murphy, his proposal, his threat, and his flying horse, at once to his remembrance.

"What did you say of a farm on the Slaney?" he inquired hastily.

"That I have the chance, the more than chance, of as purty a bit of land with a house, a slated house upon it, on the banks of the silver Slaney, as ever was turned for wheat or barley—to say nothing of green crops, that would bate the world for quality or quantity. My brother has known the cows there yield fourteen or sixteen quarts. I did not like to say anything about it before, for I was afraid I should never have the luck of it; but he wrote me to-day to say that he was almost sure of it, though some black-hearted villain had written letters without a name to the landlord, and agent, and steward, against us. Think of that now! We that never did a hard turn to man, woman, or child in the country."

James Harragan absolutely shuddered; and, passing his arm round Sydney's neck, drew her towards him with a sort of instinctive affection, like a bird that shelters its nestling beneath its wing when it hears the wild-hawk's scream upon the breeze.

"Sydney shall never go there," said Harragan.

"Not go to the banks of the Slaney!" exclaimed her eldest

brother. "Why, father, you don't know what a place it is—you don't know what you say. Besides, an hour and a half would take you quite aisy to where Furlong means. You make a great deal too much fuss about the girl." And having so said, he stooped down and kissed her cheek, adding, "Never mind, father; I'll bring you home a daughter that 'll be twice as good as Sydney. I'll just take one more summer out of myself, that's all, and then I'll marry; maybe I wont show a pattern wife to the country!" And then the youth was rated on the subject of bachelors' wives; and he retaliated; and then his sister threatened to box his ears, and was not slow in putting the threat into execution; and soon afterwards, Furlong rose to return home; and Sydney remembered she had forgotten to see to the health and comforts of a delicate calf; and though the servant and her brothers all offered to go, she would attend to it herself; and, five minutes after, her father went to the door, heard her light laugh and low murmuring voice, and saw her standing with her lover in the moonlight—he outside, and she inside the garden-gate, her hand clasped within his, and resting on the little pier that was clustered round with woodbine. She looked so lovely in that clear pure light, that her father's heart ached from very anguish at the possibility of any harm happening to one so dear. He longed to ask Furlong if he knew Murphy, but a choking sensation in his throat prevented him. And when Sydney returned, he caught her to his bosom, and burst into a flood of such violent tears as strong men seldom shed.

The poisoned chalice was approaching his own lips. What would he not have given at that moment that he had acceded to Mr Herrick's proposal!—for had Murphy's villany become public, he must have quitted the country. How did he, even then, repent that he had not yielded to his reason, instead of his prejudice!

Young Furlong was at a loss to account for the steady determination with which, at their next meeting, his intended father-in-law opposed his taking a farm in every way so advantageous; James hardly dared acknowledge to himself, much less impart to another, the dread he entertained of Steve Murphy's machinations; this was increased tenfold when he found he was the person who not only desired, but had offered for that identical farm a heavier rent than he would ever have been able to pay for it. The landlord, well aware of this fact, and knowing that a rack-rent destroys first the land, secondly the tenant, and ultimately the landlord's property, had decided on bestowing his pet farm as a reward to the superior skill and industry of a young man whose enemies were too cowardly to attempt to substantiate their base charges against him.

I can only repeat my often expressed desire, that every other Irish landlord acted in the same manner.

It would be impossible to convey an idea of how continually

James Harragan's mind dwelt upon Steve Murphy's threat; at first he tried if Sydney's love towards Furlong was to be shaken, but that he found impossible.

"If you withdraw your consent, father," she said, "after having given it, and been perfectly unable to find a single fault with him, I can only say I will not disobey you; but, father, I will never marry—I will never take to any as I took to him, nor you need not expect it—you shall not make me disobedient, father, but you may break my heart." Sydney, resigned and suffering, pained her father more than Sydney remonstrating against injustice. She had before shown him how hard it was, not only after encouraging, but actually accepting Furlong, to dismiss him *without reason*, and had reproached him in an agony of bitter feeling for his inconsistency. When this did not produce the desired effect, her cheek grew pale, her step languid, her eyes lost their gentle brightness, and her eldest brother ventured to tell his father "that he was digging his daughter's grave!" The disappointment of the young man beggars description; he declared he would enlist, go to sea, "quit the country," break his heart, shoot any who put "betwixt them," and, after many prayers, used every possible and impossible threat, except the one which the Irish so rarely either threaten or execute, that of self-destruction, to induce James to alter his resolution. James, unable to stand against this domestic storm, did of course retract; and the consequence was, that he lost by this changing mood the confidence of his children, who had ever till then regarded him with the deepest affection. He dared not communicate the reason of his first change, for doing so would have betrayed the foolish and unfortunate secret he had persevered in keeping, in opposition to common sense, and the estrangement of an old and valuable friend; he could not witness the returned happiness of his children without foreboding that something was to occur that would completely destroy it: and the joyous laughter of his daughter, at one time the sweet music of his household, was sure to send him forth with an aching heart.

Nor was young Furlong without his anxieties: he received more than one anonymous letter, threatening that if he did not immediately give up all thoughts of the farm, he would suffer for it: the notices were couched in the usual terms, which, in truth, I care not to repeat; it is quite enough to say that they differed in no respect from others of a similar kind, and with a like intention. However inclined the young man might feel to despise such hints, the experience of the country unfortunately proved that they ought not to be disregarded; but his brother, stronger of heart and spirit, argued that their faction was too powerful, their friends too numerous, to leave room for fear; that their own county was (as it really is) particularly quiet; and that, as Mr Harragan was "so humoursome," the best way would be to say nothing at all about it; that it was evident those

who had tried to set the landlord against them, having failed in their design, resolved to try the effect of personal intimidation; concluding by observing, "that it was the best way to go on easy," and "never heeding," until after the lease was signed, and the wedding over, and then they'd "see about it!" However consistent this mode of reasoning might be with Irish feeling, it was very sad to perceive how ready the Furlongs were to trust to the strong arm of the people, instead of appealing to the strong arm of the law. I wish the peasantry and their friends could perceive how they degrade themselves in the scale of civilised society by such a course; it is this perpetual taking of all laws, but particularly the law of revenge, into their own hands, that keeps up the hue and cry against them throughout England. I confess time has been when there was one law for the rich and another for the poor, but it is so no longer; and humane law-givers and administrators of law grow sick at heart when they perceive that they labour in vain for the domestic peace of Ireland.

A few days before the appointed time for Sydney Harragan to become Sydney Furlong, she received a written declaration of love, combined with an offer of marriage, from Murphy. He watched secretly about the neighbourhood until an opportunity arrived for him to deliver it himself. Sydney, to whom he was almost unknown, at first gave a civil yet firm refusal; but when he persevered, she became indignant, and said one or two bitter words, which he swore never to forget. She hardly knew why she concealed from her father the circumstance, which, upon consideration, she was almost tempted to believe a jest; but she did not even mention it to her brothers, fearing it might cause a quarrel; and every Irish woman knows how much easier it is commenced than quelled. Moreover, one mystery is sure to beget another.

At last the eventful day arrived—Sydney all hopes and blushes, her brothers full of frolic and fun, the bride's-maids arrayed in their best, and busied in setting the house in order for the ceremony, which, according to ancient Catholic custom, was to take place in the afternoon at the dwelling of the bride.

"Did ye ever see such a frown over the face of a man in yer born days?" whispered Essy Hays to her sister-maid. "Do but just look at the masher, and see how his eyes are set on his daughter, and she reading her prayers like a good Christian, one eye out of the window, and the other on her book. Well, *she* is a purty girl, and it's no wonder so few chances were going for others, and she to the fore."

"Speak for yourself!" exclaimed Jane Temple, tossing her fair ringlets back from her blue eyes. "She is purty for a dark-skinned girl, there's no denying it."

"Dark-haired, not dark-skinned!" said Essy indignantly; "the darlint! She's the very moral of an angel. I wish to my

heart the masther would not look at her so melancholy. *Maybe he's thinking how like her poor dead mother she is!* My! if here isn't his reverence (I know the cut of the gray mare, so fat and so smoothly jogging over the hill), and Misthur Furlong not come! He went to his brother across Ferry Carrig yesterday, and was to sleep at his aunt's in Wexford last night; I think he might have been here by this! Well! if it was me, I would be affronted; it is not very late to be sure, only for a bridegroom!"

"Whist, Essy, will you," returned Jane, "for fear she'd hear you; I never saw so young a bride take so early to the prayers; it seems as if something hung over her and her father for trouble."

"I wonder ye're not ashamed of yerself, Jane," exclaimed the warm-hearted Essy, "to be raising trouble at such a time. Whist! if there isn't the bridegroom's brother trotting up to the priest. What a handsome bow he makes his reverence, his hat right off his head with the flourish of a new shillala; but, good luck to us all, what ails the masther now!"

James Harragan also had seen the bridegroom's brother as he rode up the hill which fronted their dwelling, and sprang to his feet in an instant. When the heart is fully and entirely occupied by a beloved object, and that object is absent, alarm for its safety is like an electric shock, commencing one hardly knows how, but startling in its effects. Sydney looked in her father's face and screamed; while he, dreading that she had read the half-formed thoughts which were born of fear within his bosom at the sight of the bridesman without the bridegroom, uttered an imperfect assurance that "all was well—all must be well—Ralph had waited for his aunt—old ladies required attention—and no doubt they would arrive together." With this assurance he hastened to the door to meet the priest and his companion, and his heart resumed its usual beatings when he observed the jovial expression of the old priest's face, and the *rollicking* air with which the bridesman bowed to the bride, who crouched behind her father, anxious to hear the earliest news, and yet held back by that sweet modesty which enshrines the hearts of my gentle countrywomen.

"Where's Ralph?" inquired the farmer, while holding the stirrup for his reverence to dismount.

"That's a *nate* question to be sure," answered his brother. "Where would he be? And so, Miss Sydney, *you* asked Mr Herrick to come to the wedding, and never tould any one of it, by way of a surprise to us—that *was* very purty of you—and that's the top of his new beaver coming along the hedge. Well, it's quite time Ralph showed himself, I think, and we in waiting."

"Don't be foolish, Harry Furlong!" exclaimed the farmer hastily. "You know very well that Ralph is not here."

"Well, that's done to the life," said the light-hearted fellow; "that's not bad for a very big—I musn't say it before the bride: but it's as bould-faced a story as ever I heard. Not here! then where is he?"

"With his aunt, I daresay, if you don't know," answered Essy.

"Oh, ye're in the mischief too, are ye, bright-eyed one? Why, ye know he's hid here on the sly to surprise us. Aunt, indeed! To be sure he's with his ould aunt Bell and his bride alone! What a mighty quare Irishman he must be. I'll advise *him* not to come to you for a character, whatever I may do; eh, Essy?"

"Will you give over bothering?" she said. "Look at the colour Sydney's turned, and see to the masther—the Lord be betwixt us and harm—none of your nonsense, but tell us *where* is Ralph?"

The aspect of things changed in an instant. Harry *saw* that his brother was not there, concealed as he had supposed him to be in mere playfulness, and *knew* that he was not with his aunt Bell. He knew, moreover, that he had parted from him the night before at the other side of Ferry Carrig; that he was *then* on his way to Wexford, where he had promised to meet him in the morning; that he had been to their aunt's to keep his tryst, but that he had felt no uneasiness on finding Ralph not there, concluding that, instead of going to the town, he had gone to his bride's house in the country, for which he had intended mirthfully to reproach him when they met. Now seriously alarmed, his anxiety to prevent Sydney from partaking of his feelings almost deprived him of the power of speech; but he had said enough; and just as Mr Herrick crossed the threshold, the bride fainted at his feet.

Nothing could be more appalling than the change effected in a few moments in the expression of the farmer's face. While each was engaged in imparting to the other hopes for the bridegroom's reappearance, and reasons for his delay, Harragan, having put forth every other assistance, was bending over his insensible child, on the very bed from which she had that morning risen in the fulness of almost certain happiness for years to come. Alas! how little can we tell upon what of all we cherish in this changing world each rising sun may set!

"If she's not dead," he muttered to himself, "she will die soon. May the Lord deliver me!—the Lord deliver me!" he continued while chafing her temples; "I saw it all along, like a shroud above me to fall round her—I did, I did. Who's that?" he inquired fiercely, as the door gently opened, and Mr Herrick entered within its sanctuary; "oh, it's you, sir, is it? you may come in. I thought it was some of them light-hearted who don't know trouble. Shut them out; my trouble's heavy, sir; look at her, Misther Herrick; and this was the wedding my little girl asked you to, out of friendliness to her father. *Her* father! why, the Holy Father who is above us all knows that as sure as the beams of the blessed sun are shining on her deathly cheek, so sure am I Ralph Furlong's murderer! You need not draw back, Mr

Herrick. I *know* he's murdered; I felt struck with the knowledge of his death, *and I could not help it*, the minute his brother (God help him!) laughed in my face. Don't raise up her head, sir; she'll come to soon enough—too soon, like a spirit that comes to the earth but to leave it. I'm not mad, Mr Herrick, though maybe I look so. Be it by fire or water, or steel or bullet, Ralph Furlong's a corpse, and *I'll inform this time*. I've heard tell the man that betrayed Christ wept after. What good war *his* tears? What good my informing now? but I will—I will. I'll make a clean breast for onst. I'll do the right thing now, if all the devils of hell tear me into pieces! I tell you, sir, Steve Murphy did it!—black-hearted, cunning-headed, and bloody-handed he was, from the time his mother begged with him from door to door for what she did not want, and taught him lies by every hedgerow and green bank through the country. I'm punished, Mr Herrick, I'm punished. If I'd informed—but I'll not call it informing—if *I'd told the truth* when you wanted me, about the letters at the forge, he would not have been in the country to commit murder. She's coming to now, sir; she's coming to."

Gradually poor Sydney revived, but only to suffer more than she had previously gone through. The people were greatly astonished at the conviction which rested on the farmer's mind that the young man had been murdered; a belief which extended itself to his daughter; for, from the moment she heard that Ralph was not with his aunt, it appeared as if every vestige of hope had vanished from her mind. The men of the company set forward an immediate inquiry; every cottage was emptied of its inmates, the women flocking to the farmer's house to pour consolation and hope into the bosom of the bereaved bride, and the men to assist in a search, which, at the noonday hour, was a very uncommon occurrence. It is rarely, indeed, that the Irish peasantry seek assistance either from the police or military force; though they are fond of going to law, they detest those connected with the law. But Mr Herrick promptly rode into Wexford, and having made the necessary inquiries, and ascertained that young Furlong had not been seen at the town, he informed the proper authorities of his mysterious disappearance, and then turned his horse towards Ferry Carrig, to ascertain from the gatekeeper who had passed over the bridge the preceding evening.

Ferry Carrig is one of the picturesque spots which are so frequently seen by those who journey through my native county. On one side of the Slaney—here a river of glorious width—rises, boldly and wildly, a conical hill, upon the summit of which stands out, in frowning ruins, one of the boldest of the square towers of which so many were erected by the enterprising Fitz-Stephen. The opposite side of the bridge is guarded by a rock, not so steep or so magnificent as its neighbour, but not less striking, though its character is different; the one is absolutely

garlanded with heaths, wild-flowers, and the golden-blossoming furze; while the other, affording barely a spot for vegetation, seems planted for eternity—so stern, and fixed, and rugged, that one could imagine nothing save the destruction of the universe capable of shaking its foundation.

The bridge erected across this beautiful water is of singular construction, and partakes of the wildness of the scene; the planks are not fastened at either end; and the noise and motion has a startling effect to one not accustomed to such modes of transit.

When Mr Herrick arrived at the tollhouse, he learned that many inquiries had been already made, and all the tollkeeper could say was, "that positively Ralph Furlong, whom he knew as well as his own son, had not crossed the bridge the preceding evening, although he had been on the look-out for him." The elder Furlong had accompanied his brother to within a mile of the Eniscorthy side of the bridge, so his disappearance must have occurred between the spot where they separated and the Bridge of Ferry Carrig. Nothing could exceed the energy and exertion to discover the lost bridegroom: every inquiry was made, every break explored, the rivers even were dragged; but no trace of Ralph Furlong was obtained. Mr Herrick returned to the farm; and it was heart-breaking to observe the totally hopeless expression of Sydney's beautiful face.

"There is no knowing," said the kind gentleman, with a cheerfulness that he but imperfectly assumed—"there is no knowing—he *may* have left the country."

"No," was her reply; "*he would never have deserted me!*" Thus did her trust in her lover's fidelity outlive all hope of meeting him alive in this changing world.

In the meantime, James Harragan had proceeded alone to Steve Murphy's cottage. The sun had set, when he found him sitting by his fire, not alone, for his sister was seated on the opposite side.

Harragan entered with the determined air of a desperate man, and neither gave salutation, nor returned that which was given.

"I come," said he, "to ask you where you have hid Ralph Furlong." The man started and changed colour, and then assuming a bold and determined air of defiance, hesitated not to inquire what the farmer meant, who, in reply, as boldly taxed him with the murder. Hard and desperate words succeeded, and the screams of the accused man's sister most likely prevented death; for the farmer, a tall powerful man, had grasped Murphy so tightly by the throat that a few minutes must have terminated his existence. Although by no means a weakling, he was as a green willow wand in the hands of his assailant.

In vain did his terrified sister declare that her brother was at home early in the evening, and went to bed before she did.

Harragan persisted in his charge; and had it not been for the force of superior numbers, he would have succeeded in dragging him to the next police station; but Irish assistance is much more easily procured *against* the law than for it; though, I confess, in this instance it was hard for those who did not know all the circumstances to determine whose part to take, for Harragan was under the influence of such strong excitement, that he acted more like a maniac than a man in the possession of his senses.

Having failed in his first object, that of dragging Steve Murphy to justice himself, he mounted his horse, and laid before the nearest magistrate sufficient reason why Steve should be arrested, and detained until further inquiries were made; but when the police force sought for him, he was gone!—vanished! as delinquents vanish in Ireland, where hundreds of sober honest men will absolutely *know* where a villain is concealed, and yet suffer him to escape and commit more crimes, because their prejudices will not suffer them to *inform*.

Great was the excitement throughout the country, occasioned by this mysterious event. James Harragan lived but for one object, that of bringing the murderer to justice. This all-engrossing desire seemed to have absorbed even his affection for his child; that is to say, he would stroke her hair, or press her now colourless cheek to his bosom, and then, turning away with a deep sigh, go on laying down some new plan for the discovery of poor Ralph's murderer. Everybody said that Sydney was dying, but her father did not seem to observe that *her* summer had ceased, when its sun was at the hottest, and its days at the longest, and that the rose was dropping leaf by leaf to the earth. Once Sydney attempted to take to market the produce of her dairy, which her kind friend Essy tended with more care than her own.

"If they don't notice me," she said, "I'll do bravely; you'll tell them, Essy, to never heed me." And so Essy did; but it would not do. No prudential motive yet was ever sufficiently strong to restrain the sympathy of the genuine Irish. When her car stopped at the corner of the market-place, twenty stout arms were extended to lift the pale girl off. There was not a woman in the square who did not leave her standing to crowd round the *widowed* bride. It would have been as easy to turn the fertilising waters of the Nile, as that torrent of affection. The young girls sobbed, and could not speak for tears; but those tears fell upon Sydney's hands, and moistened her cheeks; it was refreshing to them, for she herself had long ceased to weep; hers were the only dry eyes in the crowd. The mothers prayed that God might bless her, and "raise her up again to be the flower of the country."

"Never heed, Sydney, darlint; sure you've the prayers of the country."

"And the double prayers of the poor," exclaimed a knot of

beggars, who had abated their vocation to put up their petitions in her favour.

Sydney could have borne coldness or neglect, but kindness overpowered her, and she was obliged to return, leaving her small merchandise to Essy's care.

Every one said that Sydney was hastening to her grave, but still her father heeded it not; no bloodhound ever toiled or panted more eagerly to recover the scent which he had lost, than did the farmer to trace Steve Murphy's flight; it was still his absorbing idea, both by day and night. Had it not been for the exertions of his sons, his well-cultivated farm would have gone to ruin. His health was suffering from this monomania; the flesh shrank daily from his bones, and the healthy jocund farmer was changing into a gigantic skeleton. The priest talked to him, Mr Herrick reasoned with him, but all to no purpose.

Time passed, and James Harragan entered his cottage as the sun was setting. He had stood for the last hour leaning against the post of his gate, apparently engaged in watching the sparrows flying in and out of their old dwelling-places in the thatch. His sons had prepared his supper, and he sat down to it mechanically; the two lads whispered for some time together at the window, when suddenly Harragan inquired "what they muttered for?" The youths hesitated to reply.

"Let me know what it was!" he exclaimed. "I'll have no whispering, no *cochering*, no hiding and seeking in my house. Boys, there's a hell at this moment burning in yer father's breast! Look, I never could kill one of them small birds that destroy the roof above our heads, without feeling I took from the innocent thing the life I could not give; and yet, what does that signify? Isn't *my* hand *red* at this time of speaking with that boy's blood! Red—it's red-hot—hissing red with the blood of Ralph Furlong! It is as much so as if I did it! And why?—because I held on at the mystery that shades the guilty and hurries on the innocent to destruction—*because I wouldn't inform!* Now, mind me, boys, I'll have nothing but *out* speaking; no whispering; where there's that sort of secrecy, there's sin and the curse. What war you whispering?" he added in a voice of thunder.

"We war only saying, sir," replied the elder, "that we wonder Sydney and Essy ain't back."

"Back! Why, where is my little girl?"

"She took a thought this morning, sir," he answered, "and we don't like to say against her, that she'd walk from Ferry Carrig Bridge to where HE parted from his brother, and took Essy with her on the car as far as the bridge; it's a notion she had."

"My colleen!—my pride!—my darlint!" he ejaculated, much moved, "and I not to know this! Yer mother little thought, when she made ye over to *me* before death made *her* over

to the holy angels, what would happen. And ye didn't tell me, because ye thought I didn't care! Well, I forgive ye—I forgive ye, boys! I didn't neglect her though, for all that; my heart was set on another matter. There is but one thing she can spake on, one thing I can spake on—and it is better we shouldn't—but, when she does *look* at me, though my little girl strives to keep it under, there is in her eyes what says, 'If ye'd spoken the truth long ago, it's a happy wife I'd be now, instead of——' Oh, God!—oh, God!" he exclaimed passionately, "that I should have suffered such a snake to fatten on the land, when I could have crushed him under my heel! I'd have rest in my grave if I could see him in his. I'll go meet her, boys. You should have gone before." And the farmer stalked forth, and silently mounting his cob, proceeded on the road to Ferry Carrig.

There are mysteries around us, both night and day, for which it would be difficult indeed to account: the impulse that drew Sydney that morning to the banks of the Slaney was, and ever must be, unaccountable.

"Nurses," she said to her faithful friend Essy, after they crossed the bridge, and, quitting the coach-road, made unto themselves a path along the bank—"nurses like you, Essy, may be called the brides'-maids of death; and you have been my nurse all through this sickness." Essy afterwards said she did not know what there was in those words to make her cry, but she could not answer for weeping. The two girls wandered on, Sydney stopping every now and then to look into the depths and shallows of the river, and prying beneath every broad green leaf and clump of trees that overhung its banks. More than once they sat down, and more than once did Essy propose their return, but Sydney went on, as if she had not spoken. At last they came to a species of deep drain, almost overgrown with strong, tall, leafy water-plants, that was always filled when the tide was full in. Essy sprang lightly over it, and then turning a little way up to where it was narrower, she extended her hand to her feeble friend. Although the gulf was narrow, it was very deep; the root of a tree had formed a natural dam across it, so that much water was retained. As Sydney was about to cross, she cast her eyes beneath, started, and held back. She did not speak, but, with her hand pointed downwards, Essy's shriek rang through the air—the face of Ralph Furlong stared at them from the bottom of the silent pool!

Had she not removed the broad leaves of a huge dock that shaded the water, so that Sydney's footing might be sure, the unconscious girl would have stepped, without knowing it, over her lover's liquid grave. Essy was so overwhelmed with horror, that she ran shrieking towards the highway; several minutes elapsed before she returned with assistance; and then where was Sydney! The faithful girl, in endeavouring to draw his body from the waters, had fallen in; her head was literally resting on

his bosom, and her long beautiful hair floating like a pall above them !

They were buried in the same grave !

When Murphy's cottage was searched by the police, the only weapon, if so it could be called, which they discovered, was a broken reaping-hook ; this James Harragan had taken to his own house, and under the folds of poor Ralph's coat, those who prepared him for his earthy grave discovered the missing portion. The farmer was seen to shed no tear over his daughter, but registered an oath in heaven that he would never take rest upon his bed until he had brought the murderer to justice. Within a week after, he relinquished his farm to his sons, and it is believed he journeyed to foreign lands in pursuit of one who, in the first instance, escaped justice through James Harragan's own weak and almost wicked perseverance in a wrong cause. Years have passed since the melancholy event occurred, and no tidings have ever reached the county relative to Harragan or the murderer. Well, indeed, might he have remembered Mr Herrick's warning. The farmer had, by withholding his information, refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand had planted in the bosom of an excellent and industrious man, and the same power had been employed to overthrow his happiness for ever !*

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.†

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

JAMES O'LEARY was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute ; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin—yet he modestly designated it his "Small College," and his pupils "his thrifle of boys." O'Leary never considered "the Vulgarians"—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil ; he began his school catalogue with "the Vargils ;" but was so decidedly proud of "the Homarians," that he often regretted he had no opportunity of "taking the shine out of thim ignorant chaps up at Dublin College" by a display of his "*Gracians*"—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue ; whose clothes hung upon

* Reprinted from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

† This interesting sketch was communicated originally to Hood's Magazine, from which it has been obligingly transferred by the authoress for a more extensive publication in these pages.—*Ed.*

them by a mystery; and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry,*

* Mrs Hall, in the elegantly embellished work, "Ireland; its Scenery, Character," &c. presents some amusing particulars respecting "poor scholars," and the schools which they were in the habit of attending. "Hedge schools" abounded principally in Kerry, but are now rapidly disappearing, along with the dominies who superintended them, their place being occupied by the better-conducted National schools. "The ancient dominies, however (observes Mrs Hall), had their merit; they kept the shrivelled seed of knowledge from utterly perishing. * * * The Irish schoolmaster is now paid by the state, and not by 'sods of turf,' 'a kish of praties,' 'a dozen of eggs,' or at Christmas and Easter 'a roll of fresh butter;' for, very commonly, there was no other way of liquidating his quarterly accounts: yet this mode of payment was adopted eagerly on the one side, and received thankfully on the other, in order that 'the gorsoon might have his bit of learning, to keep him up in the world.' The English of the lower classes covet knowledge, but only as a source of wealth; an Irishman longs for it as a means of acquiring moral power and dignity. 'Rise up yer head, here's the master; he's a fine man with great larning;' 'Whisht! don't be putting in your word, sure he that's spaking has fine larning;' 'Sure he had the world at his foot from the strength of the larning;' 'A grate man entirely, with a power of larning;' 'No good could ever come of him, for he never took to his larning;' 'What could you expect from him? since he was the size of a midge he never looked in a book;' such are the phrases continually in the mouths of the Irish peasantry: utter worthlessness is invariably supposed to accompany a distaste for information; while he who has obtained even a limited portion of instruction, is always considered superior to his fellows who are without it, and precedence on all occasions is readily accorded to him. Those who would teach the Irish, have, therefore, a fine and rich soil upon which to work. 'Hedge schools' received their peculiar designation from the fact, that in fine weather the schoolroom was always removed out of doors; the dominie sat usually beside his threshold; and the young urchins, his pupils, were scattered in all directions about the landscape, poring over the 'Gough' or 'Voster' (the standard arithmeticians of Ireland long ago), scrawling figures on the fragments of a slate, courting acquaintance with the favoured historian, Cornalius Napos, or occupied upon the more abstruse mysteries of the mathematics; the more laborious and persevering of the learners generally taking their places, 'book in hand,' upon, or at the base of, the turf rick, that was always within the master's ken. In addition to the pupils who paid to the teacher as much as they could, and in the coin most at their command, there were generally in such establishments some who paid nothing, and were not expected to pay anything—'poor scholars,' as they were termed, who received education 'graatis,' and who were not unfrequently intended, or rather intended themselves, for the priesthood. They were, in most instances, unprotected orphans; but they had no occasion to beg, for the farmhouse as well as the cottage was open for their reception, and the 'poor scholar' was sure of a 'God save you kindly,' and 'Kindly welcome,' wherever he appeared. In this way, with scant clothing, a strap of books over his shoulder, his inkhorn suspended from

and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A B C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the National schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be raised, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages what they had not understood if spoken in the vernacular, that when a National school was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to “bother the board.” This threw James into a state of such excitement, that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say, that he has never been “right” since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the National school system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of “flooring the board,” which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant class of scholars, of whose merits he was so bright an example. For a long time his college was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from “the Master,” and the attention and tenderness of a mother from “the Mistress.” This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar,

his button-hole, and two or three ill-cut inky pens stuck in the twist or twine that encircled his hat, the aspirant for knowledge set forth on his mission, sometimes aided by a subscription commenced and forwarded by his parish-priest, who found many of his congregation willing to bestow their halfpence and pence, together with their cordial blessings, on ‘the boy that had his mind turned for good.’ Now and then a ‘good-for-nothing’ would take upon himself the habit and name of a ‘poor scholar,’ and impose upon the good-natured inhabitants of a district; but in a little time he was sure to be discovered, and was never again trusted.”

but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighbourhood, and paid largely for the classics and all accomplishments. This James found very profitable: in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnacle" on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other the celestial globe; he paved the little courtyard with the multiplication-table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geometrical principles," whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of information. If pupils came before, they "rained on him" after his "Tusculum" was finished; and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for want of a latch. But somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces; and continually snubbed a first-rate "Gracian," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself—"Why he should do good, and bother himself so much, about those who did no good to him?" He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself, that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-about, gruel, or "*a sup of broth*"—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the "Gracian," who had been unwell for some days—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit still at the wheel, now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific?—which signifies an inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him. The place where he lodges has no conveyance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of—so I'll sit down at onct."

"Then why don't you sit down at once? Why do you sit—wasting your time—to say nothing of the sweet milk—and the?"—he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things—for one who does no good to us?"

"No good to us!" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear?—why, it's for Aby—the-what is it you called him—Aby Gradus? No; Aby the Gracian—your top boy—as used to be—he that his old grandmother—(God help us!—he had no other kith or kin)—walked ten miles just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is——"

"Well," replied the master, "I know that; I know it's for him

—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould—but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian, indeed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby——”

“James!” exclaimed Mary.

“Ay, indeed, Mary; we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and”—he drew a deep breath, then added—“and *take no more poor scholars!*”

“Oh, James, don't say the likes o' that,” said the gentle-hearted woman; “don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in.”

“Still, we must take care of ourselves, woman dear,” replied James with a dogged look. Why the look should be called “dogged,” I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple-potato, and beckoning a neighbour's child, who was hopping over the multiplication-table in the little courtyard, desired her to run for her life, with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby stopt that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

“I thought, James,” she said, “that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late; I'm sure he got you a deal of credit.”

“All I'll ever get by him.”

“Oh, don't say that!—sure the blessing is a fine thing; and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a grate wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset, handful by handful, it wastes away; but your brains hould out better than the meal: take ever so much away, and there's the same still.”

“Mary, you're a fool, agra!” answered her husband; but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

“And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it,” she continued; “it does them good, and does you no harm.”

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman; getting her husband into a good humour before she intimated her object.

“I've always thought a red head lucky, dear.”

“The ancients valued the colour highly,” he answered.

“Think of that now! And a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye.”

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second suit of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you tould me you set off poor scholaring yerself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second suit of clothes.*"

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper; for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

"Just six months of your taching to make a man of him, that's all."

"Has he the money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The trifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a *strong** man like yerself, James O'Leary; only just the ase and contintment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be afther doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian."

"Mary," replied the schoolmaster, in a slow and decided tone, "*that's all botheration.*"

Mary gave a start: she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary, looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone.

"Father of mercy!" she exclaimed, "spake again, *man* alive! and tell us is it yerself that's in it!"

James laughed—not joyously or humorously, but a little dry half-starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I tould you of," said Mary. "Come in *ma bouchal*; the master himself's in it now, and will talk to you, dear."

"The boy advanced his slight delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore, and asked "if

he would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin, and let him pick up as much as he could?"

"And what," inquired O'Leary, "will you give me in return?"

"I have but little, sir," replied the boy, "for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father's in heaven—my eldest sister a cripple—and but for the kindness of the neighbours, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God, which never laves us, we might turn out upon the road—and beg."

"But all that is nothing to me," said O'Leary very coldly.

"I know that, sir," answered the boy; yet he looked as if he did *not* know it, "though your name's up in the country for kindness, as well as learning. But I was coming to it—I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings, besides five which the priest warned me to keep, when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking if yer honour would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter, or so; I know I can't pay yer honour as I ought, only just for the love of God; and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, his reverence said I'd be no disgrace to you."

"Just let me see what ye've got," said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton nightcap, and held it towards the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

"Put it up, child," she said; "the masther doesn't want it; he only had a mind to see if it was safe." Then aside to her husband, "Let fall yer hand, James; it's the devil that's under yer elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook; is it the thin shillings of a widow's son you'd be afther taking? It's not yerself that's in it at all." Then to the boy, "Put it up, dear, and come in the morning." But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting—"the *thin* shillings," as Mary called them—and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none; and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that "the Lord above would raise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on." Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that, at least for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the "great master;"

while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the "thin shillings," strode towards a well-heaped hoard to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself into something "not right."

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He did not care to encounter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk, and sat with his back to her, 'apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself; and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale gentle face of the poor scholar, whom he had "fleeced" to the uttermost.

"Mary," he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, "there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they purtended."

"Was that the way with yerself, avick?" she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep—nor, when he did, did he sleep very soundly—but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner; so much so, that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil, and slept soundly. But Mary went on praying. She was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country; but, on this particular night, she prayed on without stopping, until the gray cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours; for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water, cross, and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her. "Give me your hand," he said, "that I may know it's you that's in it." Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. "It's quite in airnest I am, dear; and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's nightcap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks entirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and, Mary, agra, if you've the

power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of taching them; for I've had a DREAM, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning. There, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight; now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me:—

I suppose it's dead I was first; but, anyhow, I thought I was floating about in a dark space, and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down. *I could not rise*—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes. One of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me; and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought maybe it would help me up; but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke. Then came a great white-faced owl, with red bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough; and globes and inkhorns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes, into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there, and making game of me as they passed. Oh, I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or to get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"Maybe so," replied Mary, "particularly as they wouldn't let you correct the bad Latin, dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me—and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapour, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading towards a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest; and the more I looked at it, the brighter it grew; and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes; and something whispered me that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees, and asked how I was to get up there; for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or, to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no ways joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"Oh, yah mulla! think of that now, my poor Aby; didn't I know the good pure drop was in him!" interrupted Mary.

“‘The only way for you to get to that happy place, masther dear,’ they said, ‘is for you to make a ladder of us’”

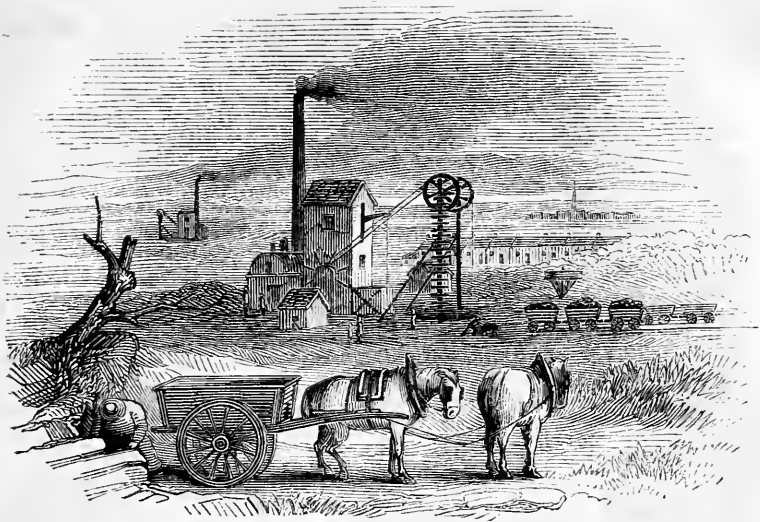
“Is it a ladder of the——”

“Whisht, will ye,” interrupted the master. “‘We are the stairs,’ said they, ‘that will lead you to that happy mansion. All your learning of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, all are not worth a *trancen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man’s learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, masther jewel, **WE ARE YOUR CHARITIES**; seven of us poor boys, through your means, learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy for ever.’”

I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step ladder* of the seven holy cratures, who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now; but as they bent, I stept, first on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but anyhow, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting; I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel, I’d have gone—I don’t know where: he held me fast. ‘O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me after all,’ I said. ‘Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way after all?’

‘Sure there must be more of us to help you,’ makes answer Paddy Blake. ‘Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you,’ says Abel, ‘and, *unless you hardened your heart*, it isn’t possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished? Oh, then, if you did, masther,’ said the poor fellow, ‘if you did, it’s myself that’s sorry for you.’ Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came over me last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking-up dagger in my heart—and I looking at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart; and just then I woke—I’m sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning.”

Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bedside, weeping—tears of joy they were—she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. “And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We’ll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and, darling, you’ll look out for more of them. And, oh! but my heart’s as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream.”



TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

I.—MINERAL.

EVERYTHING we enjoy, as food or clothing—every substance we employ for the purposes of life, whether useful or ornamental—is derived from the earth, or the earth's productions. Be the products animal or vegetable, mineral or metallic, they are alike gifts from the same source; though, in respect of their origin and position, the latter may be more strictly regarded as the “treasures” of that solid or stony portion which is accessible to man. In this sense we intend to devote the present sheet to the more important minerals, describing their nature, origin, and uses, and presenting such particulars respecting their commercial history as may seem interesting to the general reader.

For the more accurate comprehension of the subject, it may be necessary to premise that we speak of the *crust* of the earth—meaning thereby that superficial rind or portion accessible to human investigation in contradistinction to the interior masses, concerning the nature of which we can only form conjectures. In this crust the rocky substances are variously arranged: some are found in layers or strata—hence said to be *stratified*; others appear in vast irregular masses, presenting no trace of bed or layer, and are accordingly termed *unstratified*. The matter of the stratified has evidently been deposited from water, and from this view of their origin, they are generally known as *aqueous*

or *sedimentary* rocks; while the unstratified, presenting no appearance of deposit, but everywhere an irregular configuration, and, moreover, often breaking through and contorting the stratified, are considered of *igneous* or *volcanic* origin. Both sedimentary and igneous rocks present various mineralogical and chemical characters: thus, of the former, we have roofing-slate, sandstone, coal, limestone, &c.; of the latter, granite, basalt, and lava—all very distinct in composition and appearance. Besides differences in mineral composition, the sedimentary rocks contain different kinds of fossils—that is, the petrified remains of animals and plants; and such distinctions have rendered it necessary to arrange the rocks constituting the crust of our globe into various *formations*—meaning by a formation any suite of rocks possessing some peculiar mineral or fossil character. Thus we speak of the “coal formation,” meaning thereby not merely the beds or layers of coal, but the sandstones, shales, ironstones, and the like, which alternate with and accompany that mineral—seeing that the whole have been evidently deposited under similar conditions, and that the same kinds of plants and animals are found fossil within them. Deviating in some degree from the usual technical arrangements, we shall describe the various mineral treasures of the earth under such heads as appear best calculated to aid the comprehension of the ordinary inquirer.

BITUMINOUS SUBSTANCES.

Bitumen—from a Greek word signifying the pitch-tree—may be regarded as embracing all those inflammable mineral substances which, like pitch, burn with flame in the open air. Naphtha, petroleum, and asphalt are familiar examples; but all substances impregnated with these bitumens are said to be *bituminous*. Hence under this head may be included coal in all its varieties, as well as bituminous slate, slaggy mineral pitch, and the asphalt of commerce.

Coal.

Coal, of which there are several distinct varieties, is one of the most important minerals with which man has yet become acquainted. By it he fuses the metals, produces steam which sets machinery in motion, prepares gas for light, heats his apartments, cooks his food, and, in short, renders all the resources of nature fit for civilised use. It is uncertain when coal first began to be used in Britain as fuel, but in all probability it was not earlier than the beginning of the twelfth century. In 1281, Newcastle is noticed as having some trade in that article; and a little later, we find it mentioned in the Chartulary of the Abbey of Dunfermline. In the reign of Edward I., its use in London was prohibited, in consequence of the supposed injurious influences of the smoke; and this prohibition we find renewed at several subsequent periods; but all to no purpose. The increas-

ing scarcity of wood as fuel rendered some other substitute necessary; and, from its compact form and powerful heat, no known substance could for one moment be brought into competition with coal. The smoke nuisance was therefore submitted to; and despite of every obstacle, the "obnoxious" mineral was soon in the ascendant. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, it seems to have been getting into use in the Lowlands of Scotland, where we find Boethius taking notice of a "black stone" found in Fife and the Lothians, the heat of which was sufficiently intense to fuse the most refractory metals. Since the time of Charles I. it has become almost the only description of fuel used in London, and in most other towns and districts throughout the kingdom—peat or turf being but occasionally employed, and that solely in remote localities. It is within the current century, however, that the great demand has been made upon our coal-fields; since the application of the steam-engine to the purposes of the mine, the factory, the railway, and river; since the introduction of gas, the extension of our foundries, and the general advancement of those economical processes which distinguish the present from every other period of our country's history. According to the most recent estimates, not less than thirty millions of tons of coal are raised from the different mines in the British islands, of which between three and four millions are exported.

The coal worked in Britain may be said to be exclusively obtained from the great coal formation, where it alternates with strata of sandstone, bituminous shale, bands of ironstone, fire-clay, and impure limestone. Attempts have been made to work the thin beds found in more recent formations, but in every case without success. The principal districts, or "fields," as they are called, are those of Northumberland and Durham, Lancashire, Stafford, South Wales, and the Lowlands of Scotland—the latter extending from Fife to Ayrshire at an average breadth of about thirty miles. In these fields there may be as many as ten, twenty, or even forty seams or strata of coal, varying from a foot to thirty feet in thickness; but of these, in general, not more than five or six can be worked with profit. The mineral so obtained is of different varieties and qualities; so pure, as to leave after combustion the smallest per centage of ash; or so foul, as to be burned with difficulty. The principal varieties are—*caking* coal, a highly bituminous sort, like that of Newcastle, which emits much smoke and gas, and cakes together during combustion; *cubic*, which is also bituminous, but breaks into larger cubical masses, and does not cake while burning; *splint*, a hard slaty variety, which is still less bituminous, and does not cake, but burns with great heat, and leaves little ash; *cannel*, a compact shining variety, also bituminous, burns with a clear flame, does not cake, and leaves a whitish ash, principally used, where it can be obtained, for the manufacture of gas. All these varieties are

less or more bituminous; but there is another variety, known by the name of *anthracite*, or "blind coal," which is non-bituminous. This anthracite has a glistening and semi-metallic aspect, does not soil the fingers when rubbed, and burns without smoke. It is, in fact, a natural coke, or charcoal, the original coal having been deprived of its bituminous products by heat or other causes. It is found in small patches in several coal-fields in contact with the igneous rocks, which have evidently produced the change, but abundantly in South Wales, where it occupies a considerable area. It is used exclusively in the reduction of the metallic ores, for which it has been employed only since the introduction of the hot-blast method.

Besides the supply obtained in Britain, there are coal-fields less or more extensive in France, Spain, Belgium, and Germany; in India, China, the East India islands, Australia, and New Zealand; in Nova Scotia, and the states of North America; in the Isthmus of Panama, Chili, and Peru; and even in some of the islands of the Pacific and Arctic Oceans. Of these fields, the North American are by far the most extensive and important, presenting areas of bituminous and anthracite coal greater than the whole extent of our own island. That of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, for example, extends continuously from north-east to south-west for a distance of 720 miles, its greatest breadth being 180 miles; its area thus amounting to 129,600 square miles. That situated in Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, embraces an area of 14,000 square miles; while several, many times larger than the largest coal-field in Britain, are found in Michigan and other parts of the union. Many of the coal-fields in the world are yet untouched; it being only after the wood of a new country has been used up, and civilisation made some progress, that man betakes himself to the difficult and often dangerous task of extracting mineral fuel. All the coal-fields now mentioned belong to the same great formation; but there are other patches of a more recent date which are occasionally worked, as the lignite, or brown coal of Germany, and of Bovey Hayfield, near Exeter. This, however, is a very different material in comparison, and is only had recourse to where the lower formation is absent, or at such a depth as to preclude its easy working. Taking, therefore, an estimate of the whole amount of coal known to exist, there need be no dread of the supply being exhausted for thousands of years to come; for though the fields of one country should be exhausted, the fields of another lie patent to the same commercial influence which imports tea from China, cutlery and cloth from Britain, and cotton from America.

Coal being, in every instance, a true stratified rock, the modes of obtaining it are much the same in the different countries where it is sought after. In early times, our ancestors could avail themselves of little more than the mere outcrop—that is,

that portion of a seam which approaches the surface; and this was excavated just as a stratum of limestone or sandstone is quarried at the present day. By and by they sank to greater depths; but still entering in a slanting direction, after the dip or inclination of the strata, and not descending by shafts or perpendicular pits, as is now the practice. To rid their workings of water, they hewed long tunnels or subterranean drains from some low level, and carrying this forward to the seam of coal, effected a drainage to that depth. Where the coal seams lay on high ground, and where there was any deep glen or ravine in the neighbourhood, such drainage often allowed them to work at a considerable depth; but these *day-levels* (so called from their discharging their contents to the open day, in contradistinction to other levels within the mine) were, upon the whole, but imperfect and expensive affairs. In some instances, where pits were sunk, windmills were erected for the purpose of pumping the water; but no certain effect could be calculated upon from an agency so unstable as the wind. The invention of the steam-engine soon set aside these rude and imperfect appliances; shafts, instead of slanting adits, are now everywhere sunk, and the water brought to the surface at once, no matter whether the depth be 30 or 300 fathoms. Of course the fittings of a coal mine depend, as do all other commercial speculations, upon the value of the material sought to be obtained. In some districts the shafts are of no great depth, the pumping engines small and rude, and the mineral brought to the surface simply by animal power; while in other localities the shafts are of enormous depth and finely executed, the engines of great magnitude and superior finish, and no animal power employed unless in the hewing of the coal. In Britain, a Newcastle colliery may be taken as the most perfect of its kind. Here the shafts vary from 150 to 300 fathoms in depth, are lined with casings of stone, wood, or iron, and are divided into various compartments for the accommodation of the pumping gear, and the ascending and descending corves which contain the coal—these compartments also subserving an important end in the ventilation of the mine. Having reached the stratum of coal, which generally lies at a considerable inclination, main drifts or excavations are made in different directions for drainage, transit, and ventilation; and then the minor workings branch off from these, care being taken to leave pillars or masses of the stratum for the support of the superincumbent material. The water that oozes from the workings finds its way to the lower level of the pit's bottom, from whence it is pumped up by a powerful engine; and the coal hewn out is brought from the various workings to the main drifts, whence it is dragged by ponies to the bottom of the shaft, and raised in corves or baskets to the surface.

Were the accumulation of water the only obstruction to the mining of coal, the difficulty could be easily surmounted. A

supply of fresh air, however, must be regularly and unceasingly maintained in every part of the workings; and not only so, but care must be taken to prevent the accumulation of two gases most destructive to human life; namely, carburetted hydrogen and carbonic gas—the *fire-damp* and *choke-damp* of the miners. For this purpose the various underground workings are so arranged and boarded off, that while one set receives the descending current, another carries it forward again to the pit bottom, where, by means of rarefaction, produced by a huge fire, it is carried up the shaft to the atmosphere. By these means not only is fresh air supplied to the miners, but the deleterious gases are carried off, and the whole subterranean recesses rendered safe and healthy. The most ingenious of human inventions are, however, imperfect; and choke-damp and fire-damp will exude from the coal seam, and lurk in recesses, there either to suffocate the first comer, or to explode the instant that a lamp is brought in contact. To prevent these casualties as much as possible, various air-tight trap-doors and boardings are employed, and the miner is furnished with safety-lamps of various constructions, which, while they afford sufficient light, prevent the carburetted hydrogen from coming in contact with the flame within. These remarks apply in particular to the Newcastle coal-field, where, in consequence of such difficulties, coal-mining is conducted with greater care and skill than in any other district; but it must be remembered that there are many fields where fire-damp is unknown, and where the most ordinary ventilation is sufficient to prevent the accumulation of carbonic acid or any obnoxious effluvia. Indeed we know of an excellent coal-field which returns its thousands annually, and where no precaution either as to lamps or ventilation is necessary—all that is requisite being occasional wooden props to prevent falls of loose material from the roof of the compartment in which the miner may be working. In some of the largest Pennsylvanian mines even this precaution is unnecessary, the anthracite being of great thickness, and so exposed and level, that it is hewn out either in open quarry or in huge drifts, precisely after the fashion of our railway tunnels.

Important and varied as are the uses, and vast as must be the consumption, of this mineral in Britain, yet so abundant is it, that in many localities the best household coal never exceeds 7s. a ton, while in Edinburgh it averages about 12s.; and in London, to which it is all sea-borne, it ranges between 18s. and 22s. “Notwithstanding the cheapness of the produce of this kind,” says Mr Ansted, “the value of the coal actually brought to the surface in Britain amounts annually to nearly ten millions of pounds sterling, and almost the whole of this is derived, although in unequal proportions, from the Newcastle, the South Welsh, the Staffordshire, and Scotch coal-fields. With regard to the first of these—the Newcastle coal-field—it is said that upwards of six millions of tons are there annually

raised up out of the bowels of the earth; that 60,000 persons are employed in the mining operations; that 1400 vessels are constantly engaged in conveying the coal (amounting to three millions of tons) required for the consumption of the metropolis alone; and that the capital employed in simply conducting this trade amounts to several millions of pounds sterling." From this single instance some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the entire trade in coal, which is doubtless one of the most important props of our country's commerce.

As to the origin of coal, no matter what the variety, there can be no doubt that it is essentially vegetable. Not only are fossil trunks, branches, leaves, and fruits found in the mass, but scarcely a portion of it, when submitted to the microscope, but shows the ducts and fibres of a true vegetable structure. We know, moreover, that vegetable matter, when subjected to moisture and pressure, and excluded from the action of the air, will in a short period pass into a bituminous or carbonaceous mass, which time and greater pressure and heat would by and by convert into true mineral coal. Peat, were it excluded from atmospheric influence, would soon pass into a species of coal: brown coal and lignite, in which the trunks and branches of the trees are still perceptible, are only varieties less perfect than the true coal; and even in the old coal-formation itself, various beds present various degrees of perfection, according as the vegetable mass seems to have been more quickly and perfectly removed from the action of the atmosphere. How the masses of vegetable matter were accumulated, is still a subject of speculation with geologists—some contending that the trees, grasses, ferns, &c. which compose it, must have grown and accumulated just as peat-mosses do at the present day, and that the land was then submerged, and the mass covered over by layers of sand and mud, which, hardening, formed strata of stone and shale; others reject this theory as untenable, and consider the whole strata (sandstone, shale, &c.) of the coal-measures to have been deposited in estuaries liable to periodic inundations, like those of the Niger and Ganges, but only on a more gigantic scale. According to this notion, which is more in accordance with the phenomena presented, coal is partly composed of vegetables which grew *in situ* in the form of jungle, and partly of masses drifted down from the interior by the waters of the river.

Jet—Amber.

Though the chief use of coal be doubtless that of producing heat, there are certain minor purposes to which some of the varieties are applied. Thus we have occasionally seen very pretty vases, and other ornaments, made from cannel coal when it is sufficiently compact and lustrous. It is easily turned, and takes a polish which is not readily tarnished; the only objection to it being its brittleness, and liability to be injured by fire.—

Jet, of which necklaces, ear-rings, and other ornaments are made, is but a variety of coal, as common in its origin and nature as that which we pile on our fires. It is occasionally found in the lignite beds of England, but principally in Germany and Prussia, where it occurs associated with amber, which is regarded as a fossil gum, while jet seems to be the trunk and branches of trees more completely bituminised and freer from earthy impurities than cannel or other coals.—*Amber*, a well-known yellow resin-like substance, is believed, as stated, to be a fossil gum or resin; and its connexion with deposits of lignite seems to confirm that opinion. It is solid, brittle, commonly transparent, and when rubbed, becomes electrical. It is found in various countries, more particularly on the Adriatic and Sicilian shores; on the Baltic, between Memel and Dantzic, where there are regular mines of it; and in Japan, Madagascar, and the Philippine Islands. It is used chiefly in the manufacture of beads and necklaces, and in the preparation of varnishes. The largest known specimen of amber was found near the surface of the ground in Lithuania, about twelve miles from the Baltic: it weighs eighteen pounds, and is in the royal cabinet at Berlin. Other curious specimens have been detected enclosing insects, and even drops of water—these apparently having been enclosed when the gum was exuding in a fluid state from the living tree.

Naphtha—Petroleum—Asphalte.

Naphtha, petroleum, mineral pitch, and asphalte, may in a great measure be regarded as one and the same substance in different degrees of concentration and purity. Thus naphtha, on exposure to the air, soon loses its limpid appearance, and passes into petroleum; and petroleum, under similar treatment, shrinks into a viscous slaggy state, undistinguishable from mineral pitch.

Natural naphtha is a limpid, or but slightly-coloured bitumen, highly inflammable, and of a strong bituminous, but not disagreeable odour. It is found at Baku on the Caspian, at Hit on the Euphrates, and at other places in Mesopotamia; it occurs abundantly in the lower districts of the Birman empire; is found at various places in the north of Italy, as Piacenza, Modena, &c.; and in some districts of North America. It generally exudes from fissures in the rocky strata, or is collected in shallow wells, dug in the clays and shales where it occurs. A similar liquid can be obtained by distilling petroleum, coal-tar, and other bitumens; but the artificial product has a more penetrating and unpleasant odour. Naphtha has the property of dissolving most of the essential oils and resins, and is at present largely used as a solvent of caoutchouc. It is also used for lamps; and the cities of Parma and Genoa are said to be lighted with the produce of the wells in the duchies of Modena and Parma,

Petroleum, or rock-oil, is another liquid bitumen, of a brownish colour and variable consistency, and yielding a strong disagreeable odour. It is found exuding from various secondary strata, but chiefly in coal districts, where it is evidently a product of that formation. It occurs in small quantities in various localities of Britain, but abundantly in other countries of Europe, in Persia, the Birman empire, in Texas, and in the islands of Trinidad and Barbadoes. On exposure to the air, petroleum thickens, and assumes a darker hue, in which state it is generally known by the name of mineral pitch, or Barbadoes tar. On further exposure, and especially when mingled with earthy impurities, it passes into a solid state, then becoming the common asphalté or bitumen of commerce. In its ordinary liquid state it is burned for light; worked into balls with earth and gravel, it is used in eastern countries as fuel; and mingled with grease, it is occasionally employed as a substitute for tar in coating vessels.

Asphalté, so called from its adhesive nature, differs from mineral pitch in being solid and brittle at the ordinary state of the atmosphere. It melts easily, and is highly inflammable, leaving, when pure, little or no ash after combustion. It is found in most of the localities where petroleum springs occur, being nothing more than their accumulated produce. The chief supplies are obtained from the shores of the Dead Sea, from Barbadoes, from Trinidad, where it occupies a basin or lake about three miles in circumference, and from Clermont, Seyssel, and Bourg in France, where it occurs in limestone and calcareous shales. Asphalté was employed by the ancients in some of their cements, and also in the process of embalming. It is now extensively used in the formation of pavement, roofing, and other economical purposes. Melted and mingled with properly sifted gravel, or iron slag, it forms a very durable and unexpensive pavement, being liable to be softened, however, during intense heats.

CALCAREOUS SUBSTANCES.

Under this head we include such economic minerals as contain a notable proportion of *calx* or lime in their composition. Common limestone, magnesian and lithographic limestones, marble, chalk, marl, gypsum, and alabaster, are familiar examples. Some of these have evidently been deposited from calcareous waters; others are as evidently the production of animalcules, like the coral insect; and some are almost wholly composed of the shells of molluscs, and of other calcareous exuviae. Whatever may have been their several origins, they have all undergone certain chemical and structural changes since their formation—thus rendering them less or more compact and crystalline, producing a dull massive rock or a brilliant marble, an opaque gypsum or a translucent alabaster.

Common Limestone.

Limestones fit for building and agricultural purposes are found in every formation, from the oldest to those of the most recent origin. The rock is generally dug in open quarries, but occasionally, when it dips rapidly, and is worth the expense, it is followed downward by mining—the greater part of the stratum being excavated, and only portions left at intervals to support the superincumbent material. It is then broken into fragments of moderate size, and conveyed to a kiln, where, being placed in alternate layers with coal or turf, it is roasted, thereby expelling its water and carbonic acid. In this state it is known as shell or unslaked lime, and requires to be drenched with water to convert it into a powdery quicklime. As quicklime, it is used by the farmer; but it requires to be further slaked and mingled with a certain proportion of good sharp sand to render it suitable for mortar. Besides building and agricultural purposes, a large quantity of lime is used as a flux in metallurgic processes, such strata being sought for this purpose as contain but a small per centage of impurities. Considerable quantities are also used in the purification of gas, in soap-making, leather-dressing, dyeing, medicine, and in many other economical processes. The supply of limestone in our own country is inexhaustible; it is worked in beds from one foot to one hundred feet in thickness; the mountain or carboniferous limestone which underlies the coal-formation often exceeding that thickness, and ranging unbroken for many miles in extent.

Marble.

Marble is but a technical term for any species of limestone sufficiently pure and compact to be susceptible of a fine polished surface. No matter what the colour, whether white or black, whether studded with the strange forms of fossils, or streaked with the most fantastic veinings, marble is but a carbonate of lime, containing only a few subordinate impurities, which do no more than affect its colours and markings. The best varieties are obtained from the primary and transition formations, in which they occur compact, crystalline, and not unfrequently replete with party-coloured veinings. Pretty enough marbles for slabs and other architectural purposes are sometimes obtained from the secondary formations, these being, in general, curiously marked with the shells, encrinites, and other corals which are imbedded in the mass. None of these, however, are susceptible of the same degree of polish as the primary marbles, some of which, like that of Carrara, seems almost translucent. Most countries of any extent have varieties of native marbles, which, though inferior to those of Italy and the Archipelago, might still be more extensively used than they are, were it not for the expense in cutting and

polishing, and, above all, the rapidity with which many of them become weathered and tarnished.

Sculptors and architects generally arrange the marbles of a country into some such divisions as the following:—One-coloured, as the black and white; variegated, when marked with irregular spots and veins; madreporic, when studded with encrinal or coral markings; shell, when only a few shells are interspersed through the mass; lumachelli, entirely composed of shells; cipolin, containing veins of greenish talc; breccia, marbles formed of angular fragments of different composition and colour; and pudding-stone, when the fragments are round instead of angular. The celebrated marbles of Greece and Rome, such as the Parian, the Pentelic, the Carrara, &c. were of one uniform colour, and only occasionally marked with grayish or greenish veins. Besides these, which were chiefly employed in sculpture, and in the decoration of their public edifices, the ancients indulged in a variety of fancy marbles for minor ornamental purposes—such as black, red, green, yellow, spotted, and veined. The localities of some of these ancient marbles are lost, but inexhaustible supplies of first-rate statuary and architectural marbles can still be obtained from the Archipelago, from Carrara, Genoa, Corsica, Sicily, and other parts of Italy. At Carrara alone, about 1200 men are employed at the different quarries, and at the mills for sawing the marble. The annual rental is calculated at about £28,000, and the value of the yearly exportations of the raw material at not less than half a million. So accessible are these quarries, and so free from flaws is the rock in some portions, that blocks of more than 200 cubic feet can be detached by means rude and primitive compared with quarrying in Britain. The value of the material differs according to the quality and size of the block, large blocks being from £2 to £3 per cubic foot; a price scarcely half of what was sometimes paid during the usurpation of Italy by Napoleon.

Many marbles of excellent quality are found in France; in England they are abundant in the counties of Derby, Devon, and Anglesea, the last being of a green colour; in Scotland, at Assynt, Ballachulish, and in the islands of Tyree, Skye, and Jura; and in Ireland, at Kilkenny and other places. The Kilkenny marble is black, and encloses shells of a whitish colour, which, when cut across and polished, present various circular markings, which add to the beauty of the slab. The United States also furnishes some excellent architectural marbles, principally of primary formation. One range, which passes unbroken through several of the States, is perhaps one of the most extensive and valuable primary limestones in the world. It is of a pure white colour, and of a highly crystalline texture, affording blocks of more than fifty feet long and eight feet thick. It is employed in several of the States' public buildings—as, for example, the City Hall of New York, and Girard College, Philadelphia.

TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

Magnesian Limestone—Magnesia.

Magnesian limestone, which appears extensively in England, Germany, and other continental countries, occurs often in beds of great thickness, immediately above the coal-measures, just as the mountain or carboniferous limestone lies immediately beneath. It is usually of a cream-yellow colour, and of very variable consistency, some layers being soft and powdery, others irregularly crystalline and concretionary, and some compact and homogeneous. The compact granular variety is generally known by the name of Dolomite, after Dolomieu, a French geologist. Magnesian limestone is, for the most part, used as the ordinary carbonates of lime; that is, for agricultural and building purposes—some of the English quarries furnishing an exceedingly durable material. The new houses of parliament, for example, are built of a magnesian limestone; that of Bolsover Moor, in Derbyshire, having been selected after the most rigid scientific tests of a commission of inquiry. Besides these uses, some of the more compact and homogeneous schists are employed for lithographic blocks, the chief supply for that purpose being derived from Germany, though lithographic schists are also obtained from the white lias limestone in England.

Magnesian limestone is so called from its containing a notable per centage of magnesia—a well-known medicinal earth, commonly obtained by burning the carbonate of magnesia. The *calcined magnesia* of the druggist is procured either from this source, or from the bittern of sea-salt, or from the waters of certain springs impregnated with the sulphate of magnesia. Natural carbonate of magnesia is found in Piedmont, in Moravia, in the United States, and in the East Indies. It exists as a component part of many mineral substances, making them feel soft and soapy to the touch.—*Meerschaum* (German, *foam of the sea*), a substance in great repute among tobacco-pipe fanciers, is an earthy carbonate of magnesia, extremely light, and of a yellowish-brown colour. It is found in various parts of southern Europe, particularly in Greece and Turkey, where, besides being fashioned into pipe-bowls, it serves also the purposes of a fulling-earth. Germany, however, is the great seat of the meerschaum pipe manufacture, whence France and England obtain their supplies.

Chalk.

Chalk, another well-known mineral, is a carbonate of lime of a white or whitish-gray colour, having a soft meagre feel and earthy fracture. It is the last or youngest of the secondary rocks, and constitutes an important geological feature of England—the chalk-hills which form the white cliffs of our southern shores having conferred the ancient name of *Albion* (*alba*, white) upon our island. Calcined like common lime, it is used for manure

MINERAL.

and cement, in polishing metals and glass, as a marking material, and in painting and whitewashing. For the last purpose it is purified by trituration and elutriation, and sold under the name of *whiting*, or *Spanish white*. The chalk-formation yields also the flint of commerce; but this more properly falls to be considered under the class *Siliceous substances*.

Marl—Calc Sand.

Marl is one of the most recent calcareous deposits, being in many places still in the course of formation. Though essentially a mixture of carbonate of lime and clay, it occurs in various states of purity, from a marly clay, which will scarcely effervesce under acids, to shell-marl, containing from 80 to 90 per cent. of lime. *Marl-clay*, for instance, occurs as a whitish friable clay, with an admixture of lime, and sometimes also of magnesian earth; the term *clay-marl* is used when the calcareous matter prevails over the clay. *Shell-marl* is almost wholly composed of lime and fresh-water shells, with a trace of clay and other earthy matter, and where solidified by chemical aggregation, is known as *rock-marl*. Marl uniformly occurs in valleys formerly the sites of lakes, or in existing lakes, and seems to be partly derived from the waters of calcareous springs which enter such lakes, and partly from the shells and secretions of the fresh-water molluscs which inhabit them. It is dug from open excavations or pits, and applied to certain soils as a manure, or as a top-dressing for pasture.

Calcareous sand, which consists almost entirely of comminuted shells, is another recent product occasionally employed as a fertiliser. It is found in layers in ancient or raised beaches, and in masses by the sea-shore, where, thrown up by the waves, it often consolidates into beds of considerable thickness. As an instance of its value, Sir H. de la Beche mentions that between five and six millions of cubic feet are annually conveyed from the Cornish coasts, to be spread over the land in the interior as a mineral manure.

Gypsum—Alabaster.

Gypsum, also known as sulphate of lime and plaster of Paris, is found in England, and in many other countries. It occurs in various states of crystallisation and purity: thus the ordinary gypsum of commerce is soft, and imperfectly crystalline; *selenite* is a transparent, highly crystalline mass; *satin gypsum* is fibrous and crystalline; and *alabaster* is pure white, and translucent. Gypsum occurs both in old and new formations, but principally in the new red sandstone, and in the tertiary beds, or those above the chalk. It is mined in various localities in England, and extensively quarried at Montmartre near Paris—whence it has derived its ordinary name of Plaster of Paris. Calcined, pulverised, and mixed with water, it is run into moulds, forming stucco images, mouldings, and ornamental fronts for buildings. It is

also used for stereotype and pottery moulds; and for medals and casts of various kinds. Mingled with a certain per centage of quicklime, it makes an excellent mortar; its virtues as a fertiliser have been also greatly extolled.

Some of the English gypseous alabasters, such as those of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, stand the turning-lathe well, and are accordingly formed into jars, vases, and other mantelpiece ornaments. The finest specimens, however, are found near Volterra, in Tuscany. These are of a pure white colour, and granular texture, and when cut and polished, outrival the finest Carrara marble, from which they are, however, readily distinguished by their softness and liability to tarnish. A large trade in alabaster-work is carried on in Florence, Leghorn, and Milan, where the material is fashioned, partly by the chisel and partly by the turning-lathe, into statues, vases, lamps, boxes, stands for time-pieces, and other ornamental objects. All sculptures of alabaster should invariably be kept under a glass shade, as a few months' exposure destroys at once their purity of colour and marble translucency.

Coral.

Coral, or coral-stone, is another calcareous material of commerce which deserves to be noticed. Being entirely the secretion of certain marine animalcules, it is pretty nearly a pure carbonate of lime, and occurs in the warmer latitudes of the Pacific in vast barriers and reefs, often from fifty to one hundred feet in thickness, and from a few miles to hundreds of leagues in linear extent. Selecting for their residence some submarine ledge of rock, the animalcules begin to ply their vocation, increase, and spread, ever adding to their calcareous secretions, which by and by come to the surface, when they stop and carry on their operations laterally—thus in time elaborating masses which may well compete with any of the ancient rock-formations. There are numerous varieties of the coral animalcule, each variety forming a coral of different shape, but still of the same substance; and ultimately, when indurated by ages, of the same solid and rocky-like consistence. Coral-rock is occasionally employed in the South Sea Islands as a building stone; but the recent branching corals are solely in request for ornamental purposes—their value depending upon the size, solidity, and colour of the specimen. Black and red varieties are the most highly-prized—portions of Sicilian coral having been known to bring as much as eight or ten guineas per ounce. The price, however, is extremely variable, other portions of the same mass selling for less than a shilling a pound. Regular coral fisheries are established in the Straits of Messina, on the shores of Majorca and Ivica, the coast of Provence, and in other parts of the Mediterranean. Abundant supplies are also obtained from the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the coast of Sumatra, &c.

MINERAL.

ARGILLACEOUS SUBSTANCES.

Under this section we include all those substances in which clay (*argilla*) is a prevailing ingredient—as the common clay of the brick and tile-maker, the prepared clay of the potter, fullers' earth, and the slate now so generally used for roofing. Argillaceous compounds occur in every formation, from the lowest slate, through the shales and fire-clays of the coal, up to the plastic clays of the tertiary and superficial deposits.

Clay.

The common superficial clay, which is so liberally spread over our island, must be familiar to every one. It is of various colours—yellow, red, or bluish; more or less mixed up with sand and fragments of rock; and when softened with water, becomes plastic and tenacious. It is this variety that is ordinarily used for the manufacture of bricks, roofing and drain-tiles, chimney-pots, and the coarser sorts of earthenware. For these purposes it is broken down, kneaded with water, and freed from the grosser impurities, after which it is beat up into the desired consistency, passed through moulds, dried so far in the atmosphere, and then burned in *clamps* or in kilns. Though enormous quantities of bricks and tiles are consumed in Great Britain, most of the manufactories are rude and primitive affairs, conducted in the open fields, or in simple sheds, which scarcely yield a shelter. Of late years, several ingenious brick and tile-making machines have been constructed, which press and fashion the prepared material into form with astonishing rapidity. For bricks, slabs, crucibles, &c. which have to resist the action of fire, some of the coal-measure clays are generally had recourse to; these, from their greater purity, and a certain per centage of silica, being susceptible of a more thorough burning. In England, the Windsor, Stourbridge, and Welsh fire-clays are esteemed the best—the latter yielding those large square slabs employed in the construction of drying-kilns, brewers' coppers, sugar-boilers, furnaces, &c. Tiles and bricks were at one time subject to a duty; but now only the latter are charged, producing a revenue of about £450,000. Recently, this sort of manufacture has increased prodigiously in England and Scotland, their joint produce being upwards of 1,540,000,000 bricks annually, independent of Irish manufacture, upon which there is no duty.

Pipe-clay, potters'-clay, and porcelain-clay, are but technical names for pure varieties of well-prepared specimens of the same substance. We have seen that common brown ware can be made from ordinary clay; but when the finer varieties of white ware or china are attempted, not only finer clays must be sought, but even these must be mixed with a certain proportion of calcined flint or silix. One of the finest varieties of aluminous earth is the China-clay of Devon and Cornwall, or the *kaolin* of the Chinese.

This is a decomposed felspar—one of the constituent minerals of granite—which has accumulated in vast quantities in certain localities, having been no doubt washed down by rains from the weathered and exposed surface of granitic rocks. At one time the use of this substance was unknown in England, but now about 38,000 tons, worth about £50,000, are annually exported from the south of England for the Staffordshire potteries, and for the manufacture of mosaic tesserae, buttons, artificial gems, and the like. The best pipe-clay is obtained from Poole in Dorsetshire, and the isle of Purbeck; it is employed in the manufacture of tobacco-pipes and fine pottery, and also sometimes used for the fulling or scouring of woollens.

Fullers' Earth.

Fullers' earth is a soft, dull, unctuous kind of clay, usually of a greenish-brown colour. It is found in various parts of England, particularly in Surrey, Hampshire, and Bedfordshire, the lighter-coloured beds being the most esteemed. It is used in the fulling of cloth, from its property—a property common to all soft aluminous minerals—of absorbing oil and grease. At one time it was deemed of so much importance to the national trade in woollen, that its exportation was prohibited; but now soap is chiefly used instead, and fullers' clay has fallen in importance. What the present consumption may be, it is impossible to say; but about forty years ago not less than 7000 tons were annually made use of.

Ochre.

This is a painter's term for a native earthy mixture of alumina, silica, and oxide of iron. It is found of various hues, but chiefly of a yellow or reddish-brown, and is employed as an ingredient in painters' colours, and in the polishing of metal articles. It is obtained from various places, particularly from Shotover Hill, near Oxford; from the coal-measures of the east of Fife; and from Italy. The quantity raised in Britain is unknown, but about 5000 hundredweights are said to be annually imported.

Clay-Slate.

Clay-slate, of which roofing and writing-slate are the most familiar examples, is very extensively diffused, and as extensively made use of in the British islands. Clay-slate belongs to one of the lowest or oldest formations, is essentially composed of alumina and silex, has a peculiarly laminated or fissile structure, and is usually of a dark lustrous blue, bluish-green, or purplish colour. The principal quarries are in Wales, where they give employment to nearly 5000 hands; in the north of England and west of Scotland; the most extensive being in Caermarthen near Bangor, in Borrowdale in Cumberland, and at Easdale and Ballachulish in Argyshire. The beds of clay-slate are often of

MINERAL.

great thickness, but only certain portions are sufficiently compact to be of commercial importance. The principal consumer of this material is the slater, though considerable quantities are also used as pavement in cellars and warehouses, for shelves in dairies, and the like. The finer-grained varieties are polished for school-slates; and those of attractive colours are now manufactured into flower-pots, vases, fancy-tables, and other ornamental objects.

SILICEOUS SUBSTANCES.

Silex or silica is one of the most important and most generally diffused of the mineral ingredients that enter into the composition of the rocky crust of the globe. Rock-crystal, quartz, chalcedony, and flint, may be regarded as nearly pure silica; and all the varieties of sandstone, quartz-rock, and granite, are in a great measure composed of it—many sandstones, for example, being pure granular quartz or silica, with a slight argillaceous cement.

Quartz—Rock-Crystal.

Quartz and quartz-rock, though of importance as forming the bases of other rocks, are of themselves of no great commercial value. The purer varieties of rock-crystal are occasionally cut as ornamental stones; and of late, the transparent and colourless varieties have been pretty generally adopted by opticians as spectacle lenses. Their extreme hardness renders them more durable than glass, and less liable to be scratched, while they are altogether cooler and more agreeable. The so-called Brazilian pebble, used for this purpose, is of pure silica, and is sometimes found in crystals as large as a cocoa-nut.

Flint.

The common nodular flints found in the chalk-formation are nearly pure silica, exhibiting but a trace of alumina, oxide of iron, and lime. The formation of flint within a mass so different in composition as chalk, is still, in some respects, an unsolved problem in geology. It occurs in nodular masses of very irregular forms and of variable magnitude, some of these not exceeding an inch, others more than a yard in circumference. Although thickly distributed in horizontal layers, they are never in contact with each other, each nodule being completely enveloped by the chalk. Externally, they are composed of a white cherty crust; internally, they are of gray or black silex, and often contain cavities lined with chalcedony and crystallised quartz. When taken from the quarry, they are brittle, and full of moisture, but soon dry, and assume their well-known hard and refractory qualities. Flints, almost without exception, enclose remains of sponges, alcyonia, echinida, and other marine organisms, the structures of which are often preserved in the most

delicate and beautiful manner. From these facts, it would seem that flints are simply an aggregation of silex around some organic nucleus, the same as ironstone nodules or *septaria* are aggregations of clay and carbonate of iron. The uses of flint are various: calcined and ground to a powder, it is used in the manufacture of the finer sorts of pottery; it also enters into the composition of flint-glass; and before the invention of the percussion-cap, gun-flints were in universal use. Flints also form excellent building materials, because they give a firm hold to the mortar by their irregularly rough surfaces, and resist, by their hardness, every vicissitude of weather. The counties of Kent, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, according to Dr Ure, contain many substantial specimens of flint masonry.

Sandstones.

Sandstone, or freestone, as it is sometimes called, occurs in innumerable varieties, differing in colour, in composition, fineness of grain, and compactness. Thus we have some red, from the presence of iron oxide; some silvery and glistening, from the presence of minute scales of mica; others white, yellow, and mottled; and some almost jet-black, from the presence of bituminous or carbonaceous matter. As to mineral composition, there is no other class of rocks so varied; for though quartz grains give to them their family character, clay, lime, mica, carbon, iron, and the like, mingle with them so capriciously, that it is impossible to find any two strata of sandstone exactly of the same composition. Again, their texture is equally if not still more varied; in some the grains being as large as peas, in others quite impalpable; some being so soft and friable, as to be rubbed down by the hand, and others so hard and compact, that nothing but the chisel of the stone-cutter can touch them. The principal use of sandstone is in building, and for this purpose good durable strata are found in almost every formation, from the greywacke up to the recent tertiaries. In England, where bricks form the more available material for the construction of houses, there are comparatively few freestone quarries of much importance. Those of Portland Isle, which have furnished the stone for St Paul's and other public buildings in London, those of Bath, and of Gateshead Fell, near Newcastle, are the most extensive and valuable. In Scotland, freestone of excellent quality is to be found in most localities, and consequently it is the prevailing architectural material. The best strata are those underlying the coal-formation—such as are quarried in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, near Linlithgow, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and in several parts of Fife-shire. The blocks from the quarries of Craigleith, Granton, Cullelo, &c. which all belong to the same suite of strata, almost rival marble in their whiteness, compactness, and durability. The principal buildings of the New Town of Edinburgh are

constructed of this material, and certainly no city in the world can boast of similar erections. Good building sandstone is also obtained from the old red formation, such as is quarried at Kingoodie and other places near Dundee, the rock being at once exceedingly durable, and producing blocks of any dimensions.

Many sandstones are likewise used as pavement, those being sought for that purpose which are at once compact and thin-bedded or schistose. By far the most valuable of this kind are the Forfarshire gray micaceous flagstones, now so generally employed as foot-pavement in all our large towns. A very extensive trade in these is carried on at Arbroath and Montrose, the flagstones being now squared and dressed by machinery at the quarries. Another excellent material, still more durable, but exceedingly hard and refractory, is also obtained from Caithness, which, when well laid down, appears to the unpractised eye more like plates of cast-iron than slabs of stone. Pavement of average quality is likewise obtained from the coal-measures, but being of a softer and more absorbent texture, is not so well adapted for out-door purposes. All these beds are highly fissile or schistose, occurring in laminæ or layers of from one to fourteen inches in thickness; and thus accounts for the fact, that at one time the thinner sorts were used for roofing, under the name of tile-stones or gray-slate.

Besides building and paving, several sorts of sandstone are employed for grindstones, millstones, whetstones, and the like. Thus the quarries of Gateshead Fell, near Newcastle, situated on the *millstone grit*, or quartzose sandstones of the lower coal-measures, furnish the grindstones known in all parts of the world as "Newcastle grindstones." Good millstone and whetstone beds are found in various other places, as are also varieties fit for the wheels of glass-cutters and cutlers. The stones chiefly used in Sheffield are procured at Wickersley in Yorkshire. The celebrated *burr* millstones of France are obtained from the upper fresh-water siliceous limestones of the Paris basin, and are not strictly sandstones in the usual acceptation of that term.

Sand.

On narrowly inspecting the immense masses of sand borne down by our rivers, piled up along our shores, or scattered in dunes and strata over the surface of the country, it will be found that the great bulk of it is composed of siliceous particles, evidently derived from decomposed quartz-rock, granite, sandstone, and the like. As might be expected, most sands are mingled with clay, lime, and other earthy impurities; and it is according to their siliceous character, and degree of purity from earthy ingredients, that they become of value in the arts. Thus sharp, well-sifted sand is an indispensable ingredient in well-prepared mortar, without which the builder, the plasterer, and fresco-painter could not proceed a single step: the commoner

sorts are widely used in paving, in the construction of ovens, kilns, annealing furnaces, and the like, where heat is wished to be retained; and some peculiar varieties are much used in the preparation of moulds for the casting of iron, brass, and other metals. Good siliceous sand is an indispensable ingredient in all sorts of glass, now one of the most important manufactures in the civilised world. The most valuable sands for this purpose are those of Aumont, near Senlis, in France, and those of the Isle of Wight, and of Lynn in Norfolk, in England; though of course each glass-making country possesses sands fit for the same uses if properly washed and sifted.

Granitic Rocks.

This term may be considered as embracing not only the true igneous granite, but the gneissose and mica-slate rocks which, though stratified, partake of the same mineral character, and are usually associated with it. In all of them silica is a predominant ingredient, imparting those hard and durable qualities which render them of economical importance. Ordinary granite is a crystalline compound of quartz, felspar, and mica; but other minerals, such as hornblende, hypersthene, &c. occasionally mingle with it, thus producing a number of varieties. The small-grained grayish granite of Aberdeen is essentially a compound of quartz, felspar, and mica; that of Peterhead is the same compound, rendered red by the oxide of iron contained in the felspar crystals. Granitic compounds are very widely distributed, forming the fundamental rock of our principal mountain chains. The Grampians in Scotland, the Cumberland and Cornish hills in England, the Wicklow mountains in Ireland, the Alps in Switzerland, the Pyrenees in Spain, the Dovrefelds in Norway, the Ural in Russia, the Abyssinian and other African ranges, and the Andes in South America, are all less or more composed of rocks partaking of a granitic character.

The economical uses to which granitic rocks are applied are by no means unimportant. Compact granite, from its extreme hardness, is largely employed in the construction of docks, piers, lighthouse foundations, bridges, and other structures where durability is the main object in view. Waterloo Bridge in London, the Liverpool and other English docks, are built of granite. It is the ordinary building stone in Aberdeen, and is largely used in the metropolis for paving. The Pyramids, though internally constructed of limestone, are externally coated with granite. Pompey's Pillar, and other ancient Egyptian structures, are composed of it; the column of Alexander, and the pedestal of the colossal statue of Peter the Great, in the Russian capital, as well as several monumental monolithes in other countries, are also of granite. Within these few years the granite of Aberdeenshire has been brought into use as an ornamental stone; and machinery has been erected, we believe, both at Aberdeen and Peterhead,

for the purpose of polishing it like marble, to which many prefer it, for chimney slabs, vases, pedestals, pillars, &c. When uniform and compact in grain, it is susceptible of a very high polish, and has this advantage over marble, that it is not easily stained or scratched, nor at all acted upon by acids.

Serpentine, or the granitic rock generally so called, is one of very varied composition and quality. The noble serpentine of the mineralogist is a green translucent rock, rather soft, but susceptible of a good polish; and if found in sufficiently large blocks, would make not a bad substitute for marble. We have before us a specimen of a beautiful leek-green variety from New Zealand, where it is said to occur eight or ten feet thick, and capable of being raised in blocks of any size. Should this be the case, the houses of our brethren who have made these islands their adopted home, need be in no lack of interior decorations. Potstone, the *lapis ollaris* of the ancients, is another granitic product, easily worked into form, and formerly used for culinary vessels; whence its common designation.

Mica—Talc—Asbestos.

Mica, talc, asbestos, and other kindred minerals which are the products of the granitic and primary rocks, may be appropriately considered in this place. The silvery-looking, scaly substance which occurs in ordinary granite is mica, so called from its glistening aspect. It is sometimes found in crystals more than a foot square, and when of this size, is split into thin plates, and, from its transparency, used in certain cases as a substitute for glass. It stands a higher degree of heat, without splintering, than glass, and is well adapted for ship-lights, not being liable to fracture during the firing of cannon. The large sheets exposed for sale by the mineral-dealers are generally brought from Siberia; hence the term *Siberian glass*.—*Talc*, when crystallised, has much the same appearance, but on trial will be found to be less transparent, softer, and non-elastic. The larger crystals are sometimes applied to the same purposes as mica, but the principal use of the mineral is in porcelain paste, and in polishing alabaster figures. It is also said to be an ingredient in rouge for the toilet, having the property of communicating softness to the skin. Talc-slate, the other form in which this mineral occurs, is a massive mineral, breaking up in tabular fragments; it has a white streak, and greasy or soapy feel. It is employed in the porcelain and crayon manufactures, and is used as a marking material by carpenters, tailors, and others.—*Asbestos* or *amianthus* is a soft mineral, occurring in separate filaments of a silky lustre, and consisting essentially of silica, magnesia, and lime. When steeped in oil, it may be woven into cloth, which is incombustible, and may therefore be purified by fire; hence the terms *amianthus* (*amianthus*, undefiled) and *asbestos* (*asbestos*, unconsumable). Cloth of this kind was used by the ancients to wrap the bodies

of the dead about to be burned, to prevent their ashes being mixed with those of the funeral pile. In the United States of America asbestos is sometimes used as a lamp wick.

Basaltic Rock.

Under this head we include all the basalts, greenstones, whinstones, and traps which make up the sum of the igneous rocks of the secondary formations. They are essentially siliceous—quartz, hornblende, hypersthene, augite, and so forth, entering largely into their composition. Some of the basalts and greenstones dress well under the hammer, and though of a dingy colour, make an excellent building stone, their durability being equal to that of granite itself. Ordinary greenstone or whinstone is a very valuable rock in many districts of Scotland, where it furnishes material at once for houses, fences, drains, and roads. Indeed no rock is better adapted, or more extensively used, for causewaying, and for macadamised roads it is unrivalled. Large quantities are, or at least used to be, shipped from the Firth of Forth for the kerbstones and causeways of the streets of London. We have seen some ornamental pedestals in basalt which took on a pretty fair polish; and an elaborately-carved Bhuddist idol, of considerable size, now in the museum at St Andrews, is of the same material. Some of the trap-rocks stand fire to perfection, and this has suggested their use as oven-soles, where such varieties can be procured.

Volcanic Products.

The mineral products ejected from volcanoes are chiefly lava, obsidian, pumice, scorïæ, and a light impalpable dust, in all of which silica and alumina are the main ingredients. Some of the compacter sorts of *lava* are hardly to be distinguished from the trap-rocks of the secondary formations, and may consequently be employed for the same economical purposes. *Obsidian*—so named, according to Pliny, from one Obsidius, who first brought it from Ethiopia—is a true volcanic glass, of various colours, but usually black, and nearly opaque. In Mexico and Peru it is occasionally fashioned into adzes, hatchets, and other cutting instruments, or into ring-stones. So closely does it resemble the slag of our glass furnaces, that in hand specimens it is almost impossible to distinguish the natural from the artificial product. It consists chemically of silica and alumina, with a little potash and oxide of iron. *Pumice*, a well-known volcanic product, is extremely light and porous, and of a fibrous texture; it is harsh to the touch, is usually of a grayish colour, and has a shining pearly lustre. Like obsidian, it is principally composed of silica and alumina, with traces of potash, soda, and oxide of iron. Pumice is quarried and exported in large quantities from the Lipari and Ponza islands, off the coast of Sicily. It is used for polishing metals and other purposes in the arts.

MINERAL.

Tripoli, &c.

We include under this head several siliceous earths and slates extensively employed in the polishing of metallic surfaces. The most familiar of these are tripoli (so called from Tripoli in Barbary, whence it was originally procured), polishing-slate, semi-opal, and some of the porcelain earths. The uses of these substances are well known: it is their peculiar origin that confers on them an especial scientific value and interest. It has been established by Ehrenberg that these, and several other rocky masses, are not the results of ordinary deposition, but an aggregation of the siliceous shells of the minutest animalcules. This is a curious fact: the remains of creatures individually invisible to the naked eye forming rocks which, in the course of time, were to figure in the economical applications of the human race!

SALINE SUBSTANCES.

Under this section we comprehend such products as rock-salt, alum, saltpetre, and the like, which are found either as native salts, or are procured by artificial processes from certain earthy substances with which they are combined in nature. Some of these salts are of vast economical importance, and appear to be as indispensable to the progress of civilised life as either coal or iron.

Rock-Salt.

The common culinary salt of every-day use is chemically a muriate of soda, or, more strictly, a chloride of sodium, every hundred parts of which are composed of sixty chlorine and forty soda. It exists abundantly in sea-water, constituting more than a thirtieth part of its weight; it is discharged by salt or brine-springs—which arise from different geological formations, and are situated in different countries—to the extent of from 20 to 30 per cent.; and it is found in various degrees of purity in beds and irregular masses, from 20 or 30 to more than 120 feet in thickness. Native chloride of sodium is never found in a state of absolute purity, but is always less or more combined with certain salts of lime, magnesia, soda, iron, and alumina; to free it from these impurities, and render it fit for culinary purposes, is the duty of the salt-boiler and refiner. At one time salt was largely, and is still to some extent, derived by evaporation from sea-water, which, being exposed in large flats to the sun, or in shallow pans to the action of heat, and subjected to certain clarifying processes, produced the coarse-grained varieties commonly known as bay-salt. This process is now all but abandoned in Britain, and is only had recourse to in some southern and tropical countries, where the arts of life are still in a rude and primitive condition. Subsequently the article was obtained from brine-springs, such as those of Droitwich in Worcestershire; and

still more recently from the mineral rock-salt, which abounds in the new red sandstone and upper secondary formations. This important mineral product occurs in Cheshire and Worcester in England, at Altemonte in Calabria, Halle in the Tyrol, Cardona in the Pyrenees, Wieliczka in Poland, and in several districts of North America. As brine-springs always issue from saliferous deposits, and are doubtlessly derived from the solution of the solid masses by subterranean waters, we shall restrict our description to the solid rock-salt, taking the mines of Cheshire as a sufficiently illustrative example. These mines, together with the brine-pits of Worcester, not only supply sufficient salt for the consumption of almost the whole of Britain, but furnish, besides, an article of export to the extent perhaps of two millions of tons.

It has been stated that the chief deposits of English rock-salt are confined to the new red sandstone formation, where it alternates with its argillaceous and gypsaceous marls. "In Cheshire," says Professor Ansted, "the rock occurs in large quantities in the condition of an impure muriate of soda, and associated with a peculiar marl; it is sometimes massive, and sometimes existing in large cubical crystals; and the beds containing it usually alternate with considerable quantities of gypsum, although this latter mineral is not worked to profit. The appearance of the rock-salt is by no means of that brilliant character, nor has it the delicate transparency and bright reflecting surface, which the reader may perhaps suppose characteristic of it. It is usually of a dull red tint, and associated with red and palish-green marls; but it is still not without many features of great interest; and when lighted up with numerous candles, the vast subterranean halls that have been excavated present an appearance richly repaying any trouble that may have been incurred in visiting them. At Nantwich, and the other places in Cheshire where the salt is worked, the beds containing it are reached at a depth of from 50 to 150 yards below the surface. The number of saliferous beds in the district is five; the thinnest of them being only six inches, but the thickest nearly forty feet; and a considerable quantity of salt is also mixed with the marls associated with the purer beds. The method of working the thick beds is not much unlike that of mining the thicker seams of coal. The roof, however, being more tough, and not so liable to fall, and the noxious gases—with the exception of carbonic acid gas—totally absent, the works are more simple, and are far more pleasant to visit. Large pillars of various dimensions are left to support the roof at irregular intervals, but these bear only a small ratio to the portion of the bed excavated, and rather add to the picturesque effect in relieving the deep shadows, and giving the eye an object on which to rest. The intervening portions are loosened from the rock by blasting; and it may be readily understood that the

effect of the explosions heard from time to time, and re-echoing through the wide spaces, and from the distant walls of rock, give a grandeur and impressiveness to the scene not often surpassed. The great charm, indeed, on the occasion of a visit to these mines, even when they are illuminated by thousands of lights, is chiefly owing to the gloomy and cavernous appearance, the dim endless perspective, broken by the numerous pillars, and the lights, half-disclosing and half-concealing the deep recesses which are formed and terminated by these monstrous and solid projections. The descent to the mines is by a shaft used for the general purposes of drainage, ventilation, and lifting the miners and produce of the mine. The shafts are of large size in the more important works, and the excavations very considerable, the part of the bed excavated being in some cases as much as several acres. Over this great space the roof, which is twenty feet above the floor, is supported by pillars, which are not less than fifteen feet thick. The Wilton mine, one of the largest of them, is worked 330 feet below the surface; and from it, and one or two of the adjacent mines, upwards of 60,000 tons of rock-salt are annually obtained, two-thirds of which are immediately exported, and the rest is dissolved in water, and afterwards reduced to a crystalline state by evaporating the solution." The modes of working rock-salt are much the same in all countries; while the fineness and purity of the manufactured material depends upon the rapidity with which the brine is evaporated, and the nature of the clarifying agents employed.

The formation of rock-salt is a subject which has much engaged the attention of speculative geologists. The sandstones and marls with which it is associated are evidently derived from deposition in water; but the irregularity of the salt beds, the fact of their occurring in masses of vast thickness, and the soluble nature of the compound, all point to a somewhat different origin. At present, salt lakes and superficial accumulations of salt occur in various parts of the world, and these have furnished data for reasoning as to the saliferous deposits of earlier eras. Salt lakes are chiefly derived from salt springs, and, being subjected to the vapourising influence of the sun, which carries off only fresh vapour, their waters become in time saturated with saline matter. But water can hold only a fixed amount of salt in solution, and so soon as this amount is attained, the salt begins to fall to the bottom by its own gravity. In the course of ages these layers will form a thick bed, interstratified, it may be, with mud, or other earthy sediment; and should the lake be ultimately dried up, the salt will constitute a deposit something analogous to the rock-salt of the new red sandstone. Such is the process which some geologists have advanced to account for the formation of rock-salt—supposing that portions of the seas of deposit were occasionally cut off by igneous disturbances from connexion with the main ocean, and subjected to a

rapid evaporating power, without receiving fresh accessions of water.

Alum.

This is a well-known earthy salt, found native only in small quantities, but very largely manufactured from certain argillaceous strata, generally distinguished as alum-clays and shales. It is composed of alumina, potash, and sulphuric acid, has a sweet and astringent taste, and is a powerful styptic. It is much used in dyeing and in calico-printing, in consequence of the attraction its base has for colouring matter; it is also used in lake colours, in leather-dressing, in the preparation of paper pastes, in clarifying liquors, and by candlemakers to harden and whiten the tallow. The shales from which it is prepared are calcined, exposed to air, lixiviated, and the solution so obtained mixed with sulphate of potash, and crystallised. The most extensive alum works in Britain are those at Hurltlett and Campsie, near Glasgow, where it is prepared from certain of the coal shales; and at Whitby, in Yorkshire, from an inexhaustible stratum of alum slate belonging to the lias formation. The best foreign alums are the *roch alum*, imported from Smyrna, and the *Roman alum*, prepared at La Tolfa, near Rome—either of which brings fully double the price of the British manufacture, the annual value of which is estimated at £22,000. Alum is also extensively produced in China, whence India obtains her main supply.

Nitrate of Potash.

This is the *saltpetre* of ordinary language—a salt composed of nitric acid and potash. It is of very varied utility, being used in the manufacture of gunpowder, signal-lights, nitric and sulphuric acids, and in dyeing, metallurgy, curing of meat, and in medicine. The *sal-prunella* of the shops is the ordinary saltpetre purified and moulded into cakes and little balls. Our main supply of saltpetre is derived from Bengal, where it exists in the soil, and from which the rough nitre or crude saltpetre of commerce is obtained by washing, evaporation, and crystallisation. From 10,000 to 15,000 tons of this salt are annually imported into Britain. In France, Germany, and other continental countries, the salt is produced artificially on what are called nitre-beds.

Nitrate of Soda.

This salt, sometimes known by the name of cubic nitre, possesses properties similar to those of saltpetre, differing chiefly in being more pungent in taste, more soluble in cold water, and more inclined to attract moisture from the atmosphere. It differs also in the form of its crystals—these being of a rhomboid form, while those of saltpetre are six-sided prisms. It is obtained almost wholly from South America, where it occurs in immense

deposits in the high districts of Atacama and Tarapaca in Peru. Indeed, according to Darwin, a great proportion of the surface of the southern regions of South America consists of salinas, or salt plains, from which common salt, and the sulphates and nitrates of soda, might be procured in any quantities—these occurring sometimes as an efflorescence, sometimes in crystallised strata, but oftener mingled with clay, sand, and other earthy impurities. One deposit which he visited in 1835 was full 3300 feet above the Pacific, and consisted of a hard stratum, between two and three feet thick, of the nitrate mingled with the sulphate of soda, and a good deal of common salt. It lay close beneath the surface, and followed, for a length of 150 miles, the margin of a grand basin or plain, which, from its outline, must once have been a lake, or more probably an inland arm of the sea, as iodine salts were abundant in the stratum. This salt was first imported from Iquique in 1830, and so rapidly has its commercial value increased, that, ten years after, about 150,000 hundredweights were shipped for Great Britain alone. In 1835, Mr Darwin found the selling price at Iquique 14s. per 100 pounds—the main part of the expense being its transport from the mountains on mules and asses. It is principally used as a manure, and as a top-dressing for pasture, its advantages being very perceptible on all but wet plashy soils; it is also used in the preparation of nitric acid, and for many of the purposes to which saltpetre is applied; but, owing to its deliquescent properties, it is not adapted for the manufacture of gunpowder.

Natron.

Natron or trona is a native sesquicarbonate of soda, found as an efflorescence or as deposit in sandy soils in Egypt, Mexico, and other countries. It has many of the properties of the two preceding salts, and, according to Herodotus, was employed by the Egyptians in the process of embalming.

Sulphur.

Though sulphur or brimstone be an elementary substance, *sui generis*, and, strictly speaking, does not come under the head of saline substances, yet it may, without much impropriety, be considered in this place, as often occurring in efflorescent salts or crystals. It is a yellow brittle mineral product, found in most parts of the world, but most abundantly in volcanic regions, and in the immediate neighbourhood of burning mountains, such as *Ætna*, *Hecla*, &c. It occurs either as an efflorescence on the surface, or in masses mingled with clay, ashes, and other volcanic products. Our chief supply is obtained from Sicily, whence it is imported, as dug from the mines, in square masses or blocks, called rough brimstone. Sulphur is also obtained artificially from the sulphurets of copper, iron, and other metals; but the facility with which native material can be secured, prevents its artificial

production from being followed to any great extent. Unlike most other materials of commerce, the formation of sulphur is still going forward wherever volcanic agency is in a state of activity. It appears to be sublimed by the subterranean heat through the crevices and fumeroles of the mountains; and this collects either as a slight efflorescent crust on the surface, or in crystals and in masses throughout the material of the ejected clays, ashes, &c. Speaking of the sulphur mountains of Iceland, Sir George Mackenzie says, "At the foot of an elevation, in a hollow formed by a bank of clay and sulphur, steam rushed with great force and noise from among the loose fragments of rock. Ascending still higher, we came to a ridge composed entirely of sulphur and clay, joining two summits of the mountain. Here we found a much greater quantity of sulphur than on any other part of the surface we had gone over. It formed a smooth crust, from a quarter of an inch to several inches in thickness: the crust was beautifully crystallised. Immediately beneath it we found a quantity of loose granular sulphur, which appeared to be collecting and crystallising as it was sublimed along with the steam. Sometimes we met with clay of different colours—white, red, and blue—under the crust; but we could not examine this place to any depth, as the moment the crust was removed, steam came forth, and proved extremely annoying. We found several pieces of wood, which were probably the remains of planks that had been formerly used in collecting the sulphur, small crystals of which partially covered them. There appears to be a constant sublimation of this substance, and were artificial chambers constructed for the reception and condensation of the vapours, much of it might probably be collected. As it is, there is a large quantity on the surface, and by digging, there is little doubt that great stores may be found." Such is the usual origin of native sulphur—a substance of greater commercial value to a country like Britain than the most of our readers may imagine. It is employed for making gunpowder, sulphuric acid—which is indispensable to so many manufacturing processes—cinnabar, and for a variety of other purposes in the arts, as well as being used medicinally—requiring altogether an annual supply little short of 20,000 tons.

PRECIOUS STONES.

All our so-called "precious stones"—the diamond, ruby, emerald, amethyst, &c.—are but compounds of carbon, alumina, silica, lime, &c. and might therefore, so far as their mineralogical character is concerned, have been considered under the sections already presented. As none of them, however, occur in rocky masses, but rather as crystals, geodes, and concretions within other rocks, and as fashion has generally set a price upon them wholly disproportioned to their utility, it may be as well to treat them as an independent class. Our limits will only permit us to

mention a few of the more esteemed; seeing that lapidaries, jewellers, and others have vastly increased the nomenclature of precious stones by giving individual names to specimens which are, in reality, but varieties of the same substance.

Diamond.

The most highly-prized of precious stones is the diamond, a crystalline mineral of unsurpassed lustre and hardness. It is the hardest known substance, and can be polished or cut only by its own dust or powder; hence the common saying of "diamond cut diamond." When perfectly pure, it is as transparent as a drop of the purest water, in which state it is known as a diamond of the first water; and in proportion as it falls short of this perfection, it is said to be of the second, third, or fourth water, till it becomes a coloured one. Coloured diamonds are generally yellow, blue, green, or red, and the higher the colour, the more valuable they are, though still inferior to those absolutely transparent. Diamond, as has been proved by numerous experiments, consists solely of carbon, being, in fact, a crystallised charcoal. Diamonds were originally discovered in Bengal, but they have since been found in other parts of India, in the East India islands, in the Brazils, and recently in the Ural Mountains. They occur chiefly in alluvial deposits of gravel and sand, lying in detached octohedral crystals, sometimes with plain, but more frequently with rounded surfaces. The finest are cut for ornamental purposes into *brilliants*, having curvilinear faces both at top and bottom; or into *rose diamonds*; that is, those having their tops or upper surfaces cut into a number of triangular facets, but quite flat beneath. The black, dirty, and flawy ones, and those unfit for being cut, are pulverised for the purpose of polishing others, besides being applied to various uses in the arts. Fractured portions, with good cutting edges, are usually set for glaziers' cutting pencils, in which state they are worth from twelve to twenty shillings. It is the ornamental diamonds that bring the exorbitant prices so frequently mentioned in modern history, their value depending upon shape, colour, and purity, and being fixed at so much per carat of $3\frac{1}{2}$ troy grains. "The largest diamond ever known was brought to the king of Portugal from Brazil. It is uncut, weighs 1680 grains, and its value is often quoted at £5,644,800. Similar extravagant valuations are applied to the famous Russian one weighing 195 carats; to that in the possession of the Great Mogul, weighing, cut, 280 carats; and to others; but it does not appear that any sum exceeding £150,000 has ever been given. The last great sale of jewels was in London in 1837, for the distribution of the Deccan booty, obtained by the army under the Marquis of Hastings. On that occasion the magnificent Nassau diamond, weighing $357\frac{1}{2}$ grains, of the purest water, brought only £7200." The Russian diamond, says another

authority, is of the size of a pigeon's egg, and was purloined from a Brahminical idol by a French soldier; it passed through several hands, and was ultimately purchased by the Empress Catharine for the sum of £90,000, and an annuity of £4000. Perhaps the most perfect and beautiful diamond hitherto found is a brilliant brought from India by a gentleman of the name of Pitt, who sold it to the Regent, Duke of Orleans, for the sum of £100,000; its weight, 136 carats.

Sapphire—Ruby—Topaz—Garnet, &c.

These may be conveniently grouped together as consisting essentially of crystallised alumina—traces of magnesia, silica, fluoric acid, chromic acid, &c. constituting the specific distinctions. The sapphire is of various colours—the *blue* being generally known among jewellers and lapidaries as the sapphire; the *red*, the Oriental ruby, and, next to the diamond, the most valuable of gems; and the *yellow*, the Oriental topaz. Corundum, or adamantine spar, is nearly allied to the sapphire, and, with the exception of the diamond, is the hardest substance known. It is almost a pure crystallised alumina, consisting of more than ninety per cent. of that substance, with a little silica and iron. It is found in India, China, and some parts of Europe; and is used in the East for the same purposes to which diamond powder is applied in England. Emery, so called from Cape *Emeri*, in the island of Naxos, is but a variety of corundum, with an admixture of iron, which gives to it a bluish-gray colour. From its extreme hardness, its powder is largely employed in the polishing of glass and metals, and in the cutting of gems and other minerals—all of which are abraded by it, with the exception of the diamond. The ruby, found chiefly in the sand of rivers in Ceylon, Pegu, and Mysore, is also of various colours—the scarlet-coloured being distinguished as *spinelle ruby*; the pale or rose-red, *balass ruby*; and the yellowish-red, *rubicelle*. The topaz likewise presents various shades between yellow and wine-colour; but, from its large percentage of silica, is harder than either of the preceding. The best varieties are known as the Brazilian, the Saxon, Siberian, and Scotch. The garnet, another well-known mineral, belongs to the same section, the varieties being essentially of alumina, with silica, magnesia, iron, &c. The most valuable is the *precious garnet*, almandine, or carbuncle, which is commonly a transparent, red, and beautiful mineral, either crystallised or in roundish grains. It is found in Ceylon, Pegu, and Greenland. The *pyrope*, a blood-red variety, found in Germany and Ceylon, is perfectly transparent, and, in roundish or angular grains, is perhaps next in value. The common garnet is not transparent like the preceding, and is most frequently of a dull-red or blackish-brown. It is found plentifully in Scotland, Sweden, and other countries where the primitive rocks abound; but comparatively few specimens are fit for the jeweller.

MINERAL.

Emerald—Beryl—Amethyst—Carnelian, &c.

In these the predominant ingredient is silica; they may be called siliceous gems, just as the ruby and sapphire might be styled aluminous, or the diamond carbonaceous. The emerald is one of the most esteemed, being of a beautiful green colour, and occurring in prismatic crystals. It consists essentially of silica, with a small per centage of alumina and glucina, the colouring matter being oxide of chromium. The finest emeralds are brought from Peru and Brazil; the mines from which the ancients obtained their supply is said to have been in Upper Egypt. Beryl differs little from emerald except in colour—the latter name embracing the green varieties, the former all those that are tinged less or more with yellow or blue, or are altogether colourless. Beryls are found in Siberia, France, the United States, and in Brazil, the latter country furnishing the brilliant variety known as the precious beryl, or aqua-marine. Heliotrope, or *blood-stone*, is another common deep-green siliceous mineral, somewhat translucent, and often variegated with blood-red spots—whence its common appellation. Amethyst is a pure rock-crystal, of a purplish-violet colour, and of great brilliancy. It is found in India, in Germany, Sweden, and Spain, but chiefly in Brazil, and is in great request for cutting into seals and brooches. "Some of the ancient vases and cups," says Brande, "are composed of this mineral, and it was an opinion among the Persians that wine drunk out of such cups would not intoxicate; hence its name from the Greek *amethystos*." The cairngorm of the lapidary is another crystallised quartz, of various hues, and nearly transparent. It derives its name from the mountain Cairngorm in Inverness-shire, and is much used as an ornamental stone in this country.

Agate, chalcedony, opal, carnelian, sardonyx, jasper, and some kindred substances, may be, without much impropriety, regarded as merely varieties of the same mineral, having different colours and degrees of transparency. They are found in most countries, and are used for seals, brooches, cameos, and other ornamental purposes—the larger geodes or mass being often fashioned into cups and vases. Carnelians and opals are perhaps the most valuable, some specimens of the Oriental opal being worth double the price of a sapphire of the same size. This variety is sometimes known as the Nonnius opal, from the senator Nonnius, the possessor of the famous opal of Rome, worth 20,000 sesterces, who preferred banishment to parting with it to Antony. The *cat's-eye* opal, so called from its presenting an effulgent pearly light like the changeable reflections of the eye of a cat, is another siliceous mineral or quartz, interspersed with filaments of asbestos. It is found chiefly in Ceylon and the Indian peninsula, and is held in great estimation among gem fanciers. When the late king of Candy's jewels were brought

to the hammer in London in 1820, a specimen, which measured about two inches in diameter, brought upwards of £400.

Lapis-lazuli, or azure-stone, at one time held in the highest estimation, is another precious mineral, whose chief constituents are silica and alumina. Its principal localities are China, Persia, and Siberia, where it occurs in massive, but rarely in regular crystals. The finer specimens are prized by the lapidary; but by far the most important application of the substance is to the production of ultra-marine—a pigment which, till of late, was more precious than gold. Within these few years, however, the chemist has succeeded in producing an artificial ultra-marine possessing all the properties of the native pigment, and at such a rate, that several pounds weight can be procured for what, a dozen years ago, would scarcely have purchased a single ounce.

Calcareous Spars.

Several of the calcareous spars are of great beauty and transparency, but in general their softness and frangibility prevent them from being employed for ornamental purposes. Iceland spar, so called from the largest and most transparent specimens being found there, is a rhomboidal carbonate of lime, much used for experiments on the double refraction and polarisation of light. Fluor spar is a common mineral product, found in many places, but in great beauty and abundance in Derbyshire. It is a fluoride of calcium, occurring in crystals and in nodules of various colours, and often very prettily banded. The nodular specimens are occasionally worked into beads, brooches, and other ornamental purposes; but chiefly manufactured into vases, toilet-boxes, jars, and such-like articles.

The preceding pages present but an imperfect outline of one of the most important and interesting subjects that can engage our attention. Important, as many of the arts depend wholly upon the production of the substances described; and interesting, as no intelligent mind can be indifferent to the origin and history of the mineral composition of our globe, or can fail to admire the ingenuity often displayed in bringing its rudest and most refractory materials to administer to the utilities and amenities of life. It will have been seen that some of the most unseemly are the most important, and that some of the most beautiful and expensive products are, in reality, the least valuable; fashion and caprice, or, it may be, vanity to obtain an exclusive possession, often attaching enormous prices to glittering fragments which it is impossible to turn to a single useful purpose. But waiving these unaccountable freaks, commercial utility has, in general, fixed upon the known minerals their proper relative values, and has stamped them all, whether worth one penny or worth one pound per ton, as Treasures of the Earth.



THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

FOR more than a hundred years a story of a melancholy and remarkable kind has floated through Europe. It has become in every country an interesting tradition; all persons have, less or more, heard something of it; it is one of the tales which the young, by one means or other, pick up. This traditional relation is the story of "The Man with the Iron Mask." The story is French, and possesses that degree of mystery which insures a lively interest among the imaginative. It purports to be the history of a distinguished personage, perhaps a prince, who was confined for a great number of years, until his death, in one of the state prisons of France. The era to which the story is referred was that of Louis XIV.—a knowledge of whose character and position is necessary for a full comprehension of the plot. Louis was born in 1638, attained the authority of king in 1661, and from this period he reigned for fifty-four years, till his death in 1715. Accomplished in person and manners, and possessing a love of magnificence and power, Louis was the greatest of the old French monarchs; yet this greatness had in it little of magnanimity. Inspired by an intense selfishness, and of insatiable ambition, he permitted nothing to stand in the way of his desires. Neither was any flattery too gross for him; incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested; the man who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for ever in the favour of the king. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they

had their own consequence : his ministers were always his favourites, because he had made them, and could unmake them ; and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing, among his peculiar intimates, snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise.

His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm—his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity ; in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general. Here, too, he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger ; for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the background, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews, also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and his air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions : he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality : he had it in perfection.

If Louis had a talent for anything, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiae of military affairs. Clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline—in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies ; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than anybody else, and they of course received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who, by putting him on the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes. To this love of trifling and scheming may be ascribed many of his meaner acts of vengeance. Fond of contriving, he liked more to torment an enemy by secret seizure and imprisonment, than to kill him by an open and instantaneous act. To him the horrid pleasure of learning from

time to time how an unfortunate captive spent his wearisome hours, was very exquisite; and thus did he make revenge a continual feast—a feast, however, which carried remorse in its train. Inheriting a purely despotic power, these vengeful actions were not matters of common remark. It had been the practice of the kings of France, ever since Louis XI., to act exactly with the people and the laws as they were so disposed. Among their ordinary means of putting out of the way persons who gave them any displeasure, was that of consigning them secretly to one of the many state prisons—gloomy and strong fortress edifices—with which France abounded. Fathers of families, priests, soldiers, statesmen, noblemen of the court, ladies of quality—all were numbered among the victims of this iniquitous abuse of power. There was usually no form of trial; *lettres de cachet*, or sealed warrants, were put in force with merciless severity. Sometimes the individual thus taken suddenly into custody would be transferred to the Bastille, a prison fortress at Paris (of which an account will be given in a future tract), where he would be kept for years, or for life, holding no communication whatever with the external world. At other times, in cases of greater vengefulness, the poor victim would be thrown into a vault, to die, within a few days or weeks, of famine. The vaults devoted to this odious purpose were called *oubliettes*; that is, places where the inmates were to be forgotten. These oubliettes, of which the remains may still be seen in some of the old ruined castles in France, were usually shaped like a bottle, small at the mouth, and wide beneath, and, being of considerable depth, escape from them was impossible. Amidst the decaying remains of former victims, and everything that was nauseous, the individual precipitated into them found a horrible grave.* Whether Louis XIV. resorted to this barbarity, is not known. Unrestrained by scruples of generosity, honour, or religion, it is at least certain that, throughout his long reign, he was one of the most detestable tyrants that have ever challenged the execration of mankind. The Bastille and other state prisons were filled by him with unfortunate captives, many of them ignorant of the offences laid to their charge, and all exposed, as authentic records verify, to the worst practices of the worst and most barbarous ages, even to the infliction of

* Such villanous receptacles were not confined exclusively to France; they were common all over Europe. We have seen one at Chillon, and likewise the remains of one in the castle of St Andrews in Scotland. This last-mentioned, situated in a low part of the ruins, is a dark cavern, cut out of the solid rock, and shaped like a common bottle. The neck of the orifice is seven feet wide, by about eight in depth, after which it widens till it is seventeen feet in diameter. The depth of the whole is twenty-two feet. This fearful tomb was once used as the dungeon of the castle. Recusant victims were put therein, and possibly left to die of cold and famine. Some years since it was cleared out, when a great quantity of bones were removed.

torture itself.* In everything connected with these prisoners the utmost secrecy was usually observed: they were seized in the dead of night, fictitious names given to them, and all traces of their fate obliterated. Thus the anguish of families was increased by the very uncertainty in which they remained as to what had befallen their vanished relatives.

The course of profligacy, and of lavish expenditure on buildings, wars, and military parade, in which Louis XIV. recklessly indulged, had the effect, as is well known, of sapping the foundations of the monarchy, and of leading to that misery and discontent which broke out in the revolution of 1789.

From this short review of the character of Louis XIV., it will not be considered at all singular that a person of rank should have been kept in confinement for many years during his reign, without anything being known at the time concerning the unhappy captive. We have seen that it was not only the practice of the age for kings to imprison individuals without let or hindrance, but that Louis XIV., in particular, was exceedingly fond of this method of punishment for real or imaginary offences. So much for preliminary explanations. It is evident there is a groundwork for such a story as that of the Man with the Iron Mask; and we now propose to explain to our young readers who the

* The *Sieur* Constantin de Renneville, in giving an account of his own treatment during an eleven years' sojourn in the Bastille, for having written some verses reflecting on the prowess of the French arms, presents a harrowing account of the general conduct pursued towards the prisoners. There is no doubt he writes under a lively sense of the persecution he had suffered, and many of his statements may be tinctured with exaggeration; but, in the main, his relation is entitled to credit. The work is styled "*The French Inquisition, or History of the Bastille*," and was first published, in 1719, at Amsterdam. It extends to five thick closely-printed volumes, and has gone through several editions. Its attacks are principally directed against the governor and officers of the prison, whom he accuses of starving the prisoners in order to appropriate the sums allowed for their maintenance. Amongst other cases, he mentions that of a veteran Swiss officer, upwards of seventy, who had served in the army all his life, but had been betrayed into a hasty remark to Marshal Villeroy, at the battle of Ramillies, to whose denunciation he owed his incarceration, and who was kept without fire, and provided only with bread and water, although the king allowed fifteen francs a-day for his support. Renneville breaks out into the following pathetic lamentation:—"Of a truth what horrors have I not witnessed during eleven years and upwards that I have been made to endure torments beyond all expression, without having ever undergone a single interrogatory; without being able to obtain judges or commissioners to investigate my case; or without the ministers of the king deigning to acquaint me with the reason of my detention! I have been made to suffer a punishment more insupportable than the cruellest death, without learning the cause, without being granted leave during so long a time to write to my wife, my kinsmen, my friends, or even the minister who ordered my arrest. I found myself buried alive, without being able to ascertain whether I had yet a wife and children in the world, whatever prayers and submissions I lavished with that view on my inexorable persecutors."

man was, what were his crimes, and all else that can be substantiated respecting him. The narrative is probably not much worth; still, as it contains a mystery which goes on perplexing generation after generation, and as it throws a light on past manners, we think it may not be, on the whole, out of place to tell it, as truth always ought to be told.

We must commence by disposing of various ingenious

CONJECTURES AS TO WHO WAS THE IRON MASK.

Although, for a number of years after the death of Louis XIV., there were many rumours in France as to the Man with the Iron Mask, it was considered dangerous to publish any real or probable account of his sufferings. The narrative of his captivity was first printed at Amsterdam in 1745, and in the form of an allegory, the scene of which was laid in Persia. According to this romance, as it must be called, the Man with the Iron Mask was the Count de Vermandois, a son of Louis XIV., who had incurred his father's displeasure. This fiction did not attract much attention; but it probably, along with personal pique, and the love of dramatic effect, induced Voltaire to revive the narrative in his "Age of Louis XIV.," a work published at Berlin in 1751. Not content with asseverating the assumed facts hitherto propagated, he undertook, upon the testimony of officers of the Bastille, his informants, to describe the person of the prisoner as of good height and admirable proportions, and to represent him as possessing a voice that awakened much interest, and as evincing in his deportment an exemplary resignation. He, moreover, stated that the mask worn by the prisoner was furnished with steel springs at the chin, whereby he was enabled to eat with freedom. His captivity dated from 1661, in the fortress of the island of Sainte-Marguerite, whence he was removed in 1690 to the Bastille, under the most rigorous precautions, in which latter prison he died in 1704. The Marquis de Louvois, minister of the war department under Louis XIV., visited him, and remained standing whilst addressing him, exhibiting in his whole demeanour great respect. He was provided with everything he desired; his taste for fine linen and laces was abundantly gratified; he was allowed the solace of music; and the governor never ventured to sit in his presence.

This is the account given by Voltaire, supported by all the weight of his own name, and corroborated by the implied authority of the Duke de Richelieu and Madame de Pompadour, the one the minister, and the other a confidant, of Louis XV., with whom he was then living on terms of the closest intimacy. It was confirmed in its main particulars by another writer, Lagrange-Chancel, who had been himself confined at Sainte-Marguerite, and claimed to derive his information from the governor of that fortress. He alleged that "the commandant, Saint-Mars, manifested great consideration towards his prisoner, served him him-

self in silver plate, and frequently provided him with clothes as rich as he desired; but the prisoner was obliged, on pain of death, to appear only with his iron mask on in presence of the physician and surgeon, when he needed their services; and his only amusement when alone was to pluck hairs from his beard with small steel pincers, highly polished and shining." He added, that he had himself seen one of these pincers in the hands of the *Sieur de Formanoir*, the nephew of *Saint-Mars*. Thus was all doubt dispelled from the public mind, and it became a universally admitted fact that some one had been kept in confinement by *Louis XIV.*, with his face concealed by a mask, the most lively curiosity being excited to determine who the victim of such jealous tyranny could have been. The mere circumstance of so extraordinary a precaution seemed to prove incontestably that he must have been a prisoner of the greatest consequence, and in all probability of the highest rank—a supposition fortified by the studied respect said to be paid him. Hence, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the great majority of the writers who have handled the subject seek some exalted personage as the hero of their various hypotheses, although *Voltaire* himself has remarked that no considerable individual disappeared from the European stage at the time, unless by real or apparent death.

The first supposition was that of the author of the *Persian* fiction, to which *Voltaire* himself perhaps at one time leant, there being, indeed, good grounds to suspect that the story itself was the offspring of his own fertile brain, and which, as has been stated, pointed to the *Count de Vermandois*. Yet this *Count de Vermandois* had died in the very midst of a camp, after an illness of seven days: having fallen sick on the evening of the 12th November 1683, and died on the 19th, he was buried with extraordinary pomp in the cathedral church of *Arras*, upon the express requisition of the king himself, *Louis XIV.*, to the chapter, that his body might be deposited in the same vault as that in which reposed the remains of *Elizabeth*, Countess of *Vermandois*, wife of *Philip of Alsace*, Count of *Flanders*, who died in 1182; and a sum of 10,000 livres was granted to the same chapter for a perpetual dirge to be chanted to his memory. There seems no good reason to suppose all this a solemn farce, enacted to conceal the imprisonment of a youth, who could never have been an object of apprehension, whether in durance or at large. The mere allegation of a rumour to that effect can be esteemed of no weight in the absence of anything like corroborative proof.

The next conjecture as to who was the Iron Mask, was that put forward by at least two respectable writers. These affirmed that the queen, wife of *Louis XIII.*, after giving birth to *Louis XIV.*, was delivered at a subsequent hour of a second son, whose birth the king resolved to conceal, to avoid the danger of a disputed succession, it being the opinion of certain legal authorities that the first-born of twins has a doubtful claim to any inheritance

depending on birth. With this view, the child was confided to a nurse, and afterwards to a governor, who took him to his seat in Burgundy, where, growing to manhood, he discovered the secret of his birth, and was forthwith placed in confinement, with a mask to conceal his features, which were the exact counterpart of his brother the king's. Such was the story of these authors, which, upon careful consideration, seems utterly unworthy of credit. Nevertheless, the notion that a brother of Louis XIV., whether older, younger, or of the same age, and whether legitimate or illegitimate, was in truth the unfortunate victim of the Iron Mask, has had a host of firm believers in France and other countries, and amongst the rest our ingenious countryman Mr Quintin Crawford, who decides in favour of a son. It would seem that Napoleon, whose curiosity was keenly excited by this mystery of the Iron Mask, also inclined to the hypothesis of a royal prince.*

Meanwhile, suppositions of a less creative, though of an equally fanciful nature, challenged from day to day public acquiescence, though the only consequence of this diversity of theories was greater perplexity and doubt. First in order was the hypothesis which assigned the Iron Mask to the Duke of Beaufort, advanced by two several authors, Dufresnoy and Lagrange-Chancel, in 1759, and afterwards maintained by others. This Duke of Beaufort had been intrusted by Louis XIV. with the command of a squadron destined for the relief of Candia, then besieged by the Turks (1669). Seven days after his arrival at the island, he took part in a sally on the besiegers, and was never seen again. The Duke de Navailles, his coadjutor in the command, reported that he had been abandoned by his troops when in front of the Turks, and he knew not what had become of him. The probability is that he was slain, and his head sent to the sultan at Constantinople, according to the custom of the Turks. But as his body was not found, or at least identified, which might readily be the case if it were decapitated, a rumour prevailed that he was not dead, but had mysteriously disappeared. This was sufficient to elevate him into a candidate for the martyrdom of the Iron Mask; but his supporters signally fail, both in probability and the more decisive matter of dates. The age of the prince would incapacitate him for the part, and there appears no cause to suppose he had given any mortal offence either to the king or to his vindictive minister Colbert. He was a man of gross and vulgar habits, passing by the nickname of the *King of the Markets*, indicative of his low tastes. He enjoyed no consideration, and might be an object of contempt or disgust, but not of inhuman persecution.

* The memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes bear testimony to the interest taken in the elucidation of this question by Napoleon, who had ordered researches in the national archives without effect, which not a little fretted the imperious impatience of his mind for results.

Poullain de Saint-Foix has the merit of resuscitating another illustrious deceased to perform the character of the Iron Mask, and this he does with even more boldness than any of his contemporaries, since he selects a man who was publicly beheaded on Tower Hill, in the city of London, in the year 1685; namely, the Duke of Monmouth, executed by his uncle James II. Saint-Foix finds a substitute for the duke on the scaffold in the person of a devoted follower, who greatly resembled him, and consented to act as his proxy in the loss of his head. Setting aside this first startling difficulty, the hypothesis is otherwise utterly untenable in respect of dates. Yet, strange to say, for a time this theory became the favourite one, owing principally to the bold and confident tone of its advocate, until the Père Griffet, a learned and profound historian, was provoked to take up arms against it, and by a skilful use of authentic documents effectually demolished it, although he failed to set up his own dogma in its place, for the erudite father gave his suffrage in favour of the Count de Vermandois. A furious contest ensued between these two champions in the columns of Freron's *Année Littéraire*, in the midst of which a third claimant came forward in behalf of Mohammed IV., the Turkish sultan deposed in 1687: but while the conflict was still raging among these combatants, and the public excitement roused to the highest pitch, the Père Griffet suddenly departed this life (1771), and so put an end to the hot discussion.

With regard to other parties of inferior grades, who have found partisans to urge their claims as the heroes of this enigma, it is sufficient to say that the spirit of paradox has been carried so far as to pitch upon Henry Cromwell, the second son of the Protector, for one of them, upon the ground, simply, that though known to be of a more lively temperament than his brother Richard, he lived and died in such obscurity, that nothing is known of his existence. But even if this were so, it is clear that Louis XIV. could have no possible interest in keeping a son of Cromwell in such close confinement, however prone to assume the part of a jailor. More plausible arguments have been advanced in favour of three other individuals, between whom, in fact, the controversy is unquestionably narrowed. These are, the Armenian patriarch, Ardewiks; the superintendent of the French finances, Fouquet; and the minister of the Duke of Mantua, Matthioli. Thus the story, it must be confessed, loses much of its romantic interest, shorn as it becomes of any thrilling mystery. But the object in view is, of course, the elucidation of the truth.

Before entering upon the inquiry which of these three was the actual Man with the Iron Mask, it will be proper to detail all that is precisely known respecting the prisoner detained under such extraordinary circumstances. To do so with demonstrative effect, all that is mere hearsay or tradition ought to be

discarded. Thus, the statement of Voltaire, and all those who have followed in his wake, about the extraordinary respect paid by the governor of the fortress, and even by the Marquis de Louvois, must be considered in the light of an unsupported, if not an invented, accessory to the romance of the incident. A manuscript journal kept by M. Dujonca, lieutenant of the Bastille, first quoted by the Père Griffet, is the only authentic document extant upon the subject of the prisoner, apart from the official correspondence to be hereafter mentioned, inasmuch as the register of the Bastille, copied in the work called *La Bastille Devoilée*, or "The Bastille Exposed," is judged to be merely a compilation from Dujonca's journal, so far as concerns this particular case, as all the principal records are known to have been destroyed. This journal records that, "at three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday the 18th September 1698, Saint-Mars arrived from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite, bringing with him, in a litter, an old prisoner, whom he had had at Pignerol, whose name was not mentioned, and who was always kept masked. This prisoner was put into the tower of La Baziniere until night, when I myself conducted him at nine in the evening to the third chamber of the tower of La Bertaudiere, which care had been taken to furnish with all things necessary. The Sieur Rosarges, who likewise came from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite with Saint-Mars, was directed to wait upon and take care of the aforesaid prisoner, who was fed by the governor."

In the same journal, the death of the prisoner is mentioned under date of the 19th November 1703 in the following terms:—"The unknown prisoner, always masked with a black velvet mask, whom M. de Saint-Mars had brought with him, and had long kept under his charge, feeling slightly indisposed after attending mass, died to-day at ten at night, without having experienced any considerable illness: he could not have suffered less. M. Giraut, our chaplain, confessed him yesterday. Surprised by death, he was unable to receive the sacraments, and our chaplain exhorted him for a moment before he died. He was interred on Tuesday, 20th November, at four in the afternoon, in the cemetery of St Paul. His interment cost forty livres."

By an extract from the register of burials for the parish of St Paul, accredited by the vicar under his hand on the 9th February 1790, the exactitude of Dujonca is fully borne out. This entry is as follows:—"The year 1703, on the 19th November, died at the Bastille *Marchiali*, aged forty-five or thereabouts; whose body was interred in the burial-ground of St Paul, his parish, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of M. Rosarges, major of the Bastille, and of M. Reih, surgeon of the Bastille, who have affixed their signatures."

Marchiali was of course an assumed name, given to baffle inquiry, as likewise was most probably the alleged age. Voltaire relates that the prisoner was always called Marchiali at the Bas-

tile, and that he himself declared to the apothecary of the prison, a few days before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. After his death, the utmost care was taken to destroy every vestige of his existence: everything he had been in the habit of using, such as clothes, linen, bedding, &c. was burnt; the walls of his room were scraped and re-plastered, the panes of the windows were changed, and, according to some authorities, his body itself was consumed with quicklime.

As Saint-Mars passed with his prisoner from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, he halted at his own estate of Palteau, and an account of his visit is given by his great-nephew, M. de Palteau, as he had received it from persons resident on the property at the time. This is contained in a letter published by M. de Palteau in the *Année Littéraire* of 1769. He states "that the masked prisoner arrived at Palteau in a litter which preceded the one in which Saint-Mars himself travelled, under an escort of several men on horseback, and accompanied by the peasants who had gone to meet their landlord. Dinner was served in the dining-room on the ground-floor; the prisoner sat with his back to the court, and Saint-Mars opposite him, with a brace of pistols on the table. They were waited on by a single servant, who brought all the dishes from the anteroom, where they were deposited, and whenever he came in or went out, he shut the door carefully after him. The prisoner was observed to be tall in stature, and he always wore a black mask, which did not prevent his lips, teeth, and gray hair from being seen. The peasants frequently saw him cross the court with the mask over his face. Saint-Mars caused a bed for himself to be placed close to that of his prisoner, in which he slept. The remembrance of this occurrence is still fresh in the memory of many old men still living."

Such is all that is positively known of this famous captive. The question is, which of the three persons last indicated he was—Ardewiks, Fouquet, or Matthioli?

The pretensions of Ardewiks are quickly disposed of. He was the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople, and had contrived to incur the deadly animosity of the Jesuits, then all-powerful in France and in other countries. They availed to procure his exile, and ultimately to have him kidnapped on board a French vessel, which conveyed him to France, where he was imprisoned in the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and afterwards in the Bastille, where he died. This atrocious proceeding was strenuously denied by the French government when the Ottoman court remonstrated, but is placed beyond all question by a memoir on the subject left by M. de Bonac, French ambassador at Constantinople in 1724. The Chevalier de Taules has laboured with commendable zeal to demonstrate that this abducted patriarch was the genuine Iron Mask, mainly with the view of relieving French royalty from the stigma of the suspicions which attached to it from the undis-

closed mystery, and fixing it on the Jesuits.* But he is met by an insuperable obstacle on the very threshold of his argument. M. de Bonac states explicitly that the patriarch was carried off during the embassy of M. Feriol at Constantinople, who only succeeded M. de Chateauneuf in 1699, and as the Iron Mask was already at the Bastile in 1698, it could not possibly have been the unfortunate patriarch of the Armenians.

The theory which would sustain Fouquet as claimant to the possession of the Iron Mask, has only very recently received a powerful stimulus from an elaborate thesis, executed by the Bibliophilist Jacob, a prominent, if not an eminent writer, under the title of *Histoire de L'Homme au Masque de Fer*, published at Paris in 1840. Fouquet was superintendent of finances in the early part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and won for himself a more than common share of the obloquy usually attracted by the finance minister under a despotic monarchy. He lived in a magnificence and luxury which aroused the jealousy even of the king, and he had the sad misfortune, moreover, to cross the monarch in the pursuit of certain mean schemes. Louis accounts for his animosity in the following manner:—"A view of the vast establishments this man had projected, and the insolent acquisitions he had made, could not fail to convince my mind of his unruly ambition, whilst the universal distress of my people cried aloud to me for justice against him. But what rendered him more culpable towards me was, that, far from profiting by the goodness I had manifested in retaining him in my counsels, he had derived therefrom fresh hopes of deceiving me, and instead of becoming wiser, thought only of showing himself more artful. But with all the artifices he could practise, I was not long in discovering his dishonesty, for he was unable to leave off his enormous expenditure, fortifying places and ornamenting palaces, forming cabals, and placing important charges in the hands of his friends, which he purchased for them at my expense, with the view of speedily rendering himself the supreme arbiter of the state."†

With this king to hate was to persecute. Without hesitation he caused Fouquet to be accused of malversation and treason, thrown into the Bastile in 1661, and arraigned before the Chamber of Justice, which, after a tedious process of three years, adjudged him guilty of the first crime, and sentenced him to banishment for life, with confiscation of his goods and chattels. The king was displeased that he had not been condemned to death; but judging it dangerous to allow a man acquainted with the affairs of the state to leave the kingdom, *commuted* the punishment to one of perpetual imprisonment.

* Two works of his are published on the subject, both posthumous, which appeared in the year 1825. Each is distinguished by a high-sounding title, having reference to the Iron Mask.

† *Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, t. i., p. 101.

Three days after judgment, Fouquet was accordingly conveyed to the prison of Pignerol, on the borders of Savoy, and Saint-Mars appointed to guard him with the strictest vigilance.

In 1664, therefore, Fouquet was shut up a close prisoner in the fortress of Pignerol, with M. de Saint-Mars for his jailor. In repeated letters, which are quoted by M. Jacob, the minister Louvois urges the latter to exercise the utmost rigour towards his prisoner, in the literal fulfilment of which instructions he in fact showed himself nothing loath. After 1672, the severity of his captivity was mitigated, and he was allowed to receive a letter from his wife, and visits from the officers of the garrison. Towards the close of 1679 he fell ill, and, after some time, permission was given that he might be taken to the baths of Bourbon; but it was too late; he died of apoplexy at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680. M. Jacob contends that he did not in fact die, but that the animosity of Louis being kindled afresh at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, he resolved to wreak yet greater vengeance on the hapless superintendent. Consequently, causing his death to be announced, he had him immured in a lonely and inaccessible dungeon, and his face concealed with a mask.

But overlooking that much of this hypothesis rests on the merest and vaguest surmise, the death of Fouquet in 1680 appears to be as well authenticated as such an event in a state prison could be. In the first place, there is a letter from Saint-Mars to Louvois, dated the 23d of March 1680, intimating the occurrence; and three subsequent letters of Louvois to Saint-Mars of the 8th, 9th, and 29th of April, speak of "the late M. Fouquet." Again, Madame Fouquet was in the town of Pignerol, lodging at the house of one Sieur Fenouil, at the time of her husband's death, and arrangements had even been made for one of her daughters to occupy a room above, and communicating with the prisoner's, doubtless that she might tend her father in his sickness. It would likewise appear that his son, the Count de Vaux, must have been on the spot; for in his letter of the 8th of April, Louvois says to Saint-Mars, "You have done wrong to permit M. de Vaux to remove his father's papers and verses, and you ought to have locked them up in his apartment." His letter of the 9th of April, dated from St Germain, contains the following order:—"The king commands me to make known to you that his majesty is agreeable you should deliver to Madame Fouquet's servants the body of her late husband, to be transported whither she pleases." That Madame Fouquet, who was tenderly attached to her husband, and had, during all the years of his imprisonment, never ceased to importune the king for his release, availed herself of this permission, would seem both reasonable and natural; nor is there any reason to doubt she did so, the body of her husband being, as the burial register of the convent of the Filles de la Visitation-Sainte-Marie at Paris attests, deposited in the church of that convent, in the same vault as that of his father,

François Fouquet. But to this M. Jacob objects, first, that this interment did not take place for a whole year after the death, namely, on the 28th of March 1681; and secondly, that five months previously, a search being instituted in the church of the Visitation for the coffin of André Fremiot, erst archbishop of Bourges, to be removed to the cathedral of that city, the coffin was ultimately found in the Fouquet vault, on which occasion all the coffins in the sepulchre were examined by a municipal committee, and that professing to be of Nicholas Fouquet, the superintendent, was found empty, those of his father, wife, and sons only containing their remains. These two facts are singular, but by no means unaccountable, and are certainly wholly insufficient to invalidate the direct testimony of the death at Pignerol. But M. Jacob objects further, that Fouquet's friends were incredulous as to his demise; which can scarcely have been the case, since one of his most intimate friends, Madame de Sevigné, writes to her daughter on the 3d of April 1680 thus:—"Poor M. Fouquet is dead! I am greatly affected. Mademoiselle de Scudery is much afflicted at this event." On the 5th of the same month she again writes—"If I were to advise M. Fouquet's family, I would refrain from transporting his poor body, as it is said they are going to do. I would let it be buried there, at Pignerol; for after a lapse of nineteen years, I would not have him brought out after such a fashion." The date of Madame de Sevigné's first letter is of great consequence in this inquiry, as there is an irresistible inference to be thence deduced that she had the information of Fouquet's death direct from his widow, son, or daughter, at Pignerol, inasmuch as Saint-Mars' letter of advice to Louvois did not reach that minister until the 8th of April, as he himself complains. Now, if the members of his family, resident on the spot, were acquainted with the circumstance of his death at the instant of its occurrence, and had free access to him previously—as is incontestable, from the arrangement as to his daughter, and a notarial procuration, executed by Madame Fouquet, in the *donjon of the citadel of Pignerol*, on the 27th of January 1680—it is not to be doubted they had ample opportunity of satisfying themselves that the event was real and not fictitious.

It is true that Voltaire, in one of his works, says that it was unknown where Fouquet died; and again, in the "Age of Louis XIV." (ch. 25), has the following remarkable passage:—"All historians state that Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680; but Gourville asserts that he was liberated from prison some time before his death. The Countess de Vaux, his daughter-in-law, had already confirmed to me that fact; yet the contrary is believed in his family: thus it is that no one knows where the unfortunate man died."

This doubt on the part of Voltaire may be explained. Gourville says in his memoirs that Fouquet, having been set or put at liberty (*ayant été mis en liberté*), wrote to him to thank him

for the kindness he had shown to his wife. This liberty he must have meant as comparative, since it is unquestionable that Fouquet was never liberated from prison, whether he died at Pignerol or in the Bastile. The probable supposition is, that it had been made a condition with the family that it should observe a discreet silence on the subject both of the imprisonment and of the death; hence the misinformation even of his daughter-in-law. At all events, the ignorance of Voltaire, whether real or affected, has no bearing on the question, as he had not seen the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars. On the whole, it is impossible to doubt that Fouquet died at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680, and consequently that he was not the Man with the Iron Mask.

There remains the case of Matthioli to be considered. It is fortunately one in which no stubborn fact, such as a reputed death, or other untoward incident, is to be upset or even contested. In a word, Matthioli was *the man*.

THE TRUE MAN IS FOUND.

The account of the true Man of the Iron Mask involves one of the most curious points in history. It may be troublesome to get at the whole truth of the matter, but we repeat it is worth a little patient investigation. We shall try to make the story as plain as possible.

The Abbé d'Estrades, French ambassador at Venice, knowing well the insatiable ambition of his master Louis XIV., conceived, in the year 1677, the idea of inducing the Duke of Mantua to permit the introduction of a French garrison into Casale, a strongly-fortified town, the capital of the Montferrat, and giving access to the whole of Lombardy. This scheme he proposed to effect through the medium of Count Matthioli, who had been secretary of state under the last Duke of Mantua, Charles III., and was greatly in the confidence of the present Ferdinand Charles IV.; who, however, was a complete cipher in the government, the reins of power being held by his mother, an Austrian princess. Having sent a messenger in whom he could confide to communicate with Matthioli, and finding him and the duke both agreeable to the project, in the hope of securing the aid of France against the Austrian and Spanish interests, to which the duchess-mother was devoted, he applied to Louis for leave to treat, which that potentate lost no time in cheerfully according. An active though secret negotiation was thereupon commenced between D'Estrades and Matthioli, which proceeded so favourably, that the Duke of Mantua himself repaired to Venice to have an interview with the French ambassador. At this interview, which took place at midnight on the 13th of March 1678, the duke expressed his eagerness to conclude the treaty, from the constant fear he was in of the Spaniards, and also his intention to send Matthioli to Paris, with the view of

bringing the affair to a speedier issue. It suited the purpose of Louis to procrastinate, as he had no army ready to enter Italy; and hence the departure of Matthioli was delayed until November, when at length he started for Paris, and eventually concluded a treaty with M. de Pomponne, French minister, on the following terms:—

1st, That the Duke of Mantua should receive the French troops into Casale.

2d, That if the king of France sent an army into Italy, the Duke of Mantua should have the command of it.

3d, That immediately after the execution of the treaty, the sum of 100,000 crowns should be paid to the Duke of Mantua.

Matthioli, upon the occasion of this treaty, was received in a secret audience by Louis himself, who graciously presented him with a valuable ring. He also received a sum of money for his own use, and the promise of a further largess after the ratification of the treaty. He then returned to Italy, after concerting with Louvois, the minister at war, as to the mode of putting the treaty into execution.

In the whole of this affair Matthioli appears to have been actuated by venal motives. He had forsaken the Spanish interest, to embrace the French, solely from a disappointment of a pecuniary nature; and being now master of an important secret, he resolved to turn it to account. Accordingly, as he passed through Turin on his way from France, he revealed the affair to the President Turki, one of the ministers of the court of Savoy, for a sum of money, and allowed him to take copies of all the documents. After committing this act of treachery, it is not surprising he should do all he could to delay the ratification and fulfilment of the treaty. The French, on the contrary, were eager to complete the transaction, and take possession of Casale; their negotiator and their general were both ready; but Matthioli still found excuses to postpone the final act, until certain suspicions began to be entertained touching his fidelity. Nevertheless, appearances were kept up, and an appointment was eventually made to exchange the ratifications at Increa, a village near Casale, the duke repairing in person to Casale to deliver it into the hands of the French immediately afterwards. But the French envoy charged with the ratifications was arrested as he passed through the Milanese from Venice, owing to the machinations of Matthioli, as was supposed; and although another person, Catinat, afterwards the celebrated marshal, was instantly appointed to supply his place, of which Matthioli was promptly apprised, that personage betook himself to Venice, instead of attending the appointment. Catinat, who was then simply a brigadier, actually proceeded to Increa, and narrowly escaped being seized by a detachment of cavalry sent for the purpose of capturing him. After this, little doubt could remain of Matthioli's treachery; but the French were too intent to conclude the arrangement wholly to

break with him, and the *chargé-d'affaires* at Venice now urged him, by combined threats and promises, to repair to Turin and confer with D'Estrades, who was then resident at that city. To these exhortations Matthioli yielded, and in process of time presented himself before D'Estrades at Turin, making sundry lame excuses for the delays he had caused. He arrived at the end of April 1679.

Meanwhile D'Estrades had obtained undoubted proofs of Matthioli's treachery through the Duchess of Savoy herself, who showed him copies of all the documents relative to the surrender of Casale; and Louis XIV., finding himself thus deceived and betrayed, gave vent to the liveliest indignation, and vowed to avenge himself on the traitor. With this view D'Estrades was ordered forthwith to arrest Matthioli, who, little aware of the fate in store for him, easily fell into a snare laid to entrap him. Complaining continually to D'Estrades of the want of money, the latter told him that Catinat, who commanded the troops intended to take possession of Casale, had considerable sums at his disposal, and would be ready to supply his wants, provided he would give him a meeting on the frontier towards Pignerol. To this proposal Matthioli joyfully acceded, and on an appointed day met D'Estrades, who was accompanied by his relative the Abbé de Montesquieu, in a church at a short distance from Turin, whence they proceeded to the frontier. About three miles from the place assigned for meeting Catinat, they came upon a river whose banks were overflowed, and the only bridge over it broken. Matthioli assisted energetically in repairing this bridge, himself being the most impatient at the obstacle; and they were eventually enabled to continue their progress, which they did on foot, to where Catinat awaited them with two officers and four soldiers. Here, after a short conversation, directed to extort a confession as to the place in which the original papers regarding Casale were concealed, he was arrested, offering no resistance, though he always carried a sword and pistols upon his person, and conveyed that same night to the fortress of Pignerol. The arrest took place on the 2d of May 1679. Saint-Mars had been already prepared to expect and receive the prisoner by a letter from Louvois, dated the 27th April, to the following purport:—"The king has sent orders to the Abbé d'Estrades to try and arrest a man with whose conduct his majesty has reason to be dissatisfied; of which he has commanded me to acquaint you, in order that you may not object to receive him when he shall be brought to you, and likewise that you may guard him in a manner to prevent him from holding communication with any one, and give him reason to repent his evil conduct, and so that it may not be discovered you have got a fresh prisoner."

It was undoubtedly requisite that so flagrant an act as the seizure of a minister plenipotentiary, which Matthioli actually was at the time, should be kept, if possible, a profound secret;

for although Louis XIV. was not at all scrupulous about violating his neighbours' territories, or kidnapping their subjects, and the prince immediately injured was weak and impotent, yet it involved a breach of the law of nations, in the vindication of which all the powers of the earth were interested, and might combine. Therefore, notwithstanding the sudden disappearance of Matthioli, after being in close communion with the agents of the French government, might naturally point suspicion to the real destination he had been led, so long as nothing positive was known or capable of being proved, it was always competent to deny the fact, and so avoid humiliating explanations, if not a more humiliating atonement. And if this consideration rendered extraordinary precautions for concealment essential in the first instance, their continuance was equally necessary to the end, since the honour of the government would become pledged to uphold the falsehood with which it met the first application for restitution or redress. Consequently, not in the mere spirit of vengeance, but from cogent motives of policy, Louis XIV. was impelled to bury the captive he had so foully and illegally abducted in the most absolute seclusion, in order that no chance might be given of the fatal secret transpiring. Besides, in addition to reasons of a general nature, he had the further object of keeping on a good understanding with the Duke of Mantua, as his ambition had not yet been appeased by the surrender of Casale, which that prince, notwithstanding the defection of his confidant, Matthioli, had always entertained the design of executing according to his first intention. That he effectually succeeded in cajoling the duke, and satisfying him that his trusted minister had vanished from the scene of politics and life without guilty participation on his part, is proved by the fact, that, in two years afterwards, Casale was actually given up to a French garrison in terms of the treaty negotiated by Matthioli.

The arrest itself was conducted with all the secrecy such a delicate operation required, as appears from Catinat's letter to Louvois, giving the details. It is dated Pignerol, May 3, 1678, and thus commences:—"I arrested Matthioli yesterday, three miles from this place, within the confines of the king's territories, during an interview which the Abbé d'Estrades had ingeniously contrived between him, Matthioli, and myself, to facilitate the scheme. To effect his arrest I made use only of the Chevaliers de St Martin and de Villebois, two officers of M. de Saint-Mars, and of four men of his company: it was accomplished without any violence, and no one knows the name of the rascal. He is in the room formerly occupied by the person called Dubreuil, where he will be treated civilly, in compliance with the request of the Abbé d'Estrades, until the wishes of the king with regard to him are known." It afterwards states—"I have not as yet had any conversation with him for the purpose of obtaining his papers; but two hours hence I will go to his

room, and I do not doubt the menaces I shall make him, which his criminal conduct will render more terrible to him, will oblige him to do all that I wish." It thus concludes—"I will give you, sir, an account by the next post of all that I may do with Matthioli, to whom I have given here the name of Lestang, no one knowing who he really is." By this name of Lestang he is usually designated in the future correspondence between Louvois and Catinat, and subsequently in that between Louvois and Saint-Mars. It may be mentioned that Catinat himself passed at Pignerol under an assumed name, that of Richemont, his presence there being known only to Saint-Mars and D'Estrades.

It is evident that, besides the mere thirst of vengeance against Matthioli, his seizure was prompted by the desire to gain possession of his papers, especially the ratification of the treaty by the Duke of Mantua. From Matthioli's conduct, and his prevarication with regard to these documents, it may be inferred that he designed to retain them in despite of both parties, expecting, doubtless, to reap profit from them ere the affair was settled. When first questioned as to where these papers were, he replied they were in a box at Bologna, in the hands of his wife; which was untrue. Catinat's next letter to Louvois is interesting on this subject. In it he says—"Since I had last the honour of writing to you, I have taken down shortly all the information I have been able to extract from the *Sieur de Lestang*. By making him sensible, somewhat forcibly, of the misery to which his bad conduct exposed him, I induced him to seek the means of avoiding it by doing readily and frankly all that was required of him. I have not said anything to him by which he might discover the means whereby we learnt so certainly the fact of his treachery; but I have spoken to him on the matter in such a way as to show him that we know it, and are convinced of it. He is assuredly a knave; yet I believe him sincere in his desire to deliver up the papers, either from the apprehensions with which his present condition inspires him, or with the view of rendering a service to the king, which may be agreeable to him, and may make him forget what has passed. The original papers are at Padua, concealed in a hole in the wall of a room which is in his father's dwelling, and which, he says, is known to him alone. These papers are—the treaty concluded by M. de Pomponne, and signed by him and Matthioli, signed below by the Duke of Mantua, a blank being left for the ratification when the exchange should be made for that of the king; a blank paper signed by the Duke of Mantua, intended as an order to the governor of Casale, directing him to receive the troops of the king; the powers conferred on M. de Pomponne to treat concerning Casale, and a list of the troops appointed to execute the business. If we once have possession of these papers, the affair is concluded as far as regards negotiation; but this is a fact we need make known only when we think proper. As I am aware of what importance

it is to gain possession of these original papers, I have apprised the Abbé d'Estrades of the expedients I think might be successfully used for the purpose, in order that I may have the benefit of his advice. . . . M. de Saint-Mars treats the Sieur de Lestang very kindly in all that regards cleanliness and food, but very rigorously in preventing him from holding intercourse with any one."

So strictly, indeed, had this latter precaution been observed, that Saint-Mars himself waited upon Matthioli during the first days of his imprisonment; but shortly afterwards the astute D'Estrades contrived to send his servant to Pignerol with the effects and papers he had with him at Turin. This servant was locked up like his master, and remained a prisoner for the remainder of his life, in order that he might attend upon Matthioli. Thus was obviated the necessity of admitting to his presence any of the ordinary attendants of the prison. The spirit in which his treatment was ordered at this time may be gathered from a letter dated the 15th of May 1679, from Louvois to Saint-Mars. In this he says—"I have received your letter of the 6th of this month, which requires no answer, except to say that you will have sufficiently seen by my former letters that it is not the intention of the king that the Sieur de Lestang should be well treated, nor that, except the absolute necessities of life, you should give him anything that may tend to make him pass the time agreeably."

On the 10th of May, Matthioli was subjected to a searching examination by Catinat and the Abbé de Montesquieu, in which he sought to exculpate himself, and to account for his conduct, but with little success in the opinion of his interrogators. On the 16th of May, Catinat relates to Louvois the result of a second examination.

"I send you, sir, the second examination of M. Matthioli, according to the order which I received to that effect by the extraordinary courier you sent to this place. You will find it little different from the first. I put him into the greatest possible fear of the torture if he did not tell the truth. It is quite plain, by his answers, that his conduct has been infamous. I see no good reason which can excuse him for having held such intimate communication with the court of Savoy, with the Abbé Frederick, the resident of the emperor at Venice, and with Don Francis Visconti, one of the partisans of Spain, without any participation or correspondence upon the subject with M. de Pomponne, the Abbé d'Estrades, or M. de Pinchesne [French minister at Venice]; this fact prevents my having any confidence in him." He then proceeds to unfold a plan, suggested by Matthioli, for inducing the governor of Casale to admit a body of French troops, which he offered to stake his life he could accomplish through the influence he possessed over him. In this Catinat perceives an insidious scheme for being again employed, and

perhaps effecting an escape. He leaves it, however, to the minister, saying—"As I know beforehand that I am conversing with a rascal, and that it is almost of necessity, if his propositions are adopted, that he should himself be again employed in this affair, I cannot undertake to answer for him in anything; nevertheless, I have thought it right to communicate all this to you. When the king once has possession of the papers, my having an interview with this governor is a step that would not jeopardise anything, nor do I see any inconvenience in it, except the chance of the *Sieur Matthioli's* escaping, on account of the degree of liberty which must in that case be permitted to him, however vigilant I might be in watching him."

This examination, and another forwarded by Catinat to Louvois on the 21st of May, are very minute, embodying a rigid inquisition into all that *Matthioli* had done, said, or written since his return from France down to the time of his arrest. *Matthioli* of course labours to explain all his apparent tergiversation and duplicity, by alleging that it was absolutely necessary, for the success of the affair, that he should hold communication with parties in the Spanish interest, for the purpose of deceiving them and lulling their vigilance. Catinat, in fact, at the close of his letter of the 21st May, thus very pithily sums up the result:—"His answers elude, but do not deny all that has been said of him. In order to account for the communications he has held, he makes use of the continual pretext that he was obliged to hold them in order to deceive, and to obtain the success of the affair by taking the other side by surprise, making use, as the means of this surprise, of his intelligences with the governor [of Casale]."

The last letter from Catinat to Louvois on the subject of *Matthioli* is dated on the 3d of June 1679. In this he says—"The original papers have been delivered to *Giuliani*, who has taken them to Venice to *M. de Pinchesne*. They consist of the treaty which the aforesaid *Lestang* had made with the court, which is signed by him and *M. de Pomponne*; an instruction which was given to the aforesaid *Lestang* when he left the court; the powers given to *M. de Pomponne* to treat with him, which is signed by you; and a letter from his majesty to the Duke of Mantua. All these papers were in a box, which had been placed in the convent of the *Capuchins*. The ratification of the Duke of Mantua is not to be found, although the *Sieur de Lestang* said it was amongst them. Upon this I have interrogated him, having first obtained all the advantage over him I could by abusing him, and parading soldiers in his room, as if intending to administer the question to him, which made him so much afraid, that he promised earnestly to tell the real truth. Being asked whether the Duke of Mantua had ratified the treaty, he answered that he had never subscribed to all the articles, but that he had got from him four blank papers signed, one of which was

a blank paper of two sheets, at the top of which he had written—*Ratification of the Treaty made with his Most Christian Majesty*. [The others were orders to the governors of the town, citadel, and castle of Casale, to admit the troops of the king of France.] He added that he had never had any other ratification except that one, and that whatever tortures might be inflicted on him, he could never tell anything more."

This was the opinion of Catinat himself, for he left Pignerol on the 6th of June, and no further attempts appear to have been made to extort additional information from Matthioli. He was henceforth left to the tender mercies of Saint-Mars. The nature and course of his imprisonment will be best understood by extracts from the letters that passed between Louvois and Saint-Mars.

On the 20th of May 1679, Louvois writes—"Your letter of the 10th of this month has been delivered to me. I have nothing to add to what I have already commanded you respecting the severity with which the individual named Lestang must be treated."

On the 22d of May—"You must keep the individual named Lestang in the severe confinement I enjoined in my preceding letters, without allowing him to see a physician, unless you know he is in absolute want of one."

July 25—"You may give paper and ink to the *Sieur de Lestang*, with the understanding that he is to put into writing whatever he wishes to say; which you will send to me, and I will let you know whether it deserves any consideration."

August 21—"With regard to the *Sieur de Lestang*, you may give him paper whenever he wishes to write, and afterwards send it to me."

Saint-Mars writes to Louvois on the 6th of January 1680—"I am obliged, sir, to inform you that the *Sieur de Lestang* is become like the monk I have the care of; that is to say, subject to fits of raving madness."

On the 24th of February he again writes—"The *Sieur de Lestang*, who has been nearly a year in my custody, complains that he is not treated as a man of his quality and the minister of a great prince ought to be. Notwithstanding this, I continue to follow your commands, sir, most exactly upon this subject, as well as upon all others. I think he is deranged, by the way he talks to me; telling me that he converses every day with God and his angels; that they have told him of the death of the Duke of Mantua and of the Duke of Lorraine; and, as an additional proof of his madness, he asserts that he has the honour of being the near relation of the king, to whom he wishes to write, to complain of the way in which I treat him. I have not thought it right to give him paper or ink for such a purpose, perceiving him not to be in his right mind."

Under date of the 10th of July 1680, Louvois addresses Saint-

Mars—"I have received, together with your letter of the 4th of this month, that which was annexed to it, of which I shall make the proper use. It will be sufficient to let the prisoners in the lower part of the tower confess once a-year. With regard to the *Sieur de Lestang*, I wonder at your patience, and that you should wait for an order to treat such a scoundrel as he deserves, when he is wanting in respect to you."

It appears that *Matthioli* had become very violent during this period of his captivity, using terrible menaces, and writing abusive sentences on the wall of his room with charcoal, inasmuch that *Blainvilliers*, *Saint-Mars'* trusty and fitting lieutenant, was obliged to threaten him with personal chastisement. He was anxious likewise for religious consolation, and begged that a priest might be allowed to visit and confess him. *Saint-Mars* had at the time a Jacobin monk under his charge, *lodged in the lower part of the tower*, who, whatever his name or crime—which must now remain for ever unknown, though he was most probably some victim of the Jesuits—was kept in the same rigorous confinement as *Matthioli* himself. This monk is referred to in the last letter quoted from *Louvois*, directing he should be permitted to confess but once a-year. The poor wretch had gone mad, too, and *Saint-Mars* deeming him and *Matthioli* appropriate companions, especially as, if they were together, one confessor would serve for both, proposed that they should be confined in the same room. The following correspondence has reference to these circumstances.

On the 16th of August 1680, *Louvois* writes to *Saint-Mars*—"I have been made acquainted, by your letter of the 7th of this month, with the proposal you make of placing the *Sieur de Lestang* with the Jacobin monk, in order to avoid the necessity of having two priests. The king approves of your project, and you have only to execute it when you please."

The prisoners were accordingly placed together, and the following is the horrible picture of the event, contained in a letter from *Saint-Mars*, under date of the 7th September 1680:—"Since you, sir, permitted me to put *Matthioli* with the Jacobin in the lower part of the tower, the aforesaid *Matthioli* remained for four or five days in the belief that the Jacobin was a man whom I had placed with him to watch his actions. *Matthioli*, who is almost as mad as the Jacobin, walked about with long strides, holding his cloak above his nose, crying out that he was not a dupe, but knew more than he would say. The Jacobin, who sat continually on his truckle-bed, with his elbows resting on his knees, looked at him gravely without listening to him. The Signor *Matthioli* continued still in the persuasion that it was a spy that had been placed with him, until he was one day disabused by the Jacobin's getting down from his bed, stark naked, and setting himself to preach in a wild incoherent style. I and my lieutenants viewed all their pranks through a hole over the door."

On the 9th of October Saint-Mars writes—"I have nothing more to acquaint you with than the circumstance of the *Sieur Matthioli's* having given a ring to *Blainvilliers*, who immediately delivered it to me. I will keep it until it is your pleasure to give me orders what to do with it."

October 20, 1680.—"In order to give you a more full explanation than I have hitherto done of the story of the diamond ring given to *Blainvilliers* by the *Sieur Matthioli*, I will begin by taking the liberty to tell you that I believe he made him this present as much from fear as from any other cause; this prisoner having previously used very violent language to him, and written scurrilous phrases on the wall of his room with charcoal, which had obliged that officer to threaten him with severe punishment, if he were not more decorous and moderate in his language for the future. When he was put in the tower with the *Jacobin*, I instructed *Blainvilliers* to exhibit to him a cudgel, and warn him it was with that the unruly were rendered manageable, and that, if he did not speedily become tractable, he could easily be compelled to be so. This message was conveyed to him; and some days afterwards, as *Blainvilliers* was waiting on him at dinner, he said to him, 'Sir, here is a little ring which I wish to give you, and I beg you to accept of it.' *Blainvilliers* replied that 'he only took it to deliver to me, as he could not receive anything himself from the prisoners.' I think it is well worth fifty or sixty pistoles."

To this *Louvois* replies on the 2d of November—"You must keep the ring which the *Sieur Matthioli* has given to the *Sieur de Blainvilliers*, in order that it may be restored to him in case it should ever happen that the king orders him to be set at liberty."

We find nothing more said as to the state of mind in which *Matthioli* continued; but from no further allusion to the subject by Saint-Mars, it may be inferred that he had, at all events, become resigned and submissive. In 1681 the services of Saint-Mars, as the judicious keeper of state prisoners, attracted the grateful notice of his majesty, and he was offered the additional post of commander of the citadel of *Pignerol*. This he thought fit to decline, for reasons best known to himself; but the king being still anxious to reward him, appointed him governor of *Exiles*—a strong fortress near *Susa*, on the frontier of *Piedmont*. The following letter from *Louvois* notifies the event:—

"Versailles, May 12, 1681.—I read to the king your letter of the 3d of this month, by which his majesty having learned the extreme repugnance you have to accept the command of the citadel of *Pignerol*, he has thought proper to grant you that of *Exiles*, vacant by the death of the *Duke de Lesdiguières*, whither he wishes you to remove such of the prisoners under your charge as he shall think it important not to intrust to any other care but yours. [He then states the salary will be increased to 500

livres a-month, being equal to that of the governors of the great places in Flanders.] I have requested the Sieur du Channoy to go with you to visit the buildings at Exiles, and to make there a list of the repairs absolutely necessary for the lodging of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower, who are, I think, the only ones his majesty will have transferred to Exiles. Send me a list of all the prisoners under your care, and write opposite to each name all that you know of the reasons why they were arrested. With regard to the two in the lower part of the tower, you need only designate them by that title, without adding anything else. The king expects that, during the little time you will be absent from the citadel of Pignerol, when you accompany the Sieur du Channoy to Exiles, you will provide for the guarding of your prisoners in such a manner that no accident may befall them, and that they may have no intercourse with any one more than they have hitherto had during the time they have been under your charge."

Again, on the 9th of June, he writes—"I send you the necessary grants as governor of Exiles, which the king has seen good to order to be sent you. The intention of his majesty is, that so soon as the room at Exiles which you shall judge the most proper for the secure keeping of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower shall be in a state to receive them, you will send them out of the citadel of Pignerol in a litter, and conduct them there under the escort of your troop, for the march of which the order is hereunto annexed; and immediately after the departure of the aforesaid prisoners, it is his majesty's desire that you should repair to Exiles to take possession of the government, and make it your residence for the future. . . . You will see by the annexed orders of the king, that your company is to be reduced to forty-five men, to commence from the 15th of this month; and by the statement which accompanies them, you will learn the footing upon which it is to be paid, as well as what the king has allotted for the subsistence of the two before-named prisoners, whom his majesty expects you will continue to guard with the same exactitude you have used hitherto. Therefore it only remains for me to beg you to give me intelligence respecting them from time to time. With regard to the effects belonging to the Sieur Matthioli in your possession, you will cause them to be removed to Exiles, in order that they may be restored to him, if ever his majesty should order him to be set at liberty."

These letters contain the most precise directions that the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower—namely, Matthioli and the monk—should alone be removed to Exiles, and that they should be kept in the same rigorous seclusion as at Pignerol. They were so removed on the 12th of July 1681, on which occasion Saint-Mars gives Louvois a satisfactory account of the precautions he had taken for their security until he himself joined them, which, owing to another secret affair with Catinat relative

to Casale, did not take place till two or three months subsequently. In his letter, he says—"In order that the prisoners may not be seen [at Exiles], they will not leave their chamber when they hear mass; and for the purpose of insuring their more secure custody, one of my lieutenants will sleep above them, and there will be two sentinels night and day, who will watch the whole circuit of the tower, without its being possible for them and the prisoners to see and speak to each other, or even to hear any attempted communication. They will be soldiers belonging to my company, who will always act as sentinels over the prisoners. About the confessor only I have some doubts; but, if you do not disapprove, I will give them the incumbent of Exiles instead, who is a good man, and very old, whom I will forbid, in the name of his majesty, to inquire who these prisoners are, their names, or what they have been, or to speak of them in any way, or to receive from them either oral or written communications."

The first letter from Saint-Mars after he settled at Exiles bears date the 4th of December 1681, and contains the following passage:—"As one of my two prisoners is always ill, they give me as much trouble as I have ever had with any of those I have previously guarded."

About the identity of these two prisoners there cannot be the slightest doubt, after the citation of the above letters. Yet notwithstanding all the assurances and approved vigilance of Saint-Mars, Louvois still continued to express apprehensions lest they might find means of communicating with persons outside. This drew from Saint-Mars something like an indignant vindication, and a minute picture of the den in which he kept his rueful captives immured, which is worth transcribing, were it merely for its curiosity. Under date of Exiles, 11th March 1682, he says, "I have received the letter you were pleased to do me the honour to write to me on the 27th of last month, in which you impress upon me that it is of great importance my two prisoners should have no communication with any one. Since the first time, sir, that you gave me this order, I have guarded these two prisoners who are under my care as severely and exactly as it could be possible. They can hear the people talk as they pass along the road which winds round the bottom of the tower, but could not, were they even to try, make themselves heard in return. They can also see persons on the hill which rises before their windows, but cannot themselves be seen, on account of the bars which block the openings of their room. There are two sentinels of my company continually on duty at a short distance on each side of the tower, who keep watch night and day, and who can see the windows of the prisoners obliquely. They are ordered to take care that no one speaks to them, and that they do not cry out from their windows; and are also instructed to make the people move on if they attempt to loiter on the pathway, or on the side of the hill. My own room being

contiguous to the tower, and having no other aspect but towards this pathway, I hear and see everything, including the two sentinels, who are, on this account, always kept on the alert. The interior of the tower itself I have divided in such a manner, that the priest who says mass to them cannot see their persons, on account of a curtain I have hung up, which covers their double doors. The servants who bring their food, put whatever is necessary for the prisoners upon a table on the outside, and my lieutenant takes it, and carries it into them. No one speaks to them but myself, my officer, M. Vignerot the confessor, and the physician from Pragelas, which is six leagues from here, and who only sees them in my presence. With regard to their linen and other necessities, I take the same precautions which I did with my former prisoners."

This statement in all probability satisfied Louvois, and calmed his uneasiness; for it does not appear, from any published document, that he again addressed Saint-Mars respecting the prisoners whilst he remained at Exiles; nor, indeed, is anything more heard of them for upwards of three years, during which period they lingered in sickness, as is evident from a short note written by Saint-Mars on the 23d of December 1685, in which he says, "My prisoners are still ill, and in a course of medicine; they are, however, perfectly tranquil."

Shortly after this the Jacobin monk succumbed to the severities of his imprisonment, and died. Saint-Mars himself was attacked by illness, and became persuaded that the situation of Exiles was unhealthy; whereupon he applied, by a petition to the king, for a change of governorship, which prayer being graciously granted, he was nominated, in 1687, to the command of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat, which lie near Antibes on the Provençal coast. To this fresh locality he was directed to remove his surviving prisoner Matthioli.

After receiving this appointment, Saint-Mars proceeded to visit the seat of his new government for the purpose of inspecting it, and preparing for the reception of his prisoner. Previous to setting out, however, he was careful to quiet any fears on the part of Louvois, writing from Exiles under date of January 20, 1687. "I will give such orders for the guarding of my prisoner that I can answer to you, sir, for his entire security, as well as for his not now or henceforth holding intercourse with my lieutenant, whom I have forbidden to speak to him, an injunction implicitly obeyed. If I take him with me to the Isles, I think the most secure conveyance will be a [sedan] chair, covered with oil-cloth, which would admit a sufficiency of air without the possibility of any one seeing or speaking to him during the journey, not even the soldiers whom I shall select to be near the chair. This conveyance will be less embarrassing than a litter, which is liable to break."

From the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite he writes on the 23d of

March 1687 —“I hope to be at Exiles in eight days. As soon as I shall have had the honour of receiving your commands, sir, I shall set forth again with my prisoner, whom I undertake to conduct here in all security, without any one seeing or speaking to him. He shall not attend divine service after he leaves Exiles till he is lodged in the prison preparing for him here, to which a chapel is attached.”

On the 18th of April, accordingly, Saint-Mars and Matthioli started from Exiles for Sainte-Marguerite. In addition to the precaution of the chair covered with oil-cloth, it is conjectured that the prisoner was likewise made to wear a mask for the first time—not an iron mask, according to popular tradition, but one of black velvet, interlaced with whalebone, and fastened behind the head with a padlock, leaving the patient at liberty to eat, drink, and respire. This latter faculty, however, as is natural to suppose, was somewhat impeded, to the grievous suffering of the unfortunate prisoner. Saint-Mars himself coolly adverts to the fact in a letter written to Louvois after his arrival at Sainte-Marguerite, dated 3d May 1687. He says—“I arrived here on the 30th of last month, having been twelve days on the journey in consequence of the illness of my prisoner, occasioned, as he complained, by not having as much air as he wished. I can assure you, sir, that no one has seen him, and that the manner in which I have conducted and guarded him during all the journey makes everybody try to conjecture who he is.” In the same letter he remarks—“My prisoner’s bed was so old and worn-out, as well as everything he had made use of, both table-linen and furniture, that it was not worth while to bring them here: they only sold for thirteen crowns [about £1, 12s.]. I have given to the eight porters, who brought the chair from Turin and my prisoner to this place (including the hire of the aforesaid chair), 203 livres, which I have paid out of my own pocket.”

This statement about the bed and furniture puts an end to the fable of the fine linen and lace allowed so profusely to this prisoner. The extraordinary respect said to be paid to him has long since been shown to be equally supposititious. The only true part of the tradition consists in the unremitting precautions taken to conceal his person, and prevent him from communicating with any one save his jailors. In his new prison the same rigorous system was pursued. The cell in which he was incarcerated had only one window, guarded by bars of iron, and looking upon the sea. Sentinels kept watch continually, and had orders to fire on boats which approached within a certain distance. The Père Papon, who has written a history of, and also a literary tour in, Provence, visited the island of Sainte-Marguerite in 1778, and was in the very room which had been occupied by the masked prisoner. He met there an old officer, aged seventy-nine, who related some particulars to him which he had gleaned from his father, who had held a confidential situation in the fortress

under Saint-Mars. Amongst other things, he mentioned an anecdote, variously reported by Voltaire and others, to the effect that an apothecary's boy had picked up, floating on the water, a fine shirt, written all over, which he carried to the governor, who, with a troubled air, questioned him whether he had read the writing, and although he protested vehemently he had not, "yet two days subsequently he was found dead in his bed." In other versions of this story a fisherman is made to find a silver plate, which the Iron Mask had thrown out of his window on the beach, and on which he had scratched his name and history. This the fisherman carried to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was written on the plate, to which question he replied by declaring he could not read at all; but he was nevertheless imprisoned until the governor had completely satisfied himself that his tale was true, and that no one else had seen the plate. It now appears that this imposing anecdote is a pure fiction, or at least has no reference whatever to the masked prisoner, being founded on the conduct of two other prisoners who were incarcerated in Sainte-Marguerite at the same time. These were Protestant ministers, and Saint-Mars thus speaks of them in a letter dated from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite the 4th of June 1692 :—"The first of the ministers who have been sent here sings psalms night and day with a loud voice, expressly to make it be known who he is. I desired him in vain several times to discontinue this practice, on pain of severe punishment, which I have at last been obliged to inflict upon him, as well as on his comrade, who is called Selves, and who writes things upon his pewter vessels, and upon his linen, in order to make it known that he is imprisoned unjustly, on account of the purity of his faith."

Thus gradually is the tale of the Iron Mask stripped of those romantic incidents with which it was long invested, and which were necessary, in some measure, to give it that interest in the public mind sought to be excited and sustained by all who treated it, or assigned to it a hero.

The Père Papon relates, moreover, upon the authority of the venerable informant he found at Sainte-Marguerite, that the servant who attended the prisoner, and partook his captivity (whom we recollect had been sent by D'Estrades to Pignerol shortly after Matthioli's seizure), died there, and was carried to his grave in the dead of night by the officer's father, who bore the body in a sack on his shoulders. An endeavour was made to supply his place by a woman of the neighbourhood; but none could be found willing to undertake the charge on condition of being imprisoned for life, and debarred from all future intercourse with the world. Papon fails to state how, in default of a female attendant, the prisoner was subsequently waited upon, nor is there any other clue by which the point can be now ascertained; and he also fails, strange to say, to dogmatise on the subject of

who the prisoner was, but very candidly avows that, "unless some hidden records of the time of the regency of Anne of Austria and the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin should be discovered, or memoirs written by persons initiated in the secret, the name of this prisoner, unknown to his contemporaries, will remain equally so to posterity." To the justness of his general conclusion none can demur; but he has fallen into the error common at the time he wrote, and first propagated by Voltaire, that the imprisonment dated from a much earlier period than it actually did.

Saint-Mars remained governor of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat nearly eleven years, during all which time there is no correspondence published between him and the minister relative to his important prisoner, except the letter already quoted. In 1698 he was appointed to be governor of the Bastile, and he proceeded to assume the command of that fortress, accompanied by one prisoner, in the autumn of the same year. He passed by his estate of Palteau, where the appearance of the masked prisoner has been already portrayed. On the 18th of September he arrived at the Bastile, "bringing with him," as Dujonca says, "an old prisoner whom he had had at Pignerol, and who is always kept masked." This prisoner remained so masked to the end of his life, wearing, according to the authority of Linquet—who derived the information from persons in the Bastile, "who had it from their fathers, old servants in the fortress, who had themselves seen the Man with the Iron Mask"—a mask of velvet, and not of iron—going occasionally to attend mass, on which occasions he was expressly forbidden to speak or show his face, the guards who accompanied him being ordered to fire on him in case he disobeyed the injunction, and being served by the governor himself, who also removed his linen. This seems all that is authentically known of his residence in the Bastile, where he lingered five more tedious years, and died on the 19th of November 1703, being buried the day after in the churchyard of St Paul's. After his death, all possible pains were taken to eradicate every vestige of his existence, and to cover his memory with an impenetrable mystery.

In the whole history of this imprisonment, there is a complete chain of evidence identifying Matthioli as its object. There is no improbability or inconsistency to gloss over or explain away, no rash surmises or strained inferences to postulate, no startling paradox to uphold, no intricacy to unravel, no unsupported assumptions to hazard. All is plain and clear, resting on verified facts. First, we have the seizure of Matthioli, accredited not only by Catinat's letters already quoted, but by other authorities of an incontestable character, and his imprisonment at Pignerol under the charge of Saint-Mars. Here he is put into a room with a Jacobin monk, *in the lower part of the tower*; and, upon Saint-Mars' removal to Exiles, these two prisoners are

alone transported to his new place of command, Matthioli being even mentioned by name in the letters both of Louvois and Saint-Mars. At Exiles the Jacobin dies, and thenceforth Saint-Mars speaks only of "my prisoner," in the singular number. This one prisoner he carries with him, in 1687, to the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat; and again, in 1698, to the Bastille, where he was entered as an old prisoner whom Saint-Mars had had at Pignerol. The conclusion, then, from the testimony already adduced, is irresistible, that the Man with the Iron Mask was none other than Count Matthioli, minister of the Duke of Mantua, and that the mystery which has excited so much curious speculation is at an end.

In addition to the direct evidence leading to this conviction, there are sundry accessory circumstances which tend still more to strengthen it. In the first place, Voltaire, who unquestionably had access to better sources of information than any writer of his time, declares positively that the prisoner stated to the apothecary of the Bastille, a short while before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. Now this tallies pretty exactly with the real age of Matthioli, who was born on the 1st of December 1640, and would therefore be sixty-three at the time of his death. If it be considered that long solitary confinement has the effect of confusing the mind, and dulling it to the lapse of time, the conjecture of Matthioli seems as accurate as might well be expected. In the next place, Voltaire remarks upon the singularity of an Italian name being given to the prisoner, which evidently caused him considerable perplexity. "Why," he exclaims, "was he always called Marchiali?" This of course was inexplicable to one who was steadfast in the belief that a French prince was the individual in question.

The Duke of Orleans, who became regent of France after the death of Louis XIV., was naturally acquainted with the secret of the Iron Mask; but though often besought by his dissolute companions to divulge it, he always steadfastly refused to hearken to their importunities. He even resisted the solicitations of Louis XV., who evinced the utmost eagerness to be initiated in the mystery, until that monarch arrived at his majority, when it was confided to him. Afterwards, Louis XV. himself became the object of repeated questionings on the part of his courtiers, but he always evaded the subject, and generally replied, "Let them fight away; nobody has as yet told the truth about the Iron Mask." But the Duke de Choiseul, his favourite minister, afterwards besought him with great earnestness to relieve his mind by acquainting him who the celebrated prisoner really was, upon which the king refused to say more than that all conjectures that had been hitherto broached were erroneous. The impatience of the Duke de Choiseul to solve the enigma was by no means satisfied with this reply, and he urged Madame de Pompadour to extort from Louis XV. a more distinct revelation upon

the subject. But, with all her wiles, she failed to wring from the cautious and reluctant monarch a more significant intimation than that he believed the prisoner was *the minister of an Italian prince*.^{*} This is unquestionably a strong corroborative fact of the truth of the hypothesis herein sought to be established, that Count Matthioli was the Man with the Iron Mask.

The first idea of the truth seems to have dawned upon a certain Baron d'Heiss, captain in the regiment of Alsace, who addressed a letter, dated Phalsbourg, 28th June, 1770, to the *Journal Encyclopedique*, accompanied by a document translated from the Italian, and inserted in a work called "An Abridgment of the History of Europe" (*Histoire Abrégée de l'Europe*), edited by Jacques Bernard, at Leyden, in 1685 to 1687. Upon the strength of this document, which gives an account, not altogether correct, of the negotiation between Louis XIV. and the Duke of Mantua, and the subsequent seizure by the former of the latter's minister, the Baron d'Heiss, with singular acumen, remarks—"It appears that the secretary of the Duke of Mantua, who is here mentioned, might very well be the Man in the Iron Mask, transferred from Pignerol to the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and thence to the Bastille in 1690, when Saint-Mars was made governor of it. I am the more inclined to believe this, because M. de Voltaire, and all who have made researches on this subject, have concurred in remarking there did not at that time disappear any prince or person of consequence in any part of Europe."

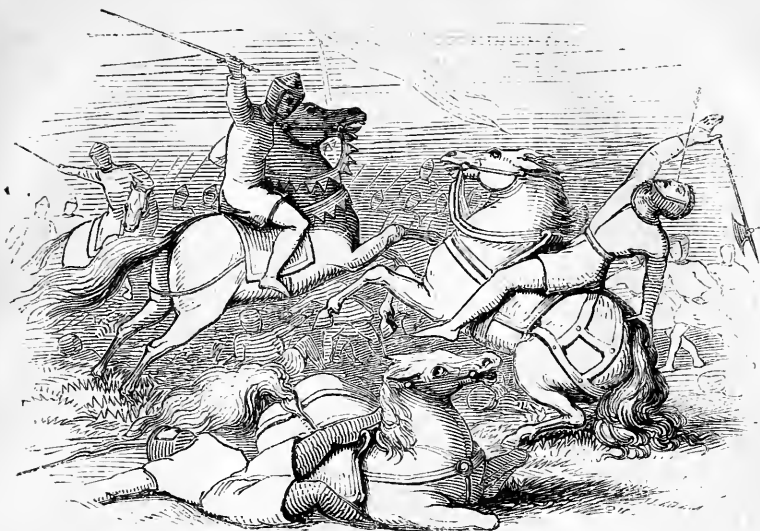
The supposition was afterwards supported by Dutens in his "Intercepted Correspondence" (1789), who, having resided at Turin in the suite of Lord Mountstuart, the British ambassador, had made it his study to acquire all the information to be gleaned upon the mysterious affair. He sums up his opinion in these emphatic words:—"There is no point of history better established than the fact, that the prisoner with the Iron Mask was a minister of the Duke of Mantua, carried off at Turin."

Nevertheless, the Baron d'Heiss and Louis Dutens jumped to their conclusions in the dark, however happily they alighted on the truth. They were ignorant of the documents which have been since discovered and published by M. Roux-Fazillac in his "Historical and Critical Inquiry Touching the Man in the Iron Mask," in the year 1800, and by M. Delort in his "History of the Man with the Iron Mask," in 1825, which have thrown such a flood of light upon the subject, and have been so largely quoted in the course of this analysis. It is needless to add that these two latter authors, in their respective essays, maintain the

^{*} Louis Dutens, in his "Correspondance Interceptée," 1789, and Mr Crawford, in an article in his "Melanges d'Histoire et de Litterature," both vouch for the truth of this anecdote. The latter cites the affirmative testimony of two respectable French ecclesiastics who had lived on terms of intimacy with the Duke de Choiseul.

validity of the theory which fixes Matthioli as the hero of the melancholy tale. Their views have been presented in an English dress by the late Lord Dover in a short and able tract, and it is supposed that the weight of authority is so utterly preponderating, that the question may be pronounced finally determined, and thus one of the mysteries of history laid bare to public gaze.

The story of the Man with the Iron Mask has now been told, not according to the fancies of writers of fiction, but as verified by documents of whose trustworthiness there can be no reasonable doubt. In telling such a tale, we cannot but feel thankful that atrocities such as are disclosed can no longer take place in France or any other civilised nation. That they should ever have existed, is one of the marvels of history. We may conclude our narrative with the following observations of a writer on the subject, in the thirty-fourth volume of the *Quarterly Review*:—"It has been thought incredible, and may still seem strange, that a person of no greater importance than the Duke of Mantua's agent should have been the object of those anxious precautions which distinguished the captivity of this unfortunate. Allowance must, however, be made for the false lights which have been thrown upon his fate by exaggeration and by pure fiction. That Louis XIV., and such a minister as Louvois, should doom Matthioli to perpetual imprisonment, and decree that no man should from thenceforth hear his story, or even look upon his face, was, under the circumstances, not surprising. His crime was peculiar: he had not only broken faith with the government of the great monarch, but exposed his baffled intrigue to the petty courts of Italy. Pride and resentment called aloud for his destruction, and policy concurred in the demand, if Louis still cherished his views of Transalpine encroachment. The sentence pronounced under these impulses was not likely to be revoked or essentially mitigated. He who could have told Europe how Louis had avenged his wounded dignity by an act of lawless and unworthy outrage, was never more to be trusted in free converse with mankind. He was to be as one dead, although the king's hand was kept free from his blood. To invent means of effecting this design was the business of inferior agents, whose whole ambition centered in the perfect fulfilment of commands. The expedients used by them (if we confine our attention to those authentically recorded) were not perhaps more complicated or elaborate than the service required; and even if they were so, the history of state prisons, of the Bastille especially, will supply many other instances of fantastic and curious precaution, harassing alike to captive and to keeper, adopted from the mere excess and refinement of jealousy; as if in the practice of oppression, as of better arts, men learned to seek an excellence beyond the immediate need, and approach an ideal standard of perfect cruelty."



THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE most distinctly-marked epoch in the history of our island is the conquest of England by the Normans in the end of the eleventh century. This period of British history has recently received much attention from historians; and perhaps the following brief narrative, in which we adopt the spirit, and avail ourselves of the investigations, of these historians, may be of popular service.

At the dawn of history our island was inhabited by different Celtic or Gaelic races. About the commencement of the Christian era the Romans invaded it, and having conquered the greater part of it, kept possession of it for four hundred years, governing and civilising the inhabitants. In the year 410, however, the Roman armies were called out of Britain, their services being required to assist in repelling the invasion of the German or barbarian races, which were pouring in upon the central parts of the Roman empire. Thus abandoned by the Romans, the island was for some time in a state of confusion, owing to the inroads which the Scots and Picts of the north, who had not been softened by intercourse with the Romans, were constantly making upon the Cambrians and Logrians of the south, who, though belonging to the same original stock with themselves, had, in consequence of Roman influence, lost much of their native wildness of character. Not able to defend themselves against the Scots and Picts, the Cambrians and Logrians invited the assistance of Hengst and Horsa, two German corsairs, who, roving the seas in quest of booty, chanced to land on the coast of Kent. Hengst and Horsa quickly brought into England an

army of their own countrymen from that part of the continent which we now call Denmark ; and these being followed by others of the same race from the Netherlands and Gaul, the island, in the course of sixty or seventy years, was overrun by a new population of Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, and the original Celtic inhabitants were pushed before them, and cooped up in a few corners, into which it was difficult to pursue them. The new inhabitants of England were gradually converted to Christianity by missionaries from Rome. For nearly three hundred years they remained broken up into six or seven separate little kingdoms or provinces ; but at length, about the end of the ninth century, they were incorporated into one monarchy, called the kingdom of the Anglo-Saxons. This kingdom included all that we now call England, except a considerable portion in the north called Northumbria, which had been seized by the Danish and Norwegian pirates or sea-kings, who were then the terror of the north of Europe. The inhabitants of this part of England were called Anglo-Danes, to distinguish them from the Anglo-Saxons. About the year 934, however, Ethelstan, king of the Anglo-Saxons, the grandson of Alfred the Great, gained a great victory over the Anglo-Danish king, and incorporated the whole country, from the Tweed to Land's End, into one kingdom, called *England*, divided no longer into separate states, but into a number of shires or counties, as at present. Still, the animosity between the two populations—the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Danish—continued, and many attempts were made by the Anglo-Danes to obtain the sovereignty of the island. They at last effected it under Sweyn or Sweno, a Danish sea-king, who came across the German Ocean with a large fleet, and, after many battles, succeeded, in 1013, in driving the Anglo-Saxon king, Ethelred, out of the country, and assuming the crown himself. The expelled king, Ethelred, with his two sons, took refuge in the dominions of Richard Duke of Normandy, in France, whose sister he had married—a step which, as will afterwards appear, was followed by very unforeseen consequences.

The Danish king, Sweyn, dying in 1014, and his son Knut, or Canute, not being able immediately to seize the vacant throne, Ethelred again obtained temporary possession of a part of England. In 1016, however, he too died, and his Anglo-Saxon subjects chose as his successor his natural son, Edmund Ironside, passing over his two legitimate children, Alfred and Edward, who were then at their uncle's court in Normandy. For a while the struggle lasted between the two rivals for the throne—Edmund the Anglo-Saxon, and Canute the Dane—and many battles were fought with various success. In one of these battles, the Danes having been defeated, and forced to fly, one of their principal captains, named Ulf, lost his way in the woods. After wandering all night, he met at daybreak a young peasant driving a herd of oxen, whom he saluted, and asked his name. "I am

Godwin, the son of Ulfnoth," said the young peasant, "and thou art a Dane." Thus obliged to confess who he was, Ulf begged the young Saxon to show him his way to the Severn, where the Danish ships were at anchor. "It is foolish in a Dane," replied the peasant, "to expect such a service from a Saxon; and, besides, the way is long, and the country people are all in arms." The Danish chief drew off a gold ring from his finger, and gave it to the shepherd as an inducement to be his guide. The young Saxon looked at it for an instant with great earnestness, and then returned it, saying, "I will take nothing from thee, but I will try to conduct thee." Leading him to his father's cottage, he concealed him there during the day, and when night came on, they prepared to depart together. As they were going, the old peasant said to Ulf, "This is my only son Godwin, who risks his life for thee. He cannot return among his countrymen again; take him, therefore, and present him to thy king, Canute, that he may enter into his service." The Dane promised, and kept his word. The young Saxon peasant was well received in the Danish camp, and rising from step to step by the force of his talents, he afterwards became known over all England as the great Earl Godwin.

After the death of Edmund Ironside, Canute became sole king of England, over which he ruled with firmness and ability till 1035—the stability of his government having been secured by the prudent precaution of marrying the Norman princess Emma or Alfghive, the widow of the deceased Ethelred, and the mother of the two Saxon princes whose claims to the throne he feared. These two princes, still residing in Normandy, were apparently shut out from all hope of ever succeeding to the throne of their ancestors; for their mother having born a son to her new husband Canute, this son, whose name was Hardicanute, was left heir on his father's death. Hardicanute, however, found a rival in Harold, another of Canute's sons, and for some time the two brothers contended for the crown. Alfred, one of the two sons of the Saxon Ethelred, thinking to take advantage of the confusion arising from this contest, landed in England with a number of Norman followers, and gained some successes; but was afterwards abandoned by his party, and treacherously murdered, at the instigation, some said, of Earl Godwin, the peasant's son, now governor of a province. Of the two rival brothers, Harold was at first successful; but when he died, Hardicanute ascended the throne without opposition. His death took place in 1041; and now Earl Godwin, who was the most powerful and popular personage in the kingdom, resolved to free his country from the government of the Danes, and restore tranquillity and order by recalling Edward from Normandy, the remaining son of Ethelred. Godwin might apparently, with little difficulty, have become king himself; but his motives were those of a great mind, anxious not for personal aggrandisement, but for the

welfare of the nation. Accordingly, at a great council of the chief men of the kingdom, held at Gillingham, it was resolved, by his advice, to invite Edward to come over and assume his father's crown; on condition, however, of his bringing with him as few Normans as possible.

In 1042, Edward returned to his native land, and was consecrated king in the cathedral of Winchester. One of his first acts was to marry Edith or Ethelswith, the daughter of the peasant's son to whom he owed his kingdom. The beauty and the sweetness of this princess, as well as her love of learning, are celebrated in the chronicles of the time. "I have seen her many times in my childhood," says the monk Ingulphus, "when I went to visit my father, who was employed in the king's palace. If she met me returning from school, she would question me in my grammar, or my verses, or my logic, in which she was very skilful; and when she had drawn me into the labyrinth of some subtle argument, she never failed to give me three or four crowns through the hands of her woman, and send me to take refreshment in the pantry." "Godwin," the people said in their songs, contrasting the austerity of the father with the sweetness of the daughter, "is the parent of Editha, as the thorn is of the rose."

For a time all was peace and prosperity. Supported by the wise counsels of his father-in-law Godwin, and the immense power which he and his five sons, Harold, Sweyn, Tostig, Gurth, and Leofwin, wielded over the affections of the people, Edward rectified what was wrong in the state, established good laws, and earned for himself a reputation which outlasted his life, and appeared long afterwards in the deep feeling with which people talked of the happy state of England during the reign of the pious Edward the Confessor. Edward, however, could not root out the affections which thirty years' residence in Normandy had implanted in his heart; and forgetting the promise attached to his acceptance of the crown, he began to admit Norman strangers into the kingdom. The high offices of state were conferred on foreigners who had no interest of birth in the country. Fortresses were placed in the hands of Norman captains; Norman priests were promoted to vacant bishoprics; and the king's palace was filled with Norman favourites. The Anglo-Saxon language became unfashionable at Edward's court, so that even old Saxon nobles tried to learn Norman; Saxon mantles were laid aside for Norman short coats; and the very form of handwriting which the Normans practised was studiously imitated. In vain did the people murmur; in vain did Godwin and his sons try to resist the tide of Norman influence; the evil increased to such an extent, that Normans, on arriving in England, felt as if they were still in their own country. Before detailing the consequences which resulted from this conduct of Edward, it is necessary to give our readers a brief account of the origin and history of this singular people the Normans.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE NORMANS IN FRANCE.

The Normans, though we are accustomed to regard them as Frenchmen, were, as their name *Nor-mans* or *Northmen* indicates, originally of the same Scandinavian stock as the Angles, Danes, and Saxons. In the end of the ninth century, there ruled over Norway a king called Harold Harfagher, or Harold with the Beautiful Hair, who set himself resolutely to destroy the system of piracy which the Scandinavian chiefs had practised for several centuries in all parts of the North Sea. Within his own dominions he attempted to enforce regulations for preventing the oppressive exactions of the nobles, especially for abolishing the custom of *strandhug*, as it was called, by which a chief, when he was in want of provisions for his ships, used to land on the nearest coast, and seize what he wanted without payment. One of the most eminent of Harold's subjects was Rognvald, who had a son called Rolf or Rollo, renowned for his valour, and so tall, that, not being able to find a horse of the small Norway breed large enough for him to ride, he used always to go on foot. Returning from an excursion, Rollo ventured one day to land on the coast of a remote province, and exercise his right of *strandhug*. Complaint was made to the king; and a council having been assembled, Rollo was banished from Norway. The young Norwegian, collecting some vessels, commenced the congenial life of a pirate or sea-king. Sailing round by the Hebrides, where he was joined by many of his countrymen whose circumstances were similar to his own, he descended upon the coasts of France. Ascending the Seine, the bold adventurers took possession of the towns of Rouen, Evreux, and Bayeux, and in a short time were masters of the whole surrounding district—the inhabitants of which, however, they treated with more consideration than is usual in conquest. Rollo was chosen king, a title afterwards superseded by the French one of duke; and for many years the little Scandinavian kingdom of Normandy continued independent of the rest of France. At length, in 912, Duke Rollo of Normandy and Charles the Simple of France had an interview, at which Rollo agreed to be the king's vassal for his territory of Normandy; in return for which Charles gave him the additional fief of Brittany, adjacent to Normandy, or rather gave him liberty to conquer it if he could, for Brittany did not acknowledge the French sovereignty. At this interview an incident occurred which will show the spirit of the two parties and of the times. When Rollo was about to retire, he was told that he ought to kneel and kiss the king's foot, in token of vassalage. "Kiss a man's foot!" replied the Norwegian with astonishment. Being told that it was a necessary and customary ceremony, Rollo at length beckoned to one of his soldiers, and bade him kiss the king's foot in his stead. The soldier, laying hold of the king's leg, raised the foot to his mouth,

and the king was thrown on his back, amid peals of laughter from the unmannerly Scandinavians.

Rollo and his Normans soon embraced Christianity; and their children, amalgamating with the native population of the province which they had conquered, lost their own language, and gradually acquired the *lingua Romana*, or French. In the course of a century this incorporation of the Normans with the natives was complete; the recollection of their Scandinavian origin was only preserved by the nobles; and the people of Norway and Denmark no longer recognised them as related to themselves by ties of kindred. In 1013, when Ethelred, the Anglo-Saxon king of England, took refuge, as before related, in the court of his brother-in-law Richard, the fourth in descent from Duke Rollo, French was the universal language of Normandy, and the Normans in all external respects were Frenchmen. Educated from their earliest years at this court, Alfred and Edward, the two sons of Ethelred, could not but contract a taste and liking for everything French; and when, in 1042, Edward was recalled to assume the crown of England, he was more a Norman than an Anglo-Saxon. Thirty years' residence in France must have made the language and the customs of his native country strange to him; and it was but natural that when his old Norman acquaintances came to pay their respects to him in England, he should give them a hearty welcome. The Normans, already noted for their restless and grasping disposition, availed themselves of Edward's weakness, as we have seen, and came over in great numbers.

THE NORMANS IN ENGLAND—THEIR EXPULSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Among the Frenchmen who came into England to visit Edward, was his brother-in-law Eustace, the hot-headed Count of Boulogne. In a frolic the count, riding armed with his men into the town of Dover, proceeded to insult the inhabitants, and to quarter themselves in the best houses they could find. One householder was bold enough to offer resistance; a Frenchman was killed in the fray; and his companions seeing this, drew their swords, galloped through the streets like madmen, striking at all they met, and trampling down women and children, till, being opposed by an armed body of citizens, nineteen of them were slain. The rest returned to Gloucester, where Edward was holding his court; and here Eustace, making his complaint to the king, demanded vengeance upon the inhabitants of Dover for the injury they had done him. Edward gave orders to his father-in-law, Earl Godwin, to go and chastise those insolent subjects who had dared to insult his guests. The earl, however, knew the facts of the case better, and told the king that he ought to protect his subjects against the foreigners, rather than punish them in so hasty and summary a manner for what inquiry might

prove to have been no crime at all. The king, enraged at this act of disobedience, and urged on by his Norman favourites, resolved to bring Godwin to trial, and the result was a contest between the sovereign and his subject, in which the latter was able, by his popularity, to bid the king defiance. At length Edward managed to assemble a parliament, and, by keeping troops in the neighbourhood to overawe it, to procure a sentence of banishment against Godwin and his sons. Obeying this decree, Godwin, his wife Ghitha, and his three sons, Sweyn, Gurth, and Tostig, embarked for Flanders, while the other two, Harold and Leofwin, took refuge in Ireland. The only member of this powerful family left in England was the Queen Edith; and, as if to complete their downfall, Edward was unmanly enough to allow her to be removed from the palace, and imprisoned in a cloister. "It was not right," his Norman associates said, "that the daughter should sleep on a down bed, while her father and brothers were in exile."

After the banishment of Godwin and his sons, the Normans poured in upon England in still greater numbers. A Norman, Robert of Jumieges, became archbishop of Canterbury, another Norman became bishop of London; and Norman noblemen were appointed to all the highest posts of the kingdom. Among the crowd of Norman visitors who came into England about the year 1051, was one whose name was afterwards to be better known—William, the young Duke of Normandy, called at that time William the Bastard. William was the illegitimate son of the last Duke Robert, called, from his violent temper, Robert le Diable, by Arlète, a young girl, the daughter of a tanner of Falaise, whom he chanced to see one day washing linen in a brook. He was born in 1024, and brought up with all the honours of the duke's son. In 1031, when he was seven years of age, his father, Duke Robert, resolved to set out on a pilgrimage of penance to the Holy Land; but before he went, he made the Norman nobility elect young William their duke, and swear fealty to him as such. The boy, as he grew up, manifested a spirit worthy of the descendant of Rollo; ambitious, fierce, and even cruel, he had yet qualities which endeared him to his subjects in Normandy, and made them ready to follow him in any enterprise which he chose to engage in. From his earliest youth he had been occupied in war, especially against the neighbouring provinces of Anjou and Brittany. During the king of England's long exile in Normandy, he had of course become acquainted with the young duke his cousin; and indeed, during a portion of it, he had been indebted to him for liberty to reside in the country, William's accession to the dukedom having taken place ten years before Edward left Normandy. There was, therefore, nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of William's now paying a visit to the dominions of his former guest. The visit, however, was attended by very important results. "In riding through the

land," says the historian Thierry, "the Duke of Normandy might have easily persuaded himself that he had not quitted his own dominions. The captains of the English fleet which received him at Dover were Normans; they were Norman soldiers who composed the garrison of the castle on the neighbouring cliffs; crowds of governors and dignified clergy who came to pay their respects to him were Normans; Edward's Norman favourites respectfully ranged themselves round their feudal chief, so that William appeared in England almost more a king than Edward himself." All these circumstances conspired to nourish in the young duke's mind an idea which he had already begun to entertain, that, on the death of Edward, he might be his successor. No hint, however, escaped him of what was passing in his mind; and after enjoying the hospitalities of Edward for some time, he returned to Normandy.

Meanwhile the banished Godwin and his sons were not idle. In constant correspondence with the Anglo-Saxon party in England, they soon learnt that the state of affairs there was favourable to their return. Accordingly, in 1052, raising some vessels at Bruges, they sailed for the coast of Kent, and after holding communication with the inhabitants, they ventured to land. Immediately finding themselves supported by the population, they marched towards London, and at length compelled Edward to consent to an assembly of the chiefs for revising the sentence of banishment which had been pronounced against them. This assembly reversed the sentence, and readmitted Godwin and his family into England, Edward and he giving each other hostages as a security for their future amicable conduct towards each other. Edward's wife, Edith, now resumed her honours as queen; and all the members of this powerful family were restored to their former dignities, except Sweyn, who, stung with remorse for some crimes which he had committed in his youth, one of which was the abduction of a nun, had resolved to atone for them by walking barefoot to Jerusalem. This painful pilgrimage he accomplished, but it cost him his life.

The Normans at the court of Edward had taken to horse, and fled at the first rumour of Godwin's reconciliation with the king; and in a short time there was not a Norman of consequence remaining in the island. Among the first to fly, as if for their lives, were Robert, archbishop of Canterbury, and William, bishop of London. They and their followers embarked in some fishing-boats, which carried them to France; and so hurried had been their flight, that the archbishop left behind him his *pallium*, the symbol of archiepiscopal authority with which the pope had invested him. A few Normans, special favourites of the king, were, contrary to Godwin's advice, permitted to return to England; but a sentence of banishment was pronounced against the rest, as enemies to the public peace and to the English nation. Stigand, the Saxon bishop of East Anglia, was appointed arch-

bishop of Canterbury, and the other places vacated by the Normans were in like manner given to Anglo-Saxons.

Thus was England for a time cleared of the Normans. The expelled Normans, however, especially the expelled Norman clergy, were dangerous enemies. Robert, the ex-archbishop of Canterbury, immediately bent his steps towards Rome, then the centre of the intrigues of all the nations of Christendom. Here he laid his complaint before the pope and the cardinals, demanding a sentence against the Anglo-Saxon Stigand, who had been intruded into his archbishopric. The papal court was at that time very willing to receive a complaint against the English, who, since the death of Hardicanute, had neglected to pay the tax of Peter's pence, imposed by Canute in token of his reverence for the Romish church. Rome, therefore, at this time received no money from England except what was offered in private donations. The Norman priest's complaint was, accordingly, listened to with attention; and the college of cardinals having decided that Stigand was guilty of a crime in retaining the *pallium*, which Robert had left in his flight, letters were granted to Robert by Pope Stephen IX. declaring him to be the true and lawful archbishop of Canterbury. Stephen's successor, the Antipope Benedict X., during his short papacy, seemed disposed to favour the Anglo-Saxons; but Norman influence again prevailed under the papacy of Nicolas II., which commenced in 1058. The man who appears to have been most efficient in stirring up the wrath of the papal court against the English was Lanfranc, a monk of Lombard origin, celebrated for his learning and abilities, who was then at Rome on a mission from Normandy, connected with the marriage of the Norman duke with his cousin Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders. Lanfranc seems to have suggested to the pope, and the heads of the Romish clergy, the idea of regaining their ancient footing in England by means of the Normans, whose duke might one day, he said, sit upon the Anglo-Saxon throne. There was one man then connected with the papacy on whose mind this idea of Lanfranc's was likely to fall like seed upon prepared ground. This was Hildebrand, the monk of Cluni, afterwards Pope Gregory VII., and even now the true ruling mind in the Romish church. The great idea of Hildebrand's soul was the aggrandisement of the spiritual power in all the nations of Europe; and in the proposal of an alliance between the pope and the Norman duke against England, he saw the means of once more subjugating that refractory island under the ecclesiastical power of Rome. Accordingly, he used all his influence to weaken the English interest at the papal court, and to dispose the pope and his cardinals to sanction the claim which it was understood the Norman duke made, of being the rightful successor to the English king Edward.

In the meantime events in England were hastening towards the catastrophe. In 1053, shortly after the expulsion of the

Normans, the great Earl Godwin died. The manner of his death was somewhat remarkable, if we may believe the tradition handed down by several of the old historians, but contradicted by others. We have already mentioned that Godwin was accused by his enemies, the Normans, of being implicated in the death of Alfred, the brother of Edward, who made an expedition into England for the purpose of claiming the throne while it was disputed by the two sons of Canute. The story accordingly is, that one day, when Godwin was dining with the king, one of the attendants, while in the act of filling a cup with wine, slipped with one leg, but saved himself from falling by the other. "Ah," said Godwin to the king, laughing, "there the one brother came to the help of the other." "Doubtless," replied Edward, glancing significantly at the Saxon earl, "one brother needs the help of another; and would to God that my brother were still alive!" "King," said Godwin, perceiving the meaning of Edward's allusion, "why is it that the slightest mention of your brother makes you look with an evil eye upon me? If I had any concern in his death, may the God of heaven cause me to choke on this piece of bread!" He put the bread into his mouth, instantly grew black in the face, and fell from his seat a corpse. So at least say the Norman chroniclers; the Saxons give a less romantic account of the death of their beloved chief, and one more likely to be true.

After Godwin's death, his sons, especially Harold the eldest, and Tostig the third, inherited his power. Harold was appointed governor of the country south of the Thames, while to Tostig was assigned the government of Northumbria. Tostig, however, being of a proud and tyrannical disposition, soon came to a rupture with his Northumbrian subjects, who were for the most part of Danish descent; and as their differences could not be satisfactorily adjusted, he quitted the country, and went over to Flanders, enraged both against the king and his brother Harold, who, he conceived, had not taken his part with sufficient earnestness. Harold, meanwhile, grew in popularity. Equally trusted by the king, and beloved by the nation, he perpetuated the glory of the great earl his father, and was universally acknowledged as the first man in the kingdom. In the spirit of his father, he resolutely resisted the readmission of the Normans into England, as fraught with danger to the independence of the country.

It will be remembered that, on the occasion of the reconciliation of the Earl Godwin and the king, they delivered hostages to each other, as guarantees of their renewed friendship. The hostages given by Godwin to Edward were his youngest son, Ulfnoth, and a son of his second son Sweyn. These had been sent, in 1053, to the court of William of Normandy, where they still remained in a sort of captivity. Harold, becoming anxious for the return of his brother and his nephew to their native

land, begged leave from Edward, in the autumn of 1065, to pay a visit to Normandy, that he might bring them back. Edward was perfectly willing to release the hostages, but he was alarmed at the thought of Harold putting himself in the power of the Norman duke. "I know Duke William," he said, "and his crafty spirit. He will grant thee nothing, unless he can secure some advantage thereby to himself. Stay thou at home, and let another person go instead."

Harold, however, boldly embarked for Normandy. Unfortunately the vessels were wrecked on that part of the coast which belonged to the Count of Ponthieu, and Harold and his companions were made prisoners by the count. In this dilemma the Norman duke interfered in a handsome manner, and ransomed his intended visitor, thus laying him beforehand under an obligation of gratitude. Harold and his suite thus released, were received by William with the most studied attention and kindness; the hostages were liberated at once at Harold's request; and at William's earnest solicitation the Saxons prolonged their visit, not only engaging in friendly jousts and pleasure-parties with the Normans, but even rendering them assistance in a military excursion against the inhabitants of Brittany, between whom and the Normans there had been a feud ever since the time that Charles the Simple made over Brittany as a fief to Duke Rollo. Harold and William became bosom companions; they shared the same tent, they ate at the same table, and when they rode out, in the words of an old chronicler, "tales together they told, ilk on a good palfrey." "One day," says Thierry, "William turned the conversation on his early intimacy with King Edward. 'When Edward and I,' said the duke, 'lived like twin brothers in the same tent, he made me a promise that, if ever he became king of England, he would nominate me his successor to the crown. Harold,' he continued, 'I should like well that you would give me your assistance to make this promise good; and be sure that, if by your help I obtain the kingdom, I will grant you all you choose to ask.' Harold was completely taken by surprise at this sudden disclosure; but he could not avoid using some vague expressions of assent. William then proceeded—'Since my friend consents to assist me, I shall take the liberty of telling him what I would like him to do. The castle of Dover must be fortified, a well of water must be sunk in it, and it must be given up to my soldiers; moreover, to strengthen the ties between us, you must give me your sister that I may marry her to one of my chiefs, and you yourself must marry my daughter Adela. I expect also that when you go away, you will leave behind you one of the hostages you came to reclaim; I shall bring him to England with me when I come to claim the crown.' At these words Harold perceived all the danger into which he had brought not only himself, but also his young relations. To relieve himself from his embarrassment, he

gave a verbal consent to all that the duke required, intending afterwards to escape from his promise."

Nothing more was said on the fatal subject for some time; and Harold was flattering himself that no serious consequences would arise from his unfortunate agreement with William, when the duke summoned a great council of his barons to meet at Avranches, or, according to another account, at Bayeux. "The day preceding that fixed for the assembly, William had caused all the bones and relics of saints that were preserved in the convents and religious houses of the country round about to be secretly collected, and put into a large chest or hamper, which was placed in the middle of the hall where the council was to sit, and carefully covered with a cloth of gold. When the duke had taken his seat in the chair of state, holding in his hand a drawn sword, ornamented with a chaplet of flowers of gold, and having around him his Norman barons, with the Saxon chief among them, he commanded a missal to be brought and placed upon the chest which contained the relics. Then addressing Harold, he said in a loud voice, 'Harold, I here require thee, in presence of this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises thou hast already made to me in private; namely, that thou wilt assist me to obtain the crown of England after Edward's death, that thou wilt marry my daughter Adela, and that thou wilt send thy sister into Normandy that I may give her in marriage to one of my barons.' The English chief, again taken by surprise, did not dare to deny his promise; and approaching the missal with a troubled air, laid his hand upon its leaves, and swore to be true to his engagements with the duke, if he lived, and if God granted him assistance. 'God be thy assistance!' said the whole assembly at once; and while Harold still stood, at a signal from the duke the missal and the cloth of gold were removed, and the dry bones and skeletons which filled the chest to the brim were exposed to view, and the son of Godwin became aware that he had been betrayed into taking an oath of tremendous sanctity. When his eyes lighted on the heap of relics, say the Norman historians, he shuddered, and started back with a changed countenance." After thus obtaining his object, William did not seek longer to detain his guest, who departed for England, taking his nephew with him, but leaving his brother behind, as a hostage in William's keeping for the faithful fulfilment of his promise. William accompanied him to the sea-shore, and took an affectionate leave of him.

"Ah," said King Edward when Harold returned, and told him all that had occurred, "I forewarned you of what William would do; I know him too well. Heaven grant that I may not live to see the misfortunes which are about to fall on this country!" It would seem, from Edward's demeanour, that he was conscious of having made some such promise as that alluded to by William during his exile in Normandy.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

DEATH OF EDWARD—INVASION OF ENGLAND—BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Edward did not long survive the return of Harold from Normandy. Naturally of a weak and melancholy temperament, his last days were spent in gloomy forebodings and superstitious observances. His subjects likewise shared his anxiety, and began to remember old prophecies, in which terrible misfortunes were predicted to the Saxon nation. The feeling of sanctity attached to the oath which Harold had sworn—an oath which, according to the ideas of the time, was not the less binding that it had been imposed by deceit—had much to do with this national melancholy. Unless that oath were broken, the Norman duke would almost certainly be king of England. But if that oath were broken, would not Heaven punish the impiety? Such was the universal feeling of the English people, when the death of the king, on the 5th of January 1066, obliged them to come to a practical decision. On his deathbed the king was haunted with frightful visions; and, to the horror of his attendants, he would, in his paroxysms, repeat such passages of Scripture as the following:—"The Lord hath bent his bow; he hath prepared his sword; he waveth and brandisheth it like a warrior; he will show his wrath by fire and sword." In vain did Stigand, the archbishop of Canterbury, assure them that these were but the raving fancies of a dying man; they received them as the divine announcements of coming disaster.

Before his death, Edward did one courageous act—he nominated Harold as his successor. Accordingly, on the day after Edward's funeral, Harold was elected king of England, and anointed by Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury. There was only one person alive who could have disputed the throne with Harold, Edgar, the grandson of Edmund Ironside, and grand-nephew of Edward; but Edgar, though English by descent, was a foreigner by birth, and possessed no qualifications which could entitle him to be the rival of Harold. Harold therefore ascended the throne without opposition, and signalled the commencement of his reign by various vigorous and decisive measures, calculated to secure the independence of his country against Norman intrigue. The beginning of his reign, however, was marked by the portentous appearance of a comet, which was visible for a month, and was gazed at by crowds as the harbinger of war and misfortune.

Meanwhile the news of Edward's death had reached the Norman duke. "At the moment when he received the intelligence," says Thierry, "he was in his park, near Rouen, with a new bow and arrows in his hand, trying them. On receiving the news he became thoughtful, gave the bow and arrows mechanically into the hands of one of his men, and passing the Seine, repaired to

his palace at Rouen. Entering the long hall, he paced backwards and forwards, sometimes sitting down, and immediately rising again, shifting his seat and posture, and unable to remain in one place. No one dared to approach him; all his men looked on and wondered. At length one officer, who was more familiar with him than the rest, ventured to go up to him. 'My lord,' said he, 'there is a report that the king of England is dead, and that Harold has broken his oath to you, and seized the throne. Is this news true?' 'It is true,' replied William; 'and it is this that causes my chagrin.' 'Do not distress yourself about what cannot be amended,' said the other. 'For Edward's death there is no remedy; but for the wrong done you by Harold there is. You have right on your side, and brave knights to defend it. Make an attempt, then, upon England; a work well begun is half ended.'"

William had taken his resolution; but, crafty and cautious as he was audacious, he first sent a friendly message to Harold. "William, Duke of the Normans," so ran the message, "sends to remind thee of thy oath, sworn to him with thy hand and with thy mouth upon the holy relics of the saints." "I remember the oath well," was Harold's reply; "but I was under coercion when I took it. Besides, I promised what it is not in my power to perform. The country has made me king, and I cannot give up the kingdom against the country's will; neither can I, against the country's will, marry a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the duke proposed to give in marriage to one of his nobles, would he have me send a corpse? She is dead." This answer was reported to William; who, however, did not even yet lose his temper, but sent another message, couched in mild but reproachful terms, intreating Harold at least to fulfil part of his promise, by marrying his daughter Adela. To put an end to all further solicitation on this point, Harold married the sister of two great Saxon chiefs, Edwin and Morkar. Roused by this final insult, the Norman duke swore that, within a year, he would be revenged on the perjured Harold and those who supported him.

The beginning of the year 1066 was spent in preparations on both sides. The Norman duke received an accession to his cause in the person of Harold's own brother, Tostig, who, it will be remembered, had, about nine years before, left England, owing to fancied ill-treatment at the hands of the late king and of his brother, and gone over to Flanders. No sooner had Harold ascended the throne, than Tostig presented himself to Duke William in Normandy, and offered to assist him in deposing his brother. William listened to his proposals, and gave him some vessels with which to make an attempt on some part of the English coast. Tostig, instead of proceeding immediately to England, bent his course to Denmark, where he endeavoured to engage Sweno, the Danish king, in the enterprise. Failing in this, he next addressed himself to Harold of Norway, the last of

the renowned sea-kings of Scandinavia, and already famous for his exploits all over the north of Europe. "The world knows," said Tostig to him, "that there is no warrior living like thee. Thou hast but to wish it, and England will be thine." Harold was persuaded, and agreed to collect an armament, and invade England in the summer or the autumn. Thus were the English threatened with two simultaneous invasions—the invasion of William and his Normans from the south, and of the Norwegians under Harold and Tostig from the north.

Leaving Tostig and the Scandinavian Harold for a while, let us return to William and his Normans. Far and wide did he publish the perjury of Harold, enlisting the superstition of the times on his side. All Europe was intent on the impending struggle between the man who had broken his oath, sworn on the holy relics, and the man who had deceived his guest into taking the oath; and, strange as it may appear, the sympathy was on the side of the latter. At Rome, especially, the Norman interest prevailed. William accused Harold of sacrilege before the pontifical court, demanded that England should be laid under interdict so long as Harold reigned over it, and presented his own claims to the throne. The cause of the Norman found a willing advocate in Archdeacon Hildebrand, who saw in William a tool for the accomplishment in England of his own gigantic scheme of spiritual supremacy. Ardently and perseveringly he endeavoured to bring the cardinals and leading clergy over to his views, and to persuade them to sanction a Norman invasion of England. For some time his representations were ineffectual. "I almost earned," he says, "infamy from some of the brethren for my conduct; for they muttered that I was labouring in the cause of murder and bloodshed." Before his indomitable energy, however, all opposition gave way; and a judicial sentence was at length pronounced by the pope himself, in terms of which "William Duke of Normandy had permission granted him to enter England, to restore it to the sway of the Romish see, and to re-establish in it the tax of Peter's pence." At the same time a papal bull was sent to William, declaring the excommunication of Harold and all who should adhere to him; and, as a further evidence of the sacredness of William's cause in the eyes of the church, a consecrated banner was sent as a gift from the pope, along with a diamond ring, in which was enchased one of the hairs of the apostle Peter.

In the meantime, while waiting the blessing of the church, William had not been neglecting more substantial preparations. "The duke," says William of Malmesbury, "spent the whole year in providing the necessities of war; his own soldiers were armed and kept in discipline at great expense; foreign troops were invited into his service; his different squadrons and battalions were carefully formed and made up of the tallest and strongest men, whilst he took care that the chief captains and

officers, besides having a perfect knowledge of the military art, should be men of mature experience: to have seen them either at the head of their soldiers or alone, you would have thought them kings, not captains." It was not without some difficulty, however, that William persuaded his own subjects of Normandy to assist him in his project. "Doubtless," said the Norman citizens in the council which William summoned on purpose to ask their assistance in arms and money, "Duke William is our liege lord. We are not bound, however, to pay him money to assist him in wars beyond the sea. His wars have already burdened us too much; and if he fails in this expedition, our country will be ruined." The crafty duke knew how to overcome this opposition. "He sent," says Thierry, "for those men separately who had opposed his wishes in the council, beginning with the most rich and influential, and begged that they would assist him purely as a personal favour. No one had courage, thus singly interrogated face to face with the duke, to utter a refusal. Whatever amount of money, arms, or provisions they promised, was immediately registered; and in this manner the example of those who subscribed first determined the amount promised by those who came last. One subscribed for a ship, another for so many armed men, and some engaged their personal service. The clergy gave money; the merchants gave arms and stuffs; and the country people gave corn. Carpenters were soon employed in all the ports of Normandy building and refitting vessels; armourers and smiths in making lances, swords, and mail; and porters in carrying burdens backwards and forwards between the ships and the manufactories."

The arrival from Rome of the papal bull, the consecrated banner, and the diamond ring, in which the hair of St Peter was en chased, increased the enthusiasm. From east and west, from north and south, from Anjou, Brittany, Flanders, France, and Burgundy, nay, even from the banks of the Rhine, adventurers flocked in to join the expedition, led partly by the hopes of salvation in joining an enterprise which the church had blessed, and partly by the hopes of plunder. To all these adventurers William made ample promises. To one he promised the governorship of a town when England should be conquered, to another so much land, to another a rich English wife. To one covetous adventurer, who assisted him with a ship and twenty men-at-arms, he gave an English bishopric in prospect.

At the middle of August 1066 all was ready; hundreds of vessels and transport-boats were collected at the mouth of the river Dive; and the army was encamped on the beach, waiting for a fair wind to embark. For a whole month the winds blew contrary. This delay was trying to William, both on account of the expense which it caused, and of its discouraging effect on the minds of the soldiers. Never were his prudence and energy more conspicuous. "The expenses of the knights," says his contem-

porary biographer, William of Poitiers, "foreign as well as Norman, were cheerfully paid; but he would permit no one, however high his rank, to seize anything at his own hands. The flocks and herds fed in the fields as securely as if they had been shut up in some sacred place. The crops ripened for the sickle of the labourer without being cut down by foraging parties, or trodden under foot by the haughty carelessness of the knights; and the weak and unarmed husbandman travelled wherever he chose, singing on his horse, and gazing without fear on the troops of warlike men who crossed his path." At length a breeze from the south sprung up, and the fleet set sail. The ships had got no farther than the roadstead of St Valery, near Dieppe, when the wind again became adverse; and a storm arising, the fleet was tossed about, and several transports were wrecked. The troops were obliged to disembark, gloomy and dispirited. "Heaven," they said, looking at the bodies of their wrecked companions washed ashore by the tide, "is against us; we have not fought a battle, and yet many of us have been slain. It is mad for any man to seek to possess himself of a kingdom which does not belong to him." "It was then," says William of Poitiers, "that the duke subdued adversity by prudence. Concealing as far as possible the death of those who had perished in the waves, he gave orders for the secret burial of their corpses, and in the meantime he comforted his men by an increase of rations." Still he could not hide his anxiety. Many times in the day he repaired to the church of St Valery, the patron-saint of that part of the coast. Here he would continue for a long time in prayer; and whenever he came out of the church, he would turn round and look up to the weathercock, to see if the wind had shifted. Still the winds were northerly. In despair, William "caused the body of St Valery, the beloved of God, to be carried out of the church, followed in procession by all whose duty it was to assist in this act of Christian humility. At length the favourable wind so long wished for arose; every voice and every hand was raised in gratitude to Heaven, and all began to embark with the utmost haste. The duke, in his ardour and impatience, was not slow to reprimand those who showed the slightest inclination to loiter."

It was on the evening of the 27th of September that the fleet set sail. It consisted of four hundred large vessels, and more than a thousand transports, and contained in all about sixty thousand men. The duke's ship led the van, with sails of different colours, with the three Norman lions painted on them, and the pope's consecrated banner flying at the mast-head. As night came on, the ship's lanterns were hoisted as a signal to the rest of the fleet in what direction they were to steer. William's ship, however, being the best sailer, soon left the others far behind. All the night he paced the deck in anxiety. In the morning he sent a sailor to the topmast, to see if there were any signs of the

approach of the other ships. "I see nothing but sea and sky," cried the man from aloft. Anchor was immediately cast; and, to conceal his uneasiness, William ordered a repast, with plenty of spiced wines, to be served to his men on the deck. A second time the sailor climbed to the topmast. "I see four sails," he said. A third time he mounted; and now the answer was, "I see a forest of masts and sails." Anchor was then weighed, and the hostile fleet advanced to the shores of England.

Meanwhile Harold, the Scandinavian, had set sail from Norway with a fleet of two hundred vessels. Gloomy omens attended the departure of the fleet from the Norway shore. It was observed that, when Harold stepped on board his vessel, the weight of his gigantic body made it sink deeper in the water than it had ever sunk before. The Norse soldiers, too, had fearful dreams, betokening the unfortunate issue of the enterprise they were about to engage in. "Whilst the royal fleet was at anchor," says the old Norse historian Snorro, "one of the soldiers in the king's ship saw in a dream a gigantic female standing on a rock, holding a naked sword in her hand, and counting the ships. A crowd of ravens and vultures alighted upon the masts and yards of all the vessels. 'Go,' said the figure to them, 'you shall have plenty to eat, for I go with the ships!' Another soldier dreamt that 'he saw a fleet, which he knew to be that of his master Harold. It steered for England, and disembarked its freight of warriors on a shore where there was already drawn up a hostile army, clothed in shining steel, and with flags waving. Suddenly a shape was seen advancing in front of the English army—a tall and terrible woman, riding on a wolf, holding in his jaws a human body, dripping with blood; and when he had devoured it, the woman gave him another.'" The impression of these omens was effaced as soon as the fleet set sail under the command of Harold and his son Olaf. Sailing southward, along the Scottish coast, where they were joined by Tostig the Saxon, who had for some time been cruising in these seas, the Norwegians landed at length at Scarborough, in Yorkshire, two or three weeks before William's fleet had sailed from Normandy. After attacking and plundering the town of Scarborough, they sailed up the Humber and the Ouse, with the intention of laying siege to York, the capital of Northumbria, the district of which Tostig had been governor. Edwin, Morkar, and Waltheof, the present chiefs of the district, tried to arrest their progress; but unable to do so, they threw themselves into York, resolved to defend it to the last. Elated with his success, Tostig assumed his old title of chief of Northumberland, and issued proclamations requiring the inhabitants to submit to his government.

Intelligence of these proceedings of the Norwegians in Yorkshire was carried to the English king, Harold, who was then on the southern coast, watching the expected appearance of the Norman fleet. As the northerly winds still continued to detain

it in the French port, Harold at length resolved to march north and fight the Norwegians, hoping that he would be able to drive them away, and return in time to oppose the landing of his more formidable enemy the Normans. Accordingly, setting out with all haste, he reached York at the very moment when the inhabitants, despairing of relief, had agreed to surrender to the Norwegians. Depending on this agreement, the Norwegians had broken up their lines, and retired to their camp at some distance from York. What followed will be best told in the spirited narrative of Thierry. "The unexpected arrival of the Saxon king, who had marched by such a route as to avoid the enemy's outposts, at once changed all these dispositions. The citizens resumed their arms, and the gates were shut and strictly guarded, so that no intelligence of what was passing could reach the Norwegian camp. On the following morning the sun broke out with that intense heat which sometimes distinguishes an autumnal day, and that division of the Norwegian army which left the camp on the Humber to accompany their king to York, believing that they had no enemy to deal with, put off their mail-shirts on account of the great heat, and marched with no other defensive arms than their helmets and bucklers. On coming within a short distance of the town, they perceived all at once a great cloud of dust, through which, as it approached, they could discern the quick glancing of steel against the rays of the sun. 'Who are these men,' said the king to Tostig, 'who are meeting us?' 'They can be no other,' replied Tostig, 'than Englishmen coming to implore our friendship.' The mass, however, advanced, extending itself every moment, till it became a powerful army drawn up in order of battle. 'The enemy!—the enemy!' cried the Norwegians; and three horsemen were instantly despatched to carry the news to the rest of the army in the camp and the fleet, and to hasten their arrival." The Norwegian king then unfurled his standard called *Landodan*, or the Ravager of the World, and, according to the minute description of Snorro, "drew up his men in a long line of no great depth, whose horns or extremities were bent back almost to touch each other; so that the array was in the form of a huge circle of equal depth, in which shield touched shield both in the first and second rank, whilst the king and his soldiers were within the circle, where also was fixed the standard. Earl Tostig occupied another position, surrounded by his own men, and having his own standard. The king had ordered this arrangement of the troops, because he knew it was the common custom for horsemen to attack in squadrons, and suddenly retreat; for which reason he commanded not only that his army should be drawn up in this manner, but also that a reinforcement of archers should be added where they were most needed. Those in the first line received orders to fix their lances in the earth, in such a position that the points of them should be opposed to the breasts of the horsemen, while the second rank

had orders to level the points of their lances against the breasts of the horses." "All of them, however," says Thierry, "wanted the most important part of their armour. Harold, the son of Sigurd, as he rode along the ranks on his black horse, sung extempore verses, a fragment of which has been handed down by the historians of the north. 'Let us fight,' said he; 'let us march without cuirasses against the keen edge of the blue steel: our helmets glitter in the sun; helmets are armour enough for the brave.' Riding round the circle of his men, his horse stumbled, and threw him. 'A fall,' he said, rising, 'is a good omen.' Not so it appeared to his namesake the English Harold, who, observing him fall, asked of one near him who that tall man was who had just been thrown from the black horse? 'That is Harold, king of Norway,' said the other. 'He is a noble-looking man,' said the Saxon, 'but fortune is about to desert him.'

"Before the two armies met, twenty Saxon horsemen, clad both men and horse in steel, rode up to the Norwegian lines, and one of them cried out with a loud voice, 'Where is Tostig, the son of Godwin?' 'He is here,' answered Tostig himself. 'If thou art Tostig,' replied the horseman, 'thy brother tells thee, by my mouth, that he salutes thee, and offers thee peace, friendship, and restoration to all thy former honours.' 'These,' said Tostig, 'are fair terms, and very different from the affronts and injuries I have experienced at his hands. But if I accept the offers, what remains for the noble King Harold, the son of Sigurd, my faithful friend and ally?' 'He shall have,' cried the other, 'seven feet of English ground, or perhaps a trifle more, for he is taller than most men.' 'Go back, then,' said Tostig, 'and bid my brother prepare for battle; it shall never be said, by any but a liar, that the son of Godwin betrayed the son of Sigurd.'

"The battle began, and at the first onset the Norwegian king received an arrow in the throat, which killed him on the spot. Tostig immediately took the command of the troops, and his brother Harold a second time sent to offer him and his Norwegian allies life and pardon; but all exclaimed they would rather die than be under obligation to the Saxons. At this moment the men from the Norwegian fleet came up in full armour, but fatigued by their march under the burning sun. Although strong in numbers, they could not sustain the shock of the English, who had already broken the first line, and seized the royal standard. Tostig was slain, and along with him most of the Norwegian chiefs. For the third time Harold offered peace to the vanquished: it was now accepted. Olaf, son of the slain monarch, along with the bishop and chief of the Orkneys, returned home with twenty-three ships, after having sworn friendship with England."

Thus was the invasion of the Norwegians repelled. A more formidable enemy, however, was about to land on the English shore. The day of the battle between the two Harolds at York

was the 25th of September 1066. Two days after, as we are already aware, the Norman fleet had set sail from the port of St Valery; and a few hours brought it in sight of England. Unfortunately, a fleet of English vessels, which Harold had stationed along the coast, had just gone into harbour for a supply of provisions; and on the 28th of September William was able, without any opposition, to effect a landing at Pevensey, near Hastings, in the county of Sussex. The landing is described very minutely in an old French romance, written on the subject of the Conquest. First landed the archers, "each having his bow in his hand, with his quiver and arrows at his side, all of them clothed in short, close garments, and having their hair cropped and their beards shaven; all reached the shore in safety, and found no armed men to dispute their passage." Next came the knights in full armour, with their shields at their necks and conical helmets of polished iron. Mounted on their war-horses, they leaped upon the sand, and all raised their lances, taking possession of the plain. After them came the carpenters, the smiths, and the other workmen attached to the army, who brought along with them, and unloaded from the boats, piece by piece, three wooden forts or castles, which had been made in Normandy. The duke himself came last. Leaping in full armour from the boat, his foot slipped and sunk in the wet sand, and he fell his whole length on the beach, with his face downwards. A murmur arose among his men, and some of them cried out, "A bad omen." "No; by the splendour of God," cried William, leaping to his feet, "I have seized on the land with my two hands, and you shall see it will all be ours!" On this one of the soldiers ran up to a little hamlet near, and fetching back two handfuls of earth, he knelt before the duke, and said, "My lord, I here give you seisin of this land." "I accept it," said William; "and may God keep it mine!" A temporary camp was then erected, and fortified in case of attack, and the Normans sat down to dinner. Next morning part of the army advanced upon Hastings, where another camp was made and fortified; and the rest of the day was spent in exploring the country round about. Wherever the Normans advanced, the inhabitants, concealing their furniture and other valuables, fled to the churches and churchyards, where they imagined they would be most safe.

Harold was lying at York, wounded, when he received intelligence that the Normans had landed. "Better," he cried, when he heard the news, "have given my brother Tostig all he asked, than have been away from the coast when William reached it. Had I been there, they should have been driven into the sea. But God's will be done!" Marching southward, like a madman, he collected soldiers as he went, and left orders that those who could not be instantly assembled should follow him. In four days he would have been at the head of a hundred thousand men; but hoping to come upon the Normans by surprise, and

defeat them, as he had defeated the Norwegians at York, so rapid were his movements that, when he was within seven miles of the enemy's camp at Hastings, his army did not amount to more than a fourth part of William's. Finding now that the Normans were on their guard, he was obliged to halt and intrench himself. He sent spies who could speak French into the enemy's camp, to observe their movements. Astonished at the cropped hair and shaven chins of the archers, these men returned and told Harold that there were more priests in the Norman army than fighting men. "No," said Harold; "they are not priests, and we shall soon see how they can fight."

Harold was advised by some of the Saxon chiefs to retire towards London, so as to be joined by the reinforcements which were then assembling, laying the country waste as he marched. This, however, he refused to do. His two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, then proposed that he should himself proceed northward, and place himself at the head of the army, which was fast recruiting in the northern counties, leaving them to fight the Normans at Hastings. This advice was dictated partly by military prudence, partly by the superstitious fear that Harold's presence in the battle, guilty as he was of a broken oath, might prove inauspicious. Harold, however, withstood all these solicitations.

William, on the other hand, although stronger than his enemy, did not hesitate to have recourse to treaty before risking a battle. He sent a priest, Hugh de Maigrot, to the Anglo-Saxon camp to propose to Harold one of three things—to surrender the kingdom; refer the question of disputed sovereignty to the pope; or decide it by single combat with the duke. "I will not surrender the kingdom," was Harold's reply; "and I will not refer the question to the pope; and I will not accept of the duke's offer of single combat." A second time Maigrot entered the Anglo-Saxon camp with an offer from Duke William. "The duke," he said, "offers to Harold, if he will keep his compact, all the country north of the Humber; and to his brother Gurth all the land which belonged to the Earl Godwin." This offer was likewise refused. "Then hear, Harold," cried Maigrot in a loud and solemn voice, "my master's last message to thee. He bids me tell thee that thou art a perjured man and a liar; that thou and all who adhere to thee are excommunicated by the pope; and that the pope's bull is in his hands." This last message, especially the mention of the pope's excommunication, produced considerable excitement in the Anglo-Saxon army. At length one of the chiefs roused their courage, by bidding them reflect that the struggle they were at present engaged in was not a mere struggle which of two persons should be king; it was a struggle whether Anglo-Saxons or Normans should be masters of England. "Duke William," he said, "has already promised our lands, our goods, our wives, our daughters, to his Norman

soldiers; and if we once admit him, he must keep his promise. Nothing therefore remains for us but to fight to the last." The truth of this statement was too evident to all; and a universal oath was sworn to make no peace with the invaders.

The time had now arrived for a mortal struggle between Harold of England and William of Normandy for the sovereignty of the country. William had landed on the shore of Sussex, near Hastings, and here he took his stand, in front of the defences hastily set up by the Anglo-Saxons. "On the night of the 13th of October (1066)," says Thierry, "William announced to his army that the battle would take place next day. The priests and monks, who, in the hopes of booty, had followed the army in great numbers, met together to offer up prayers and sing litanies, while the soldiers were preparing their arms and attending to their horses. What little time remained to the soldiers after these duties, was employed in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night was spent in a very different manner: the Anglo-Saxons gathered in revel round their camp fires, singing their old national songs, and quaffing horns of beer and wine.

"At daybreak, the bishop of Bayeux, William's half-brother, wearing a steel hauberk under his priestly habit, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and blessed the soldiers; then mounting a superb white horse, and taking a baton in his hand, he drew up his squadron of cavalry. The army was divided into three columns. In the first were the soldiers from the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those who had engaged their services for pay; the second consisted of the allies from Brittany, Maine, and Poitou; William in person commanded the third, composed of the Norman chivalry. In front, and on the flanks of each column, were drawn up several lines of light infantry, wearing quilted cassocks, and carrying either long-bows or cross-bows of steel. The duke rode on a Spanish charger, which had been presented to him by a rich Norman, who had returned from a pilgrimage to Saint Jago de Compostella, in Galicia. Round his neck he wore suspended the most holy of the relics on which Harold had sworn, and at his side a young Norman, called Toustain-le-Blanc, carried the standard which the pope had consecrated. At the moment when the troops were about to advance, William raised his voice, and thus addressed them, 'See that you fight well, and put all to death; if we win, we shall all make our fortunes. What I gain, you shall gain too; what I conquer, you shall conquer; if this land becomes mine, it shall also be yours. You know, however, that I have come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation on these English for their felonies, perjuries, and treasons. They murdered the Danes, men and women, on St Brice's night; they decimated the companions of my kinsman

Alfred, and put him to death. Come on, then ; and let us, with the help of God, punish them for these misdeeds.'

"The army moved forward, and soon came in sight of the Saxon camp, to the north-west of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and took their station on a neighbouring eminence, where they could pray, and witness the battle in safety. At this moment a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the army, and raised the song, celebrated throughout France, of the deeds of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sung, he played with his sword, throwing it high up into the air, and catching it again with his right hand. The Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted 'God be our aid!'

"When they came within bow-shot of the enemy, the archers began to discharge their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their bolts ; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet round the Saxon intrenchments. The infantry with their lances and the cavalry then advanced to the intrenchments, and endeavoured to force them ; but the Anglo-Saxons, drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind the redoubts, received the assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp that they broke the lances, and clove the coats of mail sheer through. The Normans, unable either to force the redoubts or to remove the palisades, and wearied by their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the column which William commanded. The duke, however, ordered the archers to advance again, shooting no longer point-blank, but at such an elevation that their arrows might fall within the enemy's intrenchments. In consequence of this manœuvre many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow ; he continued, however, to fight at the head of his men. The conflict of foot and horse recommenced amid cries of 'Our Lady!' and 'God be our aid!' But the Normans were repulsed at one of the gates of the camp, and driven as far as a great ravine, covered with brushwood and brambles, where their horses stumbling from the roughness of the ground, they fell pell-mell, and were killed in numbers. A panic now seized the army of the invaders ; it was rumoured that the duke was slain, and they began to flee. William threw himself before the fugitives, barring their passage, threatening, and even striking them with his lance. 'Here I am,' cried he, taking off his helmet ; 'look at me ! I am alive yet ; and, by God's help, I shall conquer.' The men returned to the attack, but still found it impossible to force the entrance, or make a breach in the palisades. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position. He ordered a band of a thousand horse to advance, and retire immediately afterwards in flight. At the sight of this pretended flight, the Saxons were thrown off their

guard, and with one accord rushed from their intrenchments, with their axes slung round their necks. At a certain distance the fugitives were joined by a body of troops stationed for the purpose, and wheeled round upon their pursuers, who, surprised in their disorder, were assailed with lances and swords, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in managing their heavy battle-axes. Their ranks once broken, the entrances of the redoubts were forced; horse and foot rushed in together; but a desperate hand to hand combat was still maintained. Duke William had his horse killed under him. Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly plucked out of the ground, and replaced by the banner which had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle till it became dark, and the combatants could only distinguish each other by their language.

"The few surviving companions of Harold dispersed in all directions; many died on the roads in consequence of their wounds and fatigue. The Norman horse pursued them relentlessly, and gave quarter to none. The Normans remained all night on the field of battle; and at daybreak the duke drew up his troops, and made the names of all the men who had come across the sea with him be called over from the roll which had been prepared before they left the port of St Valery. A vast number of these now lay dead or dying, stretched side by side with the vanquished Saxons. The fortunate survivors received, as the first fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armour. These were the abbot of Hida, and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastery was the first inscribed in the black-book of the conquerors."

The body of King Harold lay for some time in the field, and could not be found. At length the monks who searched for it applied to a woman whom Harold had loved before he was made king, and asked her to accompany and assist them. Her name was Edith Swanes-hals, or Edith the Swan-necked. She succeeded, better than they had done, in finding out the corpse of her lover. The spot on which the engagement took place has since been known by the name of *Battle*.

THE NORMANS MARCH UPON LONDON—WILLIAM CROWNED KING—THE CONQUEST COMPLETED.

The battle of Hastings decided the fate of England; but much remained to be done before the country could be considered as entirely conquered. The news of Harold's death spread quickly over the land, and the Saxon chiefs consulted who should be appointed his successor to the throne. Neither of his two sons was old enough; his brothers-in-law, Edwin and Morkar, the Earls of Mercia and Northumberland, had some partisans; but the general wish of the inhabitants of London and the neighbourhood

was in favour of Edgar Atheling, or Edgar the Illustrious, the grand-nephew of Edward the Confessor. Edgar, a weak young man, was accordingly proclaimed king. Many, however, and particularly some of the superior clergy, were in favour of submission to the Conqueror, recommended as he was by the authority of the pope. Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury, and Eldred, archbishop of York, adhered to Edgar Atheling.

Edgar's reign was soon to be brought to a conclusion. After remaining for some days near Hastings, William and his army marched against Dover, the castle of which capitulated. Then, reinforced by fresh troops which had arrived from Normandy, he advanced through Kent towards London. A body of horse, however, which he had sent in advance of the army, having been repulsed by the Saxons in Southwark, he judged it prudent to make a circuit before approaching the city. Crossing the Thames, therefore, at Wallingford, he advanced to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, and there encamped, sending out parties in all directions to lay the country waste. Meanwhile the inhabitants of London were divided among themselves as to the course of conduct which they should pursue. Edwin and Morkar, with other patriots, had retired into the northern provinces, resolved to make a stand against the Conqueror there; Edgar Atheling, and Archbishops Stigand and Eldred, were unable without their assistance to defend the city; and the great body of the common citizens, with the *hanse* or municipal corporation at their head, were disposed to make terms with the Conqueror, and sent a deputy to his camp to ascertain whether he would guarantee them their ancient liberties if they surrendered to his rule. In these circumstances, nothing remained for Edgar but to resign his crown. Accordingly, he and his court, including the archbishops of Canterbury and York, Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, and a number of other nobles and ecclesiastics, repaired to the Norman camp at Berkhamstead, and tendered their allegiance to Duke William, who in turn made them promises of kind treatment. The Norman army then marched directly upon London, and quartered themselves in the city as its lords and masters.

At a council of war, held in the camp near London by the Norman chiefs, it was debated whether William should be immediately crowned king of England, or whether the Conquest should, in the first place, be pursued somewhat farther. William himself, for some secret reason, seemed inclined to delay his assumption of the throne; but the chiefs, stirred up by the eloquence of Aimery de Thouars, a captain of the auxiliaries from Poitou, insisted that his coronation should take place immediately; and to this arrangement the Saxons were obliged to consent. Accordingly, Christmas-day, 1066, was appointed for the performance of the ceremony. On that day William, and the chiefs of his army, amounting to two hundred and sixty, walked in procession from the Norman camp to Westminster Abbey between two lines of

Norman soldiers. The streets were crowded with spectators, and all the approaches to the abbey were guarded by Normans. In the abbey were already assembled a number of Saxons, whom their fears induced to be present to assist at the ceremony. After William and the Norman barons entered the church, Geoffrey, bishop of Coutances, addressed the Normans who were present in the French language, and demanded whether it was their opinion that their duke ought to assume the title of king of the English; and at the same time Eldred, archbishop of York (Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury, having refused to attend), asked the Anglo-Saxons present whether they were willing to receive the Norman duke as their king. At this moment the church rang with shouts and acclamations; and the Norman soldiers outside, mistaking the noise for an indication that some violence was being offered to the duke, or some interruption to the ceremony, obeyed secret orders which they had received in case of such an event, and set fire to a number of houses, and surrounded the doors of the church. All were thrown into confusion; the Anglo-Saxons who were in the abbey rushed out to save their houses from destruction, the Normans followed them, and none remained except the duke and a few ecclesiastics of both nations, who concluded the ceremony, and administered to him the oath usually taken by the Anglo-Saxon kings. The duke, it is said, trembled violently.

William was forty-two years of age at the time of his coronation as king of England. His reign, which lasted twenty-one years, from 1066 to 1087, has been described as "little else than a succession of revolts, followed by chastisements so severe, that at its end few, if any, considerable estates remained in the possession of an Englishman." Let us briefly sketch the principal events of his reign, down at least to the period at which the Conquest may be considered as having been completed.

The first occupation of William after his coronation was the confiscation of all the property of the principal Anglo-Saxons in that part of England which he had already reduced, and its division, according to promise, among his followers. After retaining to himself all the late king's treasures, with a great part of the richest plunder of the churches and shops, he bestowed the rest upon the priests, barons, knights, and soldiers, according to their rank, and the nature of the bargain they had made with him before leaving Normandy. Some received estates and castles, some the sovereignty of towns and villages, some were paid in money, and some obtained the hand of Saxon ladies, whose husbands or fathers had been killed at the battle of Hastings. The native population indiscriminately, but especially those who had taken part against the Conqueror, were mercilessly robbed of their houses, their lands, and their wealth. "The towns," says Thierry, "suffered in a different manner from the country; and each town or district had its own particular grievances. At

Pevensey, for example, where the Norman army had landed, the soldiers shared among themselves the houses of the vanquished. In other places the inhabitants themselves were portioned out like chattels. The city of Dover, half-consumed by fire, was given to Odo, bishop of Bayeux, who in turn distributed the houses among his warriors and followers. Raoul de Courpespine received three houses, and a poor woman's field; William, son of Geoffrey, also received three houses, along with the town-house, or hall of the burgesses. Near Colchester, in Essex, Geoffrey de Mandeville seized forty manors or houses, surrounded by cultivated lands; fourteen Saxon proprietors were dispossessed by a Norman called Engelry; one rich Englishman placed himself for security under the protection of Gaultier, a Norman; another Englishman became a serf on the soil of his own field." So it was over all the conquered district; the sixty thousand Normans who had come over with William settling down like a band of nobles in the midst of a population of serfs. Some of the Saxons, indeed, may have been permitted to retain their rank and wealth; but these cases were the exceptions; and the meanest soldier in William's army found himself raised, both in wealth and station, above the descendants of the most powerful of the Anglo-Saxon thanes. "The man who had crossed the sea with the quilted cassock and wooden bow of a common foot soldier, now appeared mounted on a war-horse, and bearing the military baldric; and the herdsmen of Normandy, and the weavers of Flanders, became in England men of consequence." As yet, however, only a part of England had been conquered; and when the rest should have been subdued, the followers of William might expect still greater rewards. Allured by these hopes, crowds of new adventurers poured into England from the continent, to offer their arms and services to the Conqueror.

Before pushing the Conquest into the northern and western districts of England, William paid a visit to Normandy, carrying with him, as hostages for the peace of the kingdom during his absence, the principal Anglo-Saxon nobility, and leaving William Fitzosborne, and Odo, bishop of Bayeux, as his lieutenants. He had scarcely gone when the Saxons of the conquered districts of Kent and Herefordshire revolted against their Norman oppressors; and as the Cambrians or Welsh of the extreme west of England seemed disposed to assist their ancient enemies, the Anglo-Saxons, against the new invaders of the island, the insurrection appeared very formidable. William, accordingly, hastened back from Normandy, and after spending some time in soothing and conciliating the Saxons of London and the neighbourhood, by large promises and cunning proclamations, he marched westward into the provinces which still remained unconquered. Somerset, Devon, Gloucester, and other counties of the south-west, were speedily reduced, and divided, like the eastern counties, among the fortunate soldiers of the Conqueror. By the year

1068, the whole of England south of the Ouse and Severn had been effectually subdued and garrisoned by the Normans; there remained, however, the extensive provinces north of these rivers which still preserved their independence, and afforded a retreat for all the patriots of the south whom the Conqueror had dispossessed of their lands and forced to flee. Here the Northumbrian chiefs, Edwin and Morkar, the brothers-in-law of King Harold, a young Saxon named Edrick, and many other patriots, some of whom had sworn never again to sleep under a roof until their country should be delivered out of the strangers' hands, were constantly engaged in schemes and plots for the expulsion of the Normans. A close alliance was formed for this purpose between the Saxons and the Welsh of the west of Mercia, who generously forgot that, on the present occasion, the Anglo-Saxons were suffering precisely what, six hundred years before, they had themselves inflicted on the Celtic British. Besides the Welsh, the Anglo-Saxons found another ally in the Scotch, under their king, Malcolm Canmore, in whose dominions the young Saxon king, Edgar Atheling, with his mother and his two sisters, sought a refuge. Malcolm—a monarch of great abilities, and who, from an early period of his reign, had made it a part of his policy, for the civilisation of his own kingdom, to admit into it all strangers who chose to come—received the refugees kindly, gave them lands in the Lothians, and, in token of his friendship for the Saxons, married Edgar's younger sister Margaret, a princess of extraordinary accomplishments for that period.

Hearing of this triple alliance between the Anglo-Saxons, the Welsh, and the Scotch, William marched northwards, and, victorious wherever he advanced, took in succession the towns of Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, and York. After the siege of York, an incident occurred which Thierry thus narrates:—"Eldred, archbishop of Canterbury, who had lent his assistance at the consecration of the foreign king, came into the desolated city to perform some religious ceremony. When he came, he sent to his lands, not far from the city, for some provisions for his household. His servants, driving wagons laden with corn and other articles, were met at one of the gates of York by the Norman governor with a numerous escort. 'Who are you?' demanded the Norman; 'and to whom do these supplies belong?' 'We are,' said they, 'the archbishop's servants, and these provisions are for the use of his household.' The viscount, paying no respect to this intimation, made a sign to his soldiers to seize the horses and wagons, and carry the provisions to the Norman magazines. When the archbishop, the friend and ally of the conquerors, found that even he did not escape the miseries of the Conquest, there arose in his soul an indignation which his calm and prudent spirit had never experienced before. He immediately repaired to the Conqueror's quarters, and presented himself in his episcopal habits,

with his pastoral staff in his hand. William rose, according to custom, to give the archbishop the kiss of peace; but the Saxon stepped back, and said, 'Hear me, King William. Thou wert a foreigner; nevertheless, because it was God's will to punish this nation, thou didst obtain, at the cost of much blood, the kingdom of England. Then I anointed thee king; I crowned thee; I blessed thee with mine own hands; but now I curse thee and thy race, because thou hast deserved it; because thou art the persecutor of God's church, and the oppressor of its ministers.' The Norman attendants of William had their swords half unsheathed, and would have killed the old man; but William allowed him to depart."

For two years York was the northernmost post of the Normans, and Northumbria continued in the possession of the Saxon patriots. Many attempts were made by the latter, assisted by the Welsh, the Scotch, and also by a Danish fleet sent to their aid by Sweyn, king of Denmark, to regain what they had lost; and one of these was so successful, that York came again into their possession, and Edgar Atheling was again saluted as king in the northern provinces. This success was partly owing to the diminished enthusiasm of the Normans in the cause of the Conquest, many of whom, instead of settling in the country, had taken the earliest opportunity of re-embarking for their native land, carrying along with them the riches which they had acquired. In 1070, however, William made a second expedition into the north, and before his activity and the valour of his troops all opposition gave way. Cumberland and Northumberland were reduced; Edgar and some of his followers fled again into Scotland; while the great patriot chiefs, Waltheof, Edwin, Morkar, and Gospatrick, were obliged to submit to the Conqueror. At the end of that year the whole of England, from Land's End to Tweed, was virtually conquered by the Normans.

FATE OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS—SOCIAL EFFECTS OF THE CONQUEST.

After the completion of the Conquest, in the year 1070, the Anglo-Saxons may be considered as dividing themselves into three classes—the great mass of the population, which lived groaning under the Norman yoke; the patriot outlaws, who swarmed in the forests and less accessible districts of the country, and waged a perpetual war with the foreigners, leading a free but savage and precarious life; and the exiles, who, quitting their native land, scattered themselves in search of liberty over all parts of the world. Of the first class—the great mass of the subdued Saxon population—a little more must be said.

Now that he was firmly seated on the throne, William pursued with even greater rigour and consistency than before his policy of degrading the natives of the country which he had conquered. In 1070, William, intriguing with Pope Alexander II., procured the assembling of an ecclesiastical council at Winchester, presided

over by two papal legates, at which Stigand, the Saxon archbishop of Canterbury was deposed, along with Alexander, bishop of Lincoln; Eghelman, bishop of East Anglia; Eghelrik, bishop of Sussex; Eghelwin, bishop of Durham; and almost every other ecclesiastical dignitary of the English race. These prelates were replaced by Norman priests; the archbishopric of Canterbury being conferred on Lanfranc, to whose services at Rome, as we formerly mentioned, William had been greatly indebted. Eldred, the archbishop of York, having died, a Norman prelate, Thomas, was appointed his successor. The simultaneous deposition of so many of the Saxon clergy excited a deep interest in the ecclesiastical world, and it is probable that some complaints might have been heard but for the accession of Hildebrand to the papacy. He declared the deposition legitimate, and the discussion was at an end. The last prelate of English birth left in England was Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, a weak simple man, of amiable disposition, who had assisted the Conqueror more zealously than any other Saxon. Even his deposition was at length resolved on. Accordingly, in 1076, he was summoned before a council of Norman prelates and nobles, held in Westminster Abbey, King William and Archbishop Lanfranc presiding. It was here unanimously voted that Wulfstan was unfit to continue bishop of Worcester, seeing that he could not speak French; and he was required, therefore, to surrender his episcopal ring and crosier. On this demand being made, the weak old man was inspired with an energy superior to his character: his lean frame quivered, and rising up before all the assembly, he walked slowly up to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, who was interred beneath the abbey pavement, and standing by the tombstone, said, addressing the dead monarch beneath, "Edward, I received this staff from thee, and I return it to thee again." Then turning to the Normans, he said, "A better than you gave me this staff, to whom now I give it back; take it up if you can." At these words he struck the tombstone with the end of his crosier, and the Normans, impressed with a superstitious awe, did not venture to repeat their demand; nay, according to the popular tradition, the staff clove the stone, and stuck in it so firmly that no one but Wulfstan himself could pull it out, which he did when the king bade him resume it. This miracle was generally believed; and after his death, which took place shortly after, Wulfstan was worshipped as a saint by the Saxons.

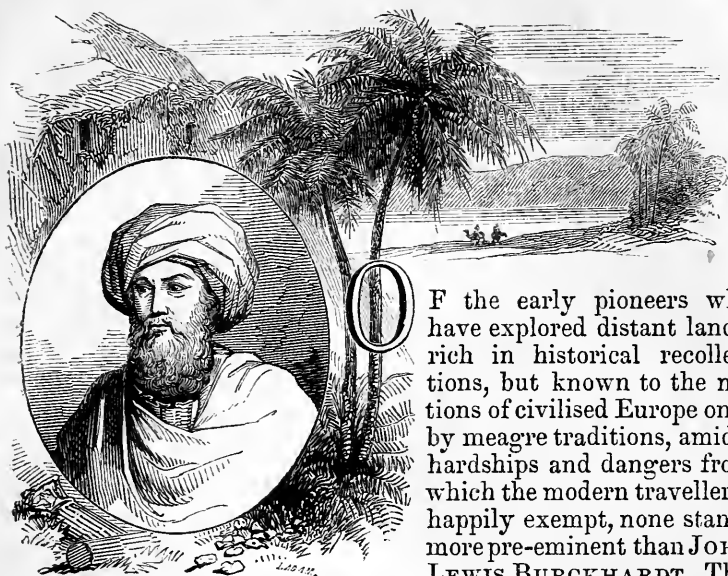
The most immediate and remarkable result of the Conquest was the introduction of what is called the *feudal system* into England. Under the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, few traces of this system existed—the government being popular in its character. When, however, William had conquered England, there resulted from his partition of the territory among his followers a new set of social arrangements. Reserving one thousand four hundred and twenty-two manors to himself as his private share, he divided

the rest of the kingdom among seven or eight hundred of his principal followers, who became bound, in return, to render him homage and military service. These great barons, who were called tenants-in-chief, let out their lands on similar terms to their dependents, and so on until every Norman was provided for. On consulting the Great Roll of the Normans, called also the Doom's-day Book, which William caused to be made out between 1081 and 1086, for the purpose of ascertaining into whose hands all the lands of England had got, only one or two Saxon names are found in the list of tenants-in-chief, and these for very small estates; from which it appears that all the former proprietors of England—the Anglo-Saxon thanes and ceorls—had been degraded into tenants of the Norman barons, or even, lower still, into tenants of Norman knights, who were tenants themselves. The lower class of the Anglo-Saxons, again, became absolute serfs of the soil—villains, cottars, and borders under Norman masters.

Thus, in the end of the eleventh century, there came to be two distinct populations in England—a Norman population, consisting probably at first of not more altogether than a hundred and fifty thousand men, and an Anglo-Saxon population of some millions. Of the mixture of these two populations, the present English nation is the result. The mixture did not take place at once. For two or even three centuries after the Conquest, we can distinguish the two populations. To understand the state of society in England immediately after the Conquest, the reader, in the words of Thierry, “must imagine to himself two countries—the one possessed by the Normans, wealthy and exonerated from capitation and other taxes; the other, that is, the Saxon, enslaved and oppressed with a land tax: the former full of spacious mansions, of walled and moated castles; the latter covered with thatched huts and old ruined walls: this peopled with the prosperous and idle, with soldiers and courtiers, with knights and barons—that with men miserable, and doomed to toil with peasants and artisans. Lastly, to complete the picture, these two lands are in a manner woven into each other; they meet at every point, and yet they are more completely separated than if there were seas between them. Each has a language of its own, which is strange to the other. French is the court language, used in all the palaces, castles, and mansions, in the abbeys and monasteries, in all the residences of wealth and power; while the ancient language of the country is heard only at the firesides of the poor and the serfs.”

In the process of time these differences disappeared, and the two populations amalgamated with each other, constituting our present English people. Even at the present day, however, it is maintained by some that the higher classes of the country exhibit traces of their Norman descent, while the lower classes are in a much greater degree the genuine descendants of the Anglo-Saxons.

LIFE AND TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT.



OF the early pioneers who have explored distant lands, rich in historical recollections, but known to the nations of civilised Europe only by meagre traditions, amidst hardships and dangers from which the modern traveller is happily exempt, none stands more pre-eminent than JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT. This remarkable individual was a Swiss by birth, being born at Lausanne in 1785, though his family belonged to Basle, in which city and canton it held an eminent position. His father, who enjoyed the territorial title of Burckhardt of Kirschgarten, from the name of his mansion in Basle, became a victim of the revolutionary party in Switzerland, when the French overran that country in 1796, and upset the existing government. He was tried for his life on a pretended charge of military treachery, and escaped condemnation at the hands of his prejudiced judges only by adducing undoubted testimony of his innocence; but receiving timely warning that, notwithstanding his acquittal, he was still marked for proscription by the ruling powers, he deemed it prudent to expatriate himself, and joined a corps of his countrymen in the British pay, then serving on the Rhine with the Austrians, in which he gained the rank of colonel. He was obliged, however, to leave his wife and family behind him at Basle; and it was thus his son, the subject of this memoir, being a daily witness of the oppressive domination exercised by the French, imbibed the deepest animosity against that nation, and, like another Hannibal, vowed undying enmity towards it. Young as he was, he panted to take arms under the banner of some nation at war with France; but, unfortunately for this aspiration, the continent was soon hushed in peace by the crowning ascendancy of Bonaparte. His father, accordingly, placed him, in the year 1800, at the university of Leipzic, whence, after a stay of

nearly four years, he was removed to that of Göttingen. At both these seats of learning he was distinguished equally for his ardent and successful pursuit of knowledge, and for his cheerful equanimity of temper, whereby he gained the applause and favour of the various professors under whom he studied, especially of the most eminent among them, the celebrated Blumenbach. In 1805 he returned to his father's house at Basle, and as no career was open to him on the continent which might afford him an opportunity of evincing his hostility against France, since Europe still trembled at the recollection of Marengo, he determined to try his fortune in England, whither he had been early taught to turn his eyes for deliverance from French tyranny. Armed, therefore, with sundry letters of introduction, and particularly with one from Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, which eventually ruled the destiny of his life, he set out for the only country which yet maintained a struggle against the modern Charlemagne, and arrived in London in the month of July 1806.

At this time the "Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa" was in full operation, and Sir Joseph Banks was one of the most active members of the committee. It becoming known to Burckhardt, through this source, that the association was anxious to send out another traveller into the north of Africa to follow up previous discoveries, he at once yielded to a prepossession he had long secretly cherished, which was in perfect harmony with the leading characteristics of his mind, wherein a thirst of knowledge and spirit of enterprise were mingled with an indomitable courage, and he eagerly offered his services. It was not, however, until May 1808 that his proposal was formally entertained by the association; when it being accepted, Burckhardt forthwith commenced his preparations for the expedition, which consisted in a diligent study of the Arabic language, and of the sciences most likely to be serviceable in his intended field of action. He also allowed his beard to grow, assumed the Oriental garb, and undertook long journeys on foot, going bareheaded in the heat of the sun, sleeping on the ground, and living upon vegetables and water. On the 25th of January 1809 he received his final instructions from the association, and shortly afterwards took shipping for Malta, which island he reached in the beginning of April.

From previous experience, it was judged indispensable that, before embarking on his perilous adventure, the young traveller should completely perfect himself in the knowledge of Arabic and of Moslem habits. Hence he was directed to proceed, in the first instance, to Syria, where he was to remain two years, and subsequently repair to Cairo in Egypt; whence he was to follow the track of Hornemann to Mourzouk, prosecuting his journey into the interior as far as practicable from that starting point. He accordingly tarried but a short time at Malta, hastening with

all speed to the coast of Syria, with the view of taking up his abode at Aleppo. In executing this purpose, however, he encountered numerous obstacles from the deceit of the Levantine captains he sailed with, and also incurred serious risks of discovery notwithstanding his disguise, which, to suit the present emergency, was that of a Mohammedan Bengal merchant, returning to India through Syria and Bagdad; and it was not until the end of September 1809 that he reached the place of his destination, Aleppo, where he was most kindly received by the British consul, Mr Barker. Here he made no secret of his European origin, but still retained the name he had assumed of Ibrahim Ibn Abdallah, as well as the Turkish costume. He thus lived in retirement and unnoticed, prosecuting his studies of Arabic, the Koran, and Mussulman law—in all of which it behoved him to be profoundly versed. His stay in Syria was prolonged for nearly two years and a half, during which time he made sundry excursions among the Bedouins in the surrounding deserts, and visited Palmyra, Damascus, the Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, and the then unexplored district of the Haouran. Having thus acquired the requisite familiarity with the Arabs and their language and manners, he finally departed from Aleppo in February 1812, and proceeded to Cairo, passing through Tiberias and Nazareth in Judea, to the east and south of the Dead Sea, as far as Wady Mousa, where he discovered the remains of the ancient city of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petræa, distinguished for its extraordinary architectural excavations in the rocks, and as the site of Aaron's tomb; from which place he diverged in a westerly course across the stony valley of Araba, and the horrid desert of El Tyh, to the capital of Egypt, which he reached in the month of September, after a tedious but interesting and profitable journey of seven months.*

Before attempting to execute the great object of his mission, Burckhardt judged it advisable, with the full approbation of the association, that he should take time to study the Egyptian and African character, since to too great precipitancy, and the want of due preparation, might be ascribed the failure of previous travellers. Consequently, after a short sojourn in Cairo, he proceeded to Esné in Upper Egypt, from which he made an excursion up the Nile beyond the second cataract to Tinareh, being unable to penetrate farther on account of the hostile refugee Mamelukes, then in possession of the country of Dongola. As the authority of Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt, was at that time recognised in this part of Nubia, Burckhardt did not encounter any serious dangers or difficulties on his way, beyond those inseparable from travelling in barbarous and unsettled regions, being fortified with a passport or firman from Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mohammed; and he returned in safety to

* The incidents of this journey are related with Burckhardt's usual minuteness, and have been published under the title of "Travels in Syria."

Assouan, on the northern frontier of Nubia, after an interval of thirty-five days. Settling again at Esné, he was compelled to remain there nearly a whole twelvemonth, waiting to accompany a caravan which took the route through Eastern Nubia to Sennaar, as he had resolved to proceed in that direction before venturing on his great western journey. His main object was to gain an acquaintance with the Negro Arabs on the confines of Abyssinia and the shore of the Red Sea, and to pass into Arabia itself, returning to Cairo in time to catch the caravan from Egypt to Fezzan, by means of which alone he could advance into the south-west of Africa. On this journey he started on the 2d of March 1814, joining the caravan at Daraou, the place of departure, in the disguise of a poor Mohammedan trader, which he had maintained ever since his first arrival at Esné. He was but ill-provided with money, owing to the long delay that had occurred, and on that account sold his camel, retaining only an ass to ride upon, and stipulating for the conveyance of his luggage and merchandise. The whole stock of money he carried with him was only fifty dollars in a purse, and two sequins sewed in a leathern amulet round his arm for better security. Having no servant or slave, and but a scanty supply of goods, being dressed, moreover, in the meanest garb, such as is worn by the Egyptian peasant, he at first provoked the contempt of the merchants his fellow-travellers, and eventually their hatred and suspicions; first, because they viewed him as a Turk, and secondly, as a spying interloper in their trade. He confessed, indeed, that he was an Aleppine, but sought to calm their suspicions by alleging he was in search of a cousin who, some years previously, had set out on a mercantile expedition to Darfour and Sennaar with a great part of his property, and had not since been heard of. This pretence was well suited to their apprehensions; but they continued, nevertheless, to treat him during the whole journey with the greatest contumely, and often with the rudest violence, addressing him as a vile beggar unfit to associate with their servants, beating him with sticks, and pilfering his provisions and goods. He had need, in truth, of all the forbearance and equanimity of temper with which nature had gifted him, for their design was to provoke retaliation on his part, in order to have a pretext to fall upon and despatch him. When their persecution at length grew insupportable, he was driven to throw himself on the protection of the Arab guides of the caravan, who, having themselves had a dispute with the Egyptians, were the more inclined to shield him from their vindictiveness; yet they required to be bribed by the forlorn traveller to yield him this natural service, which, by their contract, he had a right to command.

The deserts of the East are generally of similar character, being wastes of sand and rock; but in many particulars they vary. Some, as those of Syria and Tyh, for instance, are almost destitute of trees and sweet water; whilst others have a succession

of verdant spots where both are found, which render them more easy to be traversed, for shade and water are the principal luxuries in those hot and arid regions. The only means of carrying water is in skins, made of the hides of sheep, goats, or oxen, hung over the backs of camels, which are filled at the different wells as they occur on the journey. These, however, are liable to burst, and the water soon becomes partially putrid, from the constant shaking and the action of the burning sun, so as to be almost undrinkable; whereby, if the distances between the wells are considerable, great inconvenience, and often danger of perishing from thirst, is incurred. The Nubian Desert from Daraou to Shigre, about sixteen days' march, is one with more agreeable features than most of its kind, although not free from the ordinary hazard of attacks by the roving tribes who inhabit it. It abounds in valleys, which contain trees and wells, yielding a copious supply of water; and over its whole extent is a broad beaten path, from which there is little risk of deviating. Yet even with these advantages the journey across it is irksome and laborious, especially to a solitary and unfriended traveller like Burckhardt. The want of a servant or associate was grievously felt by him; for he could get no assistance from his fellow-travellers, who delighted, on the contrary, in witnessing and aggravating his distress and perplexities. He himself represents his situation in very striking colours, at the same time that he gives a graphic picture of the peculiarities of desert travelling. "Whenever it was known beforehand," he says, "that the chiefs intended to stop in a certain valley, the young men of the caravan pushed eagerly forwards, in order to select at the halting-place the largest tree, or some spot under an impending rock, where they secured shelter for themselves and their mess. Every day some dispute arose as to who arrived the first under some particular tree: as for myself, I was often driven from the coolest and most comfortable berth into the burning sun, and generally passed the mid-day hours in great distress; for besides the exposure to heat, I had to cook my dinner, a service which I could never prevail upon any of my companions, even the poorest servants, to perform for me, though I offered to let them share in my homely fare. In the evening the same labour occurred again, when fatigued by the day's journey, during which I always walked for four or five hours in order to spare my ass, and when I was in the utmost need of repose. Hunger, however, always prevailed over fatigue, and I was obliged to fetch and cut wood to light a fire, to cook, to feed the ass, and finally to make coffee, a cup of which, presented to my Daraou companions, who were extremely eager to obtain it, was the only means I possessed of keeping them in tolerable good humour."

From Shigre southwards to Berber, where the route rejoins the Nile, the character of the Desert is completely altered. Although a five days' journey between the two places, there is but

one halting-place where water is to be had, and that in such scanty quantity that a caravan can seldom obtain an adequate supply. Consequently it is necessary to carry from Shigre, whose wells are famous throughout the Desert, as much as possible of the indispensable element; but seldom sufficient can be taken to last the whole way. Reliance, therefore, is always more or less placed on procuring some quantity at least from the wells of Nedjeym, the only intervening station, which are often choked up altogether with the drifting sand, as on the present occasion the Arab guides were warned was the case. They resolved, nevertheless, to push on; and filling all the water-skins, the caravan advanced from Shigre into the Desert, where all trace of a road was now utterly lost. At Nedjeym a small supply of water was secured, after great labour in clearing out the wells; but the appalling fact became evident that the caravan could not hope to reach Berber upon its existing stock. Nothing remained, however, but to hurry forwards with all speed; and, as always happens in such cases, many were unable to keep up with the main body, and were left straggling behind. The scene that ensued will be best portrayed in Burckhardt's own words.

"In nine hours," he says, "we reached the valley of Abou Sellam, which abounds with Sellam trees. Here we stopped, for the beasts were much fatigued, and there were many stragglers behind, whom we might have lost in proceeding farther. In order to spare my stock of water, I had lived since quitting Shigre entirely upon biscuits, and had never cooked any victuals. I now made another dinner of the same kind, after which I allayed my thirst by a copious draught of water, having in my skins as much as would serve me for another draught on the morrow. We were all in the greatest dejection, foreseeing that all the asses must die the ensuing day if not properly watered, and none of the traders had more than a few draughts for himself. After a long deliberation, they at last came to the only determination that could save us, and which the Arab chief had been for several days recommending. Ten or twelve of the strongest camels being selected, were mounted by as many men, who hastened forward to fetch a supply of water from the nearest part of the Nile. We were only five or six hours distant from it; but its banks being here inhabited by Arabs inimical to the traders, the whole caravan could not venture to take that road. The camels set out at about four P.M., and would reach the river at night. Their conductors were ordered to choose an uninhabited spot for filling the skins, and forthwith to return. We passed the evening, meanwhile, in the greatest anxiety; for if the camels should not return, we had little hopes of escape, either from thirst or from the sword of our enemies, who, if they had once got sight of the camels, would have followed their footsteps through the Desert, and have certainly discovered us. After sunset several stragglers arrived; but two still remained behind,

of whom one joined us early next morning, but the other was not heard of any more. He was servant to a Daraou trader, who showed not the least concern about his fate. Many of my companions came, in the course of the evening, to beg some water of me; but I had well hidden my treasure, and answered them by showing my empty skins. We remained the greater part of the night in gloomy and silent expectation of the result of our desperate mission. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, we heard the distant hallooings of our watermen, and soon after refreshed ourselves with copious draughts of the delicious water of the Nile. The caravan passed suddenly from demonstrations of the deepest distress to those of unbounded joy and mirth. A plentiful supper was dressed, and the Arabs kept up their songs till daybreak, without bestowing a thought on the unhappy man who had remained behind."

Thus happily rescued from the most dreadful of disasters, the caravan arrived at Berber two days afterwards. This is a cluster of four villages standing on the banks of the Nile, each village being divided into about a dozen quarters, standing separate from one another at short distances. These are inhabited by a tribe of Arabs called Meyrefab, who are under the government of a Mek, holding authority, at the time of Burckhardt's visit, under the king of Sennaar. The caravan halted here a whole month before proceeding to Shendy, a place of much greater importance a few days' journey to the south, likewise seated on the banks of the Nile. This delay, and his subsequent sojourn at Shendy, enabled Burckhardt to make close observations on the character, manners, and customs of the Nubian Arabs, who, from his descriptions, appear to be a very depraved race of people. Shendy is governed in the same manner as Berber, but is peopled by different tribes of Arabs, all of whom, however, are, or claim to be, descended from the original Arabian stock, and are distinguished in all respects by the same features. The account given by Burckhardt of the people of Berber being the most minute and animated, it may therefore be taken as applying to the whole country as far as Sennaar and Darfour.

"The native colour," he says, "seems to be a dark-red brown; which, if the mother is a slave from Abyssinia, becomes a light-brown in the children, and if from the negro countries, extremely dark. Their features are not at all those of the negro, the face being oval, the nose often perfectly Grecian, and the cheek-bones not prominent. The upper lip is, however, generally somewhat thicker than is considered beautiful among northern nations, though it is still far from the negro lip. Their legs and feet are well-formed, which is seldom the case with the negroes. They have a short beard below the chin, but seldom any hair upon their cheeks. Their hair is bushy and strong, but not woolly. 'We are Arabs, not negroes,' they often say; and indeed

they can only be classed among the latter by persons who judge from colour alone.

"The Meyrefab, like the other Arab tribes in these parts of Africa, are careful in maintaining the purity of their race. A free-born Meyrefab never marries a slave, whether Abyssinian or black, but always an Arab girl, of his own or some neighbouring tribe; and if he has any children from his slave concubines, they are looked upon as fit matches only for slaves or their descendants. This custom they have in common with all the eastern Bedouins, while, on the contrary, the inhabitants of the towns of Arabia and Egypt are in the daily habit of taking in wedlock Abyssinian as well as negro slaves.

"Few men have more than one wife, but every one who can afford it keeps a slave or mistress, either in his own or in a separate house. Drunkenness is the constant accompaniment of this debauchery; and it would seem as if the men in these countries had no other objects in life. The intoxicating liquor which they drink is called *bouza*. The effects which the universal practice of drunkenness and debauchery has on the morals of the people may easily be conceived. In the pursuit of gain they know no bounds, forgetting every divine and human law, and breaking the most solemn ties and engagements. Cheating, thieving, and the blackest ingratitude, are found in every man's character; and I am perfectly convinced that there were few men among them, or among my fellow-travellers from Egypt, who would have given a dollar to save a man's life, or who would not have consented to a man's death in order to gain one.

"The women of Berber, even those of the highest rank, always go unveiled; and young girls are often seen without any covering whatever, except a girdle of short leathern tassels about their loins. Many, both men and women, blacken their eyelids with kohel or antimony, but the custom is not so general as in Egypt. The women of the higher classes, and the most elegant of the public women, throw over their shirts white cloaks with red linings of Egyptian manufacture. Both sexes are in the daily habit of rubbing their skins with fresh butter. They pretend that it is refreshing, prevents cutaneous complaints, and renders the surface of the skin smoother; the men, in reference to their frequent quarrels, add that it renders the skin tougher, and more difficult to be cut through with a knife. It is certain that the cutaneous eruption, called the prickly heat, which is so common in Egypt, is never seen here; and I had often occasion to admire the smooth and delicate appearance of the skin, even in men who were very much exposed to the sun. It is by the nature of their skin that these Arabs distinguish themselves from the negroes: though very dark-coloured, their skin is as fine as that of a white person, while that of the negroes is much thicker and coarser. But the small-pox is very prevalent, and very destructive. Only about one-third of those who are attacked recover, and they bear

frightful marks of the disease on their arms and faces. Inoculation is known, but not much practised; little benefit being supposed to arise from it. The incision is usually made in the leg. Their only cure for the small-pox is to rub the whole body with butter three or four times a-day, and to keep themselves closely shut up. The plague is unknown, and from what I heard during my former journey in Nubia, I have reason to believe that it never passes farther south than the cataract of Assouan.

“The houses in the towns are generally divided from each other by large courtyards, thus forming nowhere any regular streets. They are tolerably well-built, either of mud or of sun-baked bricks, and their appearance is at least as good as those of Upper Egypt. Each habitation consists of a large yard, divided into an inner and outer court. Round this court are the rooms for the family, which are all on the ground floor; I have never seen in any of these countries a second storey or staircase. To form the roof, beams are laid across the walls; these are covered with mats, upon which reeds are placed, and a layer of mud is spread over the whole. The roof has a slope to let the rain-water run off, which, in most houses, is conducted by a canal to the courtyard, thus rendering the latter, in time of rain, a dirty pond. Two of the apartments are generally inhabited by the family, a third serves as a store-room, a fourth for the reception of strangers, and a fifth is often occupied by public women. I have seldom seen any furniture in the rooms excepting a sofa or bedstead—an oblong wooden frame with four legs, having a seat made either of reeds, or of thin strips of ox-leather drawn across each other.”

The people of the various towns and villages are engaged as husbandmen, shepherds, and traders. At Shendy, a very extensive slave trade is carried on, and it is likewise the entrepôt for other considerable traffic between Egypt, Arabia, and the interior of Africa. Burckhardt estimates that five thousand slaves are annually sold at Shendy, the greater part of whom are purchased for the Egyptian and Arabian markets, and are brought from the idolatrous countries to the south and south-west of Darfour. Few are imported above the age of fifteen, those between eleven and that age being in most request; males commanding fifteen or sixteen dollars, if bearing marks of having had the small-pox, without which a boy was not worth two-thirds of that price, and females from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Burckhardt himself, having disposed of his merchandise, bought a slave, fourteen years old, for sixteen dollars, and also a camel, intending to proceed no farther south, but to cross the country stretching from Shendy to the shore of the Red Sea. This he preferred to penetrating into Abyssinia—which he might, perhaps, have easily accomplished, as the roads were considered safe in times of peace—for two reasons: first, because the country between Shendy and the Red Sea had been unexplored, and was

extremely difficult and dangerous to traverse; secondly, because he wished to reach Mecca by the month of November, at the time of the annual pilgrimage, being convinced that the title of hadji, or pilgrim, would be a powerful protection and recommendation to him in any future journey through the interior of Africa. It was his first idea to have pushed on as far as Massouah, a port lying far to the south, on the Abyssinian coast of the Red Sea, and thence crossed to Mokha, or Mocha, in Arabia; and with this view he took his departure from Shendy with a caravan proceeding to Souakin on the Red Sea, which he proposed to accompany as far as Taka, whence he hoped to find means of reaching Massouah. It is a striking proof of his persevering and ardent courage, that when starting on this most adventurous enterprise, he had only four dollars in his pocket, and that, after selling his camel, he relied upon being able to beg his way, if necessary, to Djidda, on which town he had a letter of credit.

This more extended scheme, however, he was not fated to carry out. The caravan, which left Shendy on the 17th of May, divided on the banks of the Atbara, or Astoboras, a tributary of the Nile, into two parties, one of which struck straight across the Desert to Souakin, and the other turned south to Taka. The latter, according to his original design, Burckhardt accompanied; but when arrived at Taka, which is a chief emporium for *dhourra*, the grain in principal request, and the almost universal medium of exchange throughout Nubia, he found there was no commercial intercourse between that place and Massouah, as he had been led to believe, and that, from the inhospitable and treacherous character of the intervening tribes, any attempt to penetrate through them alone was quite hopeless. He had no other alternative, therefore, but to relinquish the project, and proceed to Souakin, the road to which was comparatively safe and pleasant, and which he reached on the 26th of June. Here he was exposed to the danger even of losing his life, through the rapacity and violence of the Arab governor of the town, and the aga of Mohammed Ali, who then held a partial sovereignty over that and the other ports on the Red Sea, and averted it only by producing old firmans of the pasha, and of Ibrahim his son, which he had hitherto studiously concealed, through fear of being taken for a spy of those princes by the Nubians, who already foreboded the yoke that has since been imposed on them. In the latter of these documents he was described as "Our man, Ibrahim the Syrian," which had such an effect upon the aga, that though his clothes were literally in rags, that functionary forthwith tendered him marks of great respect, invited him to reside in his house, and ultimately procured him a free passage to Djidda on board a small ship, overloaded with *dhourra* and passengers, chiefly black pilgrims on their way to Mecca. In this vessel, which was little more than an open boat, he embarked on

the 6th of July; and after the usual creeping voyage of Arab navigators, who cast anchor in some bay on the coast every night, arrived at Djidda on the 18th of July 1814.

JOURNEY TO MECCA.

It is now we enter upon the most interesting portion of Burckhardt's travels, because, from the perfect success with which he maintained his disguise of a Mohammedan, he was enabled not only to visit the two holy cities of Mecca and Medina, into which none but true believers are permitted to enter, but also to witness and participate in all the ceremonies of the hadj, or pilgrimage, to those places of Moslem superstition—mysteries never before beheld by any but a true disciple of the prophet. The province of Arabia in which Mecca and Medina stand is distinguished by the name of the Hedjaz, or Holy Land, and it stretches from the 20th to the 26th degree of northern latitude. Besides these two cities, which are sanctified—the one as the birthplace, and the other as the burial-place of Mohammed—it contains the towns of Djidda, Yembo, Tayf, and others of lesser note. The two first are the ports of Mecca and Medina respectively. At the period of Burckhardt's visit, Mohammed Ali held military possession of the country, and was himself at Tayf. He had just repulsed the Wahabys, a powerful and fanatical tribe of the Nedjed in Eastern Arabia, who had previously conquered the whole Hedjaz, and, in the quality of reformers, destroyed many of the monuments in the temples of Mecca and Medina, which they viewed as savouring of idolatry. They had even interdicted the hadj, or pilgrimage, for the six years of their sway, although expressly enjoined upon his disciples by Mohammed in his Koran as necessary to salvation, and were consequently held in great detestation by the whole Moslem world, and by none more so than by the inhabitants of Mecca and Medina, who were principally dependent upon the sums spent by the pilgrims in their annual visit. These came from the most distant parts where Islamism prevailed: from European and Asiatic Turkey; from Morocco, Barbary, Egypt, and the countries in the south and east of Africa; and from Bagdad, Muscat, and India. They generally numbered from fifty to a hundred thousand, and arrived in five or six great caravans, of which the Syrian and Egyptian were the principal, they often comprising thirty thousand persons each. But from the interruption given by the Wahabys, and the increasing indifference to the precepts of their religion among the Mohammedans in general, the number has of late years considerably diminished, and will, in all probability, continue to dwindle, until the practice becomes as obsolete as the pilgrimage to Jerusalem among the Christians. Its prolonged observance may be in a great measure ascribed to the commercial character with which it is invested, few of the pilgrims arriving without bringing some productions of their respective countries for sale, and

taking back others in return—for Mohammed was too astute to prohibit trading during the pilgrimage—and thus, at the cost of much personal fatigue, the pursuit of sanctity and profit is cunningly combined.*

In ordaining this pilgrimage, Mohammed did but perpetuate a custom already hallowed by its antiquity amongst his countrymen. The temple of Mecca had been for ages an object of veneration to the Pagan Arabs, who, at stated periods, resorted to worship at its shrine; and as it would have been difficult to eradicate this sentiment, Mohammed sagely incorporated it in his religion. The chief attraction of this temple was, and is, the Kaaba, which is believed to have been constructed in heaven two thousand years before the creation of the world, and there adored by the angels. Adam, who was the first true believer, erected the Kaaba upon earth on its present site, which is directly below the spot it occupied in heaven. He collected the stones from five holy mountains, and ten thousand angels were appointed to guard the structure from accident. The sons of Adam repaired the Kaaba, and after the deluge Abraham was ordered by the Almighty to reconstruct it. His son Ishmael, who, from his infancy, had resided with his mother Hagar, near the site of Mecca, assisted his father, and, on digging, they found the foundations which had been laid by Adam. Being in want of a stone to fix into the building, as a mark from which the towaf, or holy walk, round it was to commence, Ishmael went in search of one, and on his way met the angel Gabriel, holding in his hand a stone, ever since an object of adoration, and famous under the name of the "black stone," although originally white. Such is the legend handed down by tradition, and to which the Moslems yet give credence.

This Kaaba, notwithstanding its fabulous host of guardian angels, has been repeatedly destroyed both by fire and water, and was entirely rebuilt as it now stands in 1627. It is an oblong flat-roofed building, eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in height.† It stands upon an elevated base of two feet, and has but one door, about seven feet from the ground, which is only opened on solemn occasions, and then entered by wooden steps. On its north-east corner, in the angle of the wall, is the "black stone," of an irregular oval shape, and about seven inches in diameter. It has at present the appearance of several smaller stones cemented

* "Make provision for your journey, but the best provision is piety; and fear me, oh ye of understanding. It shall be no crime in you if ye seek an increase from the Lord by trading during the pilgrimage."—*Koran*, Sale, vol. I., p. 36. Sale says—"The pilgrimage to Mecca is so necessary a point of practice, that, according to a tradition of Mohammed, he who dies without performing it may as well die a Jew or a Christian."

† The dimensions given by Sale are—Length, 24 cubits; breadth, 23 cubits; and height, 27 cubits.—Vol. I. sect. iv. p. 152.

together, as if broken into pieces and then united again, which may well have been the case from the numerous mishaps which have befallen the Kaaba. It is worn very smooth, from the millions of kisses and touches it has received, and is set in silver. Another sacred stone is inserted in the Kaaba on the south-east corner, which is only touched with the right hand by those frequenting the shrine. Below the water-spout, on the west side of the Kaaba, which is reported to be of pure gold, are two slabs, beneath which Ishmael and his mother Hagar are believed to be buried, and around them is a semi-circular wall, called *El Hatym*, the area itself being named *Hedjer*, and considered almost as sacred as the Kaaba. All the sides of the Kaaba are covered with a black silk stuff hanging down, and leaving the roof bare. This curtain or veil is called *Kesona*, and is renewed annually at the time of the *hadj* at the sultan's expense. Openings are left in it for the two sacred stones, which are thus exposed to the lips and hands of worshippers. The interior of the Kaaba consists of a single chamber, with two pillars supporting the roof, between which hang rows of golden lamps, and is hung with a drapery of red silk, interwoven with flowers and inscriptions. Round the outside runs a pavement of marble, about eight inches below the surrounding square, which is encircled by thirty-two slender gilt pillars or poles, between every two of which are suspended seven glass lamps, always lighted after sunset. Beyond the poles is a second pavement, about eight paces broad, somewhat elevated above the first, but of coarser work: then another, six inches higher, and eighteen paces broad, upon which stand several small buildings—namely, five *makams*, or oratories; the edifice above the well *Zemzem*, whose water is held to cure all diseases,* the arch called *Bab-es-salam*, through which those who enter the temple for the first time must pass; and the *mambar*, or pulpit, formed of white marble, from which sermons are preached on Fridays and festivals. Four of the *makams* are appropriated to the four orthodox sects of Mohammedans, and the fifth contains the stone on which Abraham stood when he built the Kaaba, and which rose or sank as occasion required.

The Kaaba, with these edifices around it, stands almost in the centre of an oblong square, 250 paces long and 200 wide, enclosed on all sides by a colonnade or piazza, with pillars three and four deep, united by pointed arches, and surmounted by domes or cupolas with gilded spires. Along the whole colonnade, on the four sides, lamps are suspended from the arches, some of which are lighted every night, and all during the nights of the feast of *Ramadhan*. Nineteen gates open into it, distributed without

* This well is represented to be the spring miraculously disclosed to Hagar in the Desert, when her son Ishmael was on the point of perishing from thirst. Mecca may be said to owe its existence to it, as it contains the only sweet water in the town, and gives a very copious supply.

order or symmetry; and seven paved causeways lead across the area to the Kaaba, which is more distinctly called the Beitullah, or House of God. The whole mosque, which is encompassed by a wall running round the colonnade, is styled Masjad al Harem—the Sacred or Inviolable Temple. It is only during the hours of prayer that it seems regarded as a consecrated place, being at other times a place of meeting for men of business to converse on their affairs, and many of the poorer hadjis, or pilgrims, take up their abode under the piazzas during the whole period of their stay in Mecca. Boys, too, play in the great square, and servants carry luggage across it to pass by the nearest route from one part of the town to the other. Women sell corn and dhourra within the enclosure, which pilgrims purchase to feed the pigeons that abound in the mosque, and are deemed sacred. The latter is not an uninteresting trait; for the Mohammedans generally are fond and careful of animals, and in this respect would shame many Christians. In several parts of the colonnade public schools are held, where young children are taught to spell and read, who add not a little to the prevailing clamour, especially as the stick of the schoolmaster is in almost constant action. Olemas, or doctors, harangue to groups, expounding the Koran and the law; and sheiks perambulate, offering their services to write out documents of every kind. Upon the whole, the desecration is complete; but it is by no means peculiar to the mosque at Mecca, being usual in all the great mosques of the East. At the times of public prayer the scene is very different, particularly at the evening prayer, which is most numerously attended. Then many thousands form in wide circles round the Kaaba as a common centre, before which each silently prostrates himself; the imaum, or priest, takes his post at the door of the Kaaba, and his genuflexions are imitated by the whole assembled multitude. This solemn spectacle is greatly heightened in effect by the indistinct light cast from the lamps around the Kaaba and the outer colonnade, which gives to it the essential character of sublimity.

The mosque of Mecca is endowed with large revenues, possessing property in almost every part of the Turkish empire, but they are now ill paid, and are comparatively trifling to what they used to be. Its principal support is derived from the Turkish sultan and the gifts of the pilgrims. The chief officer is the Nayb al Harem, the guardian who keeps the keys of the Kaaba. Next to him is the aga of the eunuchs, or towashye, who perform the duty of police officers in the temple, prevent disorders, and daily wash and sweep with large brooms the pavement round the Kaaba. They amount to above forty in number, and are usually presented by pashas and other persons of distinction. Most of them are negroes, but they enjoy, nevertheless, great consideration among the Meccans, and are much courted by the pilgrims. Besides these, numerous metowefs, or guides, are attached to the mosque, who escort the pilgrims, and

instruct them in the proper prayers and ceremonies to be gone through, expecting to be well paid for the service.

The city of Mecca, in the centre of which the great mosque stands, is situated in a narrow sandy valley, about midway between Djidda and Tayf, and extends in length about 1500 paces, though its suburbs reach to upwards of 3500, and are included under the denomination of Mecca. It is well built, and the houses, unlike other eastern cities, have windows fronting the streets, which latter are unpaved, and choked with sand or mud according to the season. There are no public khans or inns, so that every stranger is obliged to provide himself with a private lodging. Although anxious to visit the Holy City and its temple as early as possible, Burckhardt was debarred from doing so for some time by two circumstances—first, the want of money, his letter of credit being refused payment by the party on whom it was drawn, which plunged him into the greatest distress, from which he was unexpectedly extricated by Yahya Effendi, the physician of Tousoun Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, who advanced him 3000 piastres (£100) for a bill on Cairo; and secondly, by a summons from Mohammed Ali himself to repair to his headquarters at Tayf, which it was necessary to obey. This summons he had drawn upon himself by an application to Mohammed Ali for pecuniary assistance previous to his acquaintance with Yahya Effendi; but although the pasha received him with civility, and was not aware of the aid he had obtained, he dismissed him without any offer to relieve his necessities. Glad, however, to escape from an irksome detention at Tayf, where he felt himself constantly watched, he was content to extract a promise that he should not be molested in his travels through the Hedjaz, and proceeded with all alacrity towards Mecca, which he had already passed on his way to Tayf. On arriving at a place called Wady Mohram, he assumed the *ihram*, in obedience to the law, which prescribes it to all who are about to enter Mecca. The *ihram* consists of two pieces of white linen, woollen or cotton cloth, one of which is wrapped round the loins, and the other thrown over the neck and shoulders so as to leave part of the right arm uncovered. As every other garment must be laid aside before this is put on, great inconvenience is occasioned both in winter and summer, the more especially as the head must remain without any covering, and no additional clothing is permitted even at night. In the case of pilgrims who choose to wear the *ihram* until after the ceremonies of the pilgrimage at Mount Arafat are concluded, the custom is often attended with prejudicial consequences, and provokes immediate, or lays the seeds of future, maladies.

Arrayed in this peculiar garb, and mounted on an ass, Burckhardt entered Mecca at noon of the 9th of September, and advanced straightway to the mosque, it being incumbent on every one visiting Mecca, whether as a pilgrim or not, to repair to the

temple before attending to any other business whatever. Alighting at the gate, he selected a metowef, or guide, and penetrated into the building through the gate allotted for devotees. With the exception of numerous prayers, pious ejaculations and prostrations, recited and performed in the prescribed places and order, the principal ceremony is the towaf, or circuit of the Kaaba. After touching or kissing the "black stone," which the novice salutes with two *rikats*, or four prostrations, accompanied with prayer, he encompasses the Kaaba seven times, repeating prayers the whole way, and touching or kissing the "black stone," and touching the other stone previously mentioned, as he makes each revolution. The first three circuits are always executed at a quick pace or trot, in imitation of Mohammed, whose enemies having reported that he was dangerously ill, confuted them by running thrice round the Kaaba at full speed. Afterwards he embraces the Kaaba with outstretched arms, beseeching God to forgive his sins, and drinks of the water of the Zemzem well, which concludes the ceremonies to be observed in the mosque. He is then conducted out of the mosque to a slight elevation, about fifty yards distant, called the Hill of Szafa. Here stand three small open arches, with three steps leading up to them, which the pilgrim has to mount and there repeat a prayer; then descending, he commences the say, or walk, which is along a level street, about 600 paces in length, to a spot called Meroua, where stands a stone platform, raised six or eight feet above the level of the street, with steps ascending to it, which he likewise mounts, and, as at Szafa, repeats a prayer. Part of the distance must be done at a quick pace, and the whole perambulated seven times, prayers being recited uninterruptedly during the progress in a loud tone of voice. After going through these fatiguing rites, the pilgrim gets his head shaved, and lays aside the *ihram* if he chooses; or, if still untired, proceeds forthwith to the Omra, a place an hour and a half from Mecca, where he visits a small chapel, repeats two *rikats*, and returns to the city chanting all the way certain pious ejaculations. He may postpone his visit to the Omra, however; but it is held proper to be paid on the next or second day. The Omra finishes everything that is necessary to be observed with regard to the city and temple.

After being thus initiated into the mysteries of the Mohammedan superstition—an inauguration which was indispensable to the character he had assumed, and indeed to the safety of his life—Burckhardt returned on the 15th of September to Djidda, where he remained until the middle of October, when he again took up his abode at Mecca, to await the era of the great hadj, or pilgrimage. Djidda and Mecca were already crowded with pilgrims, who had arrived in anticipation of the event, many of them three or four months previously, in prosecution of their trade; but the chief accession was expected from the regular hadj caravans, those from Syria and Egypt at least being this

year reported on the road. Nor were the excited hopes of the Meccans disappointed. On the 21st of November the Syrian caravan appeared, and encamped on a plain outside the town, with the pasha of Damascus at its head. Early the next day the Egyptian caravan defiled into the valley, and in the course of the afternoon Mohammed Ali himself entered the city, attracted by the twofold object of joining the hadj and inspecting the cavalry which had come with the Egyptian caravan, a reinforcement he was awaiting to take offensive measures against the Wahabys. He was dressed in a handsome ihram of Cashmere shawls, with his head bare, but protected from the sun by an umbrella held above him by an attendant. The ihram had been assumed by the pilgrims of the caravans at Asfan, two stations from Mecca; and those who had been previously residing at Mecca arrayed themselves in it at their respective lodgings.

On the following morning, the 8th of the month Zul Hadj, answering to the 24th of November, the pilgrimage commenced. The Syrian caravan first passed through the town amidst a vast concourse of people, uttering joyful exclamations, and with the enlivening sounds of martial music. Most of the hadjis rode in palanquins on camels, but the pasha of Damascus, his women, and the principal people were borne in takhtrouans—a sort of closed litter—carried by two camels, one before and one behind. The camels' heads were ornamented with feathers, tassels, and bells, and the procession was led by the soldiers of the escort, with the Mahmal, or sacred camel, in their front. The Egyptians followed, almost all soldiers, with many richly-decorated equipages; and after defiling through the town amidst the acclamations of the people, pursued the way to Arafat. The private hadjis next mounted their camels to the number of 8000 or 10,000, whilst the greater part of the inhabitants of Mecca and Djidda prepared to accompany the hadj, as is usual with them, and a scene of great confusion ensued. The whole body of people—pilgrims, soldiers, servants, and camel-drivers—might be roughly estimated at 80,000. Burckhardt had engaged two camels to carry his luggage and provisions; but as it is considered meritorious to make the six hours' journey to Arafat on foot, he adopted that course, in company with several others, and by doing so incurred much danger, for many accidents occurred from the vast multitude of camels crowded in narrow thoroughfares. Nevertheless he reached the plain of Arafat in safety about three hours after sunset, and beheld the fires of the vast encampment stretching over an extent of ground three or four miles in length. Lofty and brilliant clusters of lamps marked the spots where the tents of Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Damascus, and the emir of the Egyptian caravan were pitched; a countless throng was wandering up and down among the tents; noise and uproar prevailed in every direction; the loud prayers

and vociferous chants of devotees were mingled with the songs and laughter of the merry Meccans and Djiddans, who regarded the affair in the light of a holiday; and over the whole plain were scattered numberless coffee-houses, crowded with customers the livelong night. Sleep was out of the question, though our traveller sought it, wrapped up in a large carpet he had carried with him; but he had scarcely composed himself to rest ere he was startled by the guns from the two caravans, announcing the advent of dawn, and summoning the faithful to prepare for the morning orison. Immediately all was in commotion, and the multitude began to press towards the great object of attraction, Mount Arafat.

This mount rises with a sloping acclivity upon a base of nearly a mile in circuit, and attains a height of 200 feet above the level of the plain. On the eastern side a tier of broad stone steps leads to the summit, at the fortieth of which is a place marked by a slab in the mountain, a little on the left hand, called Modaa Seydna Adam, or the Place of Prayer of our Lord Adam, where, it is stated, the father of mankind used to stand while praying; for here it was, according to Mohammedan tradition, that the angel Gabriel first instructed Adam how to adore his Creator. At the sixtieth step is a small paved platform to the right hand, on a level part of the hill, where the preacher stands who addresses the pilgrims on the afternoon of this day. On the summit the spot is indicated where Mohammed used to take his station during the hadj; a small chapel formerly stood over it, which was destroyed by the Wahabys. The majority of the pilgrims repeat two rikats here in salutation of the mountain, but many never ascend it at all; and it may be observed, with respect to the pilgrimage generally, that, as every one is too busily occupied with his own concerns to keep an eye on his neighbour, the whole of the prescribed ceremonies are performed only by the truly zealous and pious. As, for instance, upon descending from the mountain, the time for mid-day prayer had arrived, after the observance of which the pilgrims are to wash and purify the body by a total ablution, for which purpose the numerous tents were erected on the plain; but the weather being cold and cheerless, nine-tenths of them, shivering as they were already under the thin covering of the ihram, were induced to omit that rite, and content themselves with the ordinary ablution. After this the time was spent according to individual fancy until three o'clock drew nigh, when that ceremony of the hadj was to take place for which the mighty congregation had chiefly assembled. The pressure once more set in towards the mountain, which was speedily covered from top to bottom; the camels were ranged in deep rows along its base, bearing the hadjis on their backs, whilst the two pashas, with their whole cavalry drawn up in two squadrons behind them, took post in the rear, all hushed in deep and respectful silence. Then at the

precise time appointed, the preacher took his station upon the platform on the mountain, and began to address the multitude. The sermon he thence delivers constitutes the holy ceremony of the hadj, called Khotbet el Wakfe; and no pilgrim, although he may have visited all the holy places of Mecca, is entitled to the appellation of hadji unless he has been present on this occasion. The multitude is necessarily too great for all to hear the preacher, but it is sufficient for the purpose if he be within sight.

In the present instance, as usually occurs, this preacher was the kadhy of Mecca, who was mounted upon a handsomely caparisoned camel, which had been led up the steps, in traditional imitation of Mohammed, who is said to have been always so seated when he exhorted his followers. The camel becoming unruly, however, the kadhy was obliged to dismount. He read his sermon from a book in Arabic, which he held in his hands. At intervals of every four or five minutes he paused, and stretched forth his arms to implore blessings from above; while the assembled myriads around and before him waved the skirts of their ihrams over their heads, and rent the air with shouts of "*Lebeyk, Allah huma Lebeyk!*"—"Here we are, at thy commands, oh God!" This stentorian cry rung in the ears with thrilling effect, and awed for a moment even the most volatile; for whilst numbers betokened the deepest emotion, crying aloud and weeping, beating their breasts, and denouncing themselves to be great sinners before the Lord, others looked on with indifference, and laughed and joked as if engaged in an ordinary pastime. At length the sun began to descend behind the western mountains, upon which the kadhy closed his book, and the crowd, having given one more tremendous "*Lebeyk,*" rushed down the mountain to quit the place. Great merit is attached to speed on this occasion, and every one hurries away at his quickest pace. In former times bloody affrays have occurred between the different caravans in endeavouring to get in advance of each other with their respective mahmals, or sacred camels, and two hundred lives have been sometimes sacrificed amid such encounters. There was no such contention in the present instance, as the power of Mohammed Ali extinguished all idea of competition.

From Arafat the pilgrimage returns through the pillars of Alameyn, on the skirts of the plain, and, passing through the defile of El Mazoumeyn, halts for the night at Mezdelife. Nothing could exceed the confusion of this nocturnal march, although it is not one of more than two hours, owing, in a great measure, to the precipitation with which it was commenced. It was conducted by torchlight, amid the firing of cannon and musketry, whilst the two bands of the pashas vied with each other in producing the greatest noise. No order was observed in the encampment at Mezdelife, and indeed no tents were pitched except those of the pashas and their suites, but every one lay

down on the ground as he best might. Poor Burckhardt, with his usual bad luck, had lost his camels in the tumult of the start, and after being obliged to walk all the way, had to stretch himself on the plain with no other protection against the damp and chilly atmosphere than his scanty ihram. Before dawn of the following morning the whole hadj was aroused, and assembled around the mosque of Mezdelfe, with lighted torches, to hear another sermon from the kadhy of Mecca, who preached, as before, from daybreak to sunrise—a short interval in that latitude. After the conclusion of his discourse and the recital of a prayer, it moved from Mezdelfe to Wady Muna, distant one hour's journey from the former place.

It is at Wady Muna that the extraordinary ceremony of throwing stones at the devil, and making an expiatory sacrifice, is performed. According to belief, when Abraham was returning from the pilgrimage to Arafat, the devil Eblis presented himself before him at the entrance of the valley to obstruct his passage, when the angel Gabriel, who accompanied the patriarch, advised him to throw stones at the fiend, which he did, and after pelting him seven times, Eblis retired. Not sufficiently scared, however, the Evil One again confronted Abraham in the middle of the valley, who once more put him to flight by a shower of seven stones. Still the malignant foe was not repulsed, for he appeared a third time at the end of the valley, and it required a final volley of seven stones from the indignant father of the faithful to dislodge him, and drive him for ever from his sight. In consequence of this tradition, three pillars are erected at the different places in the valley where the devil made his stand, and at each of them every pilgrim has to throw seven stones, exclaiming as he does so, "In the name of God; God is great. We do this to secure ourselves from the devil and his troops." After this ceremony of throwing stones is completed, the sacrifice of animals commences. Not more than between six and eight thousand sheep and goats were slaughtered upon this occasion; but in the days of the caliphs, when they were accustomed to head the hadj in person, forty thousand camels and cows, and fifty thousand sheep, have been offered up in sacrifice. The animals are butchered in all parts of the valley, but the favourite spot is a smooth rock at its western extremity. The act of sacrifice is accompanied by no other ceremony than turning the victim's head towards the Kaaba, and crying out, whilst cutting its throat, "In the name of the most merciful God! Oh supreme God!" This sacrifice is in commemoration of a request said to have been made by Abraham to the Deity, for leave to offer up his son as a sacrifice, which being granted, a ram was substituted by Gabriel as he was about to plunge his knife into the body of his son. The spot is shown where this occurrence took place, on a mountain near Muna; but the Mohammedan doctors are not agreed which son was the intended victim, Isaac or Ishmael, though the

weight of authority is in favour of the latter, who is revered as the father of the Bedouin Arabs. The pilgrims remain at Muna two days longer, and on each of them renew the ceremony of throwing stones at the devil, making in the whole sixty-three stones cast by every hadji, so that in the end those missiles become scarce, especially as they are not to be above the size of a bean, and the same are used more than once, in contravention of a solemn ordinance to the contrary.

During the stay of the hadj at Muna for three days a sort of jubilee prevailed. After the sacrifice of animals, the pilgrimage is virtually concluded, and the ihram is thrown aside. Shops are fixed in rows along the valley, and articles of every description are provided in abundance. The hadjis give themselves up to rejoicing, the more heartily as they have now accomplished the arduous task which secures them for the rest of their lives a peculiar character of sanctity. On all sides, accordingly, were heard mutual congratulations, and hopes that the pilgrimage might prove acceptable to God. At night the whole valley appeared as if in a blaze, every house and tent was lighted up, the abodes of the pashas were brilliantly illuminated, and bonfires gleamed from the tops of the surrounding hills. Fireworks also were exhibited, and a multitude of rockets shot into the air. The roar of artillery, and the clang of kettle-drums, kept up a fit accompaniment to these demonstrations; and the scene would have been one of unmixed enjoyment, but for the uncleanly habits of the Orientals. The entrails of the slaughtered sheep were left to rot on the ground, and the odour of their putrefaction polluted the air, filling the nostrils with a pestilent breath.

Shortly after noon on the 12th of Zul Hadj, immediately after having discharged their last shot at the devil, the whole body of the hadjis left Muna and returned to Mecca, evincing the joy that filled their hearts by boisterous mirth, jovial songs, and animated discourse—affording a striking contrast to the gloom which marked the peregrination to Arafat. On their arrival at Mecca, it is incumbent on them forthwith to visit the Kaaba, which, in the meantime, has been covered with the new black curtain provided annually for the purpose. Here they repeat the towaf—consisting of seven perambulations—and afterwards go through the unmeaning ceremony of the say. With a subsequent visit to the Omra, and a repetition of the towaf and say, the whole duties of the pilgrimage are fulfilled. The caravans take their departure, and individual hadjis either loiter for a time at Mecca, or set out for their several destinations.

The inhabitants of Mecca contrive to glean an abundant harvest from this pilgrimage. Fees are exacted from the hadjis at every place they visit, and every rite they perform, and each locality is appropriated to separate families, who enjoy them as a sort of patrimony. Thus, in the aggregate, immense sums are

collected,* which, in addition to the extortion practised in the shape of charges for board and lodging, serve to keep them in competence for the whole year. Besides those already enumerated, there are other places in and around Mecca at which the pilgrims are expected to pray—such as the spot where Mohammed was born, those in which Fatme his daughter, and Ali his cousin, first saw the light; the tombs of Khadidji his wife, and of Umna his mother; and the mountains, Abou Kobeys, where Mohammed executed the miracle of putting the moon in his sleeve, extinguishing the sun, and thereby converting his powerful and hostile kinsmen the Koreysh; Nour, where he was visited by the angel Gabriel, who brought him a chapter of the Koran; and Thor, in which is the cavern wherein he secreted himself when pursued by his enemies, and over the mouth of which a spider spun his web. At all of these the pilgrim must make offerings; and such is the rapacity exhibited, that devout Mussulmans are shocked and disgusted, insomuch that a bad impression is left on the minds of all the hadjis, who are initiated into a system of cheating which too often forms the rule of their own subsequent conduct, whereby it has come to pass that the appellation of hadji, in most parts of the East, is considered as synonymous with that of knave. The prevalence of indecent practices, too, tends in no small degree to poison the morals of the pilgrims, who have opportunities of witnessing places the most hallowed in their faith polluted by the grossest abominations. Burckhardt relates that he has seen the Kaaba itself made the scene at nights of detestable proceedings, which were pursued without shame or censure. Hence it happens that scarcely any pilgrim escapes demoralisation: all his cherished hallucinations are dispelled, and he begins thenceforth to consider religion but as a convenient cloak for iniquity.

As Burckhardt intended to proceed to Medina, he was obliged to tarry nearly a month at Mecca, waiting to join a caravan proceeding thither. During this compulsory stay, he had occasion to observe the difference perceptible after the departure of the caravans and the bulk of the pilgrims. But a few of these were left, except of the poorest class, principally Indians and negroes—the former of whom go about as mendicants, soliciting alms to enable them to return to their homes, whereas the latter seek the same means by labour and industry. As the Arabians regard themselves in the light of a superior people, they universally refuse to perform anything like menial offices, and consequently the negroes are in great request as porters and hewers of wood,

* Burckhardt distributed thirty dollars in fees during the pilgrimage. This perhaps may be taken as a fair average of the cost, as the rich hadjis pay a great deal more, whilst the poorer ones contribute much less. Taking the number of actual pilgrims to have been 40,000, that gives a sum of 1,200,000 dollars, or £255,000 sterling, levied in the shape of offerings alone.

and being orderly and thrifty, they often acquire comparative wealth. Burckhardt everywhere speaks of them in terms of eulogy, and represents them as by far the most decent of the pilgrims who resort to Mecca. Meanwhile that city appeared, in comparison with the recent bustle, as if deserted. The bazaars that had been lately filled with costly merchandise were, for the most part, closed; and the streets which, but a few days ago, had been inconveniently crowded, so that it was difficult to force a passage, were abandoned to solitary stragglers, and beggars whining their piteous supplications before the windows of the houses. Many of the poor hadjis, overcome by the climate, were stretched in the porticos of the temple, ill and dying, with none to tend or care for them. The suburbs of the town were strewed with the carcasses of camels, and the offal left by the caravans in their halting-places; and every street was a dunghill of rubbish and filth, which was quietly allowed to stagnate; so that, from these combined causes, an effluvium pervaded the whole town of the most offensive and noxious description, fully accounting for the numerous diseases raging within it. And, as if this were not enough, the inhabitants select this period of the year to empty the contents of their cess-pools, which they do into holes dug in the streets before their houses, covering the receptacles with a simple layer of earth, whereby they insure themselves a perpetual miasma. They avoid, however, the pernicious practice of burying the bodies of the dead within the precincts of the city, but remove them to cemeteries at a distance.

During his prolonged sojourn Burckhardt likewise enjoyed the opportunity of gaining a clearer insight into the manners of the Meccans, or Makkawys, as he calls them. These partake of the general Oriental character, with some few peculiarities. The Arabians have been, from time immemorial, divided into two classes—the Bedouins or wandering Arabs, and the settled cultivators and inhabitants of towns and villages. The native Arabians have been almost completely rooted out of Mecca; the great family of the Koreysh, so paramount in the time of Mohammed, and of which he was a member, has sunk into obscurity, and is nearly extinct; and the only survivors of the original stock are certain families of sheriffs, who derive their descent from Hassan and Hossein, the sons of Fatme, the daughter of Mohammed. These latter yet form a powerful class, having intimate relations with many of the largest Bedouin tribes, whose aid they can command, and they choose from among them the reigning sheriff, who shares with the kadhy, an officer sent annually from Constantinople, the governorship of the city. At times this sheriff has extended his sway over the whole Hedjaz; but under Mohammed Ali he exercises a very confined jurisdiction. The rest of the inhabitants are all of foreign origin, and comprise representatives from most of the states of the eastern world; but they have become gradually

amalgamated, and are scarcely distinguishable from the pure Arabians. This surplus of strangers is owing to the pilgrimage, as every year some of the hadjis remain, either from illness or through inclination, and ultimately take up their abode in the place. The depopulation of the Koreysh and other native Arabians is to be attributed to the incessant intestine feuds that prevailed amongst them, whereby, in process of time, they have been either extirpated or expatriated. Almost everybody in Mecca is more or less engaged in trade, which is carried on to a very considerable extent, as, there being no manufactories in Arabia, the country is wholly dependent on the foreign supply. The pilgrimage gives a great stimulus to commerce likewise, and many of the principal merchants have amassed large fortunes. One is mentioned by Burckhardt, of the name of Djeylany, who had establishments both at Mecca and Djidda, who was reputed to be worth £150,000 sterling. From the amount of wealth that annually flows into Mecca, Burckhardt considers it ought to have been one of the richest cities in the East, but for the dissolute habits of its inhabitants. "The generality of Mekkawys," he says, "of all descriptions and professions, are loose and disorderly spendthrifts. The great gains which they make during three or four months are squandered in good living, dress, and the grossest gratifications; and in proportion as they feel assured of the profits of the following year, they care little about saving any part of those of the present. In the month of Moharram, as soon as the hadj is over, and the greater part of the pilgrims have departed, it is customary to celebrate marriage and circumcision feasts. These are celebrated at Mecca in very splendid style; and a man that has not more than three hundred dollars to spend in the year, will then throw away half that sum in the marriage or the circumcision of his child. Neither the sanctity of the holy city, nor the solemn injunctions of the Koran, are able to deter the inhabitants of Mecca from the using of spirituous liquors, and indulging in all the excesses which are the usual consequences of drunkenness. The sheriffs in Mecca and Djidda, great merchants, olemas, and all the chief people, are in the habit of drinking an Indian liquor called *raky* (arrack), which they persuade themselves is neither wine nor brandy, and therefore not prohibited by the law."

From this description, it is not surprising that the arts and sciences are very far from being in a flourishing state. Where the sole pursuit of all is gain, to be afterwards dissipated in debauchery, learning is sure to languish; and accordingly we find the Meccans, above all other communities in the East, distinguished for ignorance. Even in the subtleties of their own religion they are unversed, concerning themselves only with the prescribed formalities; and in the mere mechanical arts they are so deficient, that when any repairs are required in the mosque, workmen must be sent from Cairo or Constantinople. No heed

is given to education; not a single public school exists in the town. Formerly, several medreses, or schools, were built and endowed in connexion with the mosque; and El Fasy, who was himself kadhy of Mecca, and wrote a history of it in the fifteenth century of our era, enumerates no less than eleven as subsisting in his day. The edifices still remain; but, through the shameful cupidity of the olemas and functionaries of the mosque, they have been converted into private residences, and are let out as lodgings to the hadjis. The only schools are those held under the piazzas of the mosque; and if any parents wish to educate their children after a higher standard, they are obliged to send them to Cairo or Damascus. In former times, also, several public libraries belonged to the mosque, but they have all disappeared, the last remnants of them having been carried off by the Wahabys. But with all this defective mental culture, the Meccans are singularly polite and urbane in their address, particularly to strangers, and show great elegance and taste in the decorations of their houses and in the service of the table. They are very hospitable also; and, with something like patriarchal simplicity, invite any one who may seat himself in the vestibule to partake of their repast. On the other hand, they are excessively proud, holding themselves above all mankind as dwellers in the most sacred spot on earth, and as assured of the bliss in paradise promised to the frequenters of the Kaaba. They are gay and cheerful, nevertheless, and do not affect that stolid gravity which is so remarkable among the Turks and other Orientals. In their domestic economy they follow the usual customs of the East. They have one or more wives and concubines according to their means, the inmates of their harems being principally Abyssinian slaves. It is from this mixture of Abyssinian blood that the general complexion of the Mekkawys has become a yellowish-brown, very distinct from the healthy hue of the neighbouring Bedouins. They are reputed to be bigoted and intolerant; but as no unbeliever is permitted to enter, or even approach, their walls, they have little opportunity of displaying these qualities. Burckhardt found his residence amongst them sufficiently agreeable, though he complains bitterly of the climate and the quality of the water; but he was left to enjoy complete freedom, unmolested by inquisitive or suspicious inquiries.

JOURNEY TO MEDINA.

On the 15th of January 1815 our traveller quitted Mecca for Medina, with a small caravan of hadjis who were going to visit the tomb of the prophet. It may be remarked, that a visit to Medina forms no part of the duties of the hadj, or pilgrimage, being undertaken only by the more zealous of the Mohammedan devotees. The route from Mecca to Medina passes through several cultivated valleys, studded with groves of date-trees, and large villages, inhabited by settled tribes of Arabs, and sometimes by

Arabs who partake of both the settled and the Bedouin character. The names of these villages, which are all market-places for the surrounding tribes, are Kholeys, El Rabegh, Szafra, and Djedeyda. No incident of any moment marked the journey; and Burckhardt entered Medina on the thirteenth day after leaving Mecca—namely, on the 28th of January—although the distance is generally traversed in eleven, and occasionally in ten days.

Medina is the city in which Mohammed took refuge when his life was sought by the Koreysh, his kinsmen; and the adherence of its inhabitants gave the first impulse to his career. In gratitude, he directed his body to be interred amongst them. Extraordinary tales were current in Europe at one time concerning his tomb, which were purely fabulous. Amongst others, it was stated that his coffin was suspended in the air, kept in equipoise by four walls of adamant. It is, in truth, deposited under ground, within the great mosque of Medina, which stands in the eastern part of the city, and not in the centre, as usually represented. This mosque, which, like that of Mecca, is styled El Haram, on account of its inviolability, is not nearly so large as the latter. It is only a hundred and sixty-five paces in length, and a hundred and thirty in breadth; but it is built much upon the same plan, forming an open square, surrounded on all sides by covered colonnades, with a small building in the centre of the square. Near the south corner stands the tomb of Mohammed, detached from the walls of the mosque, being twenty-five feet from the south, and fifteen from the east wall. It is within an enclosure, forming an irregular square of about twenty paces, and consisting of an iron railing, painted green, fixed between the columns of the colonnade about two-thirds of their height. The upper part of the columns is left open, and is surmounted by a lofty dome, rising far above the other domes of the mosque, and ornamented with a large globe and a crescent, both said to be of pure gold. The railing is interwoven with inscriptions of yellow bronze, of so close a texture, that no view can be gained into the interior except by several small windows about six inches square, and five feet from the ground. There are four gates to it, three of which are kept constantly shut, and one only is opened every morning and evening to admit the eunuchs, whose office it is to clean the floor and light the lamps. Permission to enter this enclosure, which is distinguished by the name of El Hedjra, may be purchased from the principal eunuchs; but the privilege is rarely embraced. All that can be discerned from the outside, through the windows, is a curtain hanging down on all sides, leaving an interval of a few paces between it and the railing. Within that is said to be another curtain of rich silk brocade, of various colours, interwoven with silver flowers and arabesques, and covered with inscriptions in golden characters. No person is permitted to penetrate behind this latter covering except the

chief eunuchs, who take care of it, and put on the new curtain sent from Constantinople when the old one is decayed, or a new sultan ascends the throne. Within is the tomb of Mohammed, buried deep in the earth, according to the historian of Medina, and above it are the tombs of his two earliest friends and immediate successors, Abou Beker and Omar. A large amount of treasure was at one time deposited here, consisting of gold and silver vessels and precious jewels; but all has been swept away, chiefly by Saoud the Wahaby chief, and nothing of any value now remains except a few gold vessels presented by Tousoun Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, who, unlike his father and brother, was of a religious turn of mind. The curtain of the enclosure is surrounded with lamps, which are lighted every evening, and remain burning all night; and on one side of it is seen the tomb of Setna-Fatme, the daughter of Mohammed. From the Hedjra to the opposite side of the mosque runs a wooden partition, dividing the southern colonnade from a holy place called El Rodha, or the Garden—a name bestowed upon it by Mohammed, who said, “Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of paradise.” The pulpit of the mosque stands close to this partition, and the name of Rodha belongs strictly to that space only which is between the pulpit and the Hedjra. The columns within the Rodha are painted, to the height of about five feet, with flowers and arabesques, to give it something of the appearance of a garden, and the floor is strewn with rich carpets, on which the congregation sits when assembled for prayers.

The ceremonies on visiting the mosque are somewhat analogous to those observed in the temple of Mecca. First, the pilgrim is led to the Rodha, where he prays, and performs four prostrations as a salutation to the mosque; and then proceeds at a slow pace to the Hedjra, where he addresses invocations to Mohammed, repeating his different surnames or honourable titles, and craving his intercession in favour of himself and of all he chooses to include in his prayers. After this he steps back, and performs four prostrations, which being accomplished, he plants himself opposite another part of the Hedjra, where the tomb of Abou Beker is understood to be placed, and invokes him in like manner; and subsequently does the same with regard to Omar and Setna-Fatme, who is propitiated under the title of Fatme-è-Zohera, or the Bright-blooming Fatme. The whole is concluded with a prayer to the Deity, repeated in the Rodha—the time consumed in these observances rarely exceeding twenty minutes. The devotee is, however, pretty heavily mulcted for the satisfaction he derives from them, having to pay fees on every spot where prayers are said to people waiting to receive them, and to the eunuchs of the mosque on the completion of the rites. He is, moreover, beset by a crowd of beggars at the door of the edifice, from whom he finds it difficult to escape without a liberal distribution of alms. He has also to give a handsome

gratuity to his guide or mezowah, as he is called, so that the poor hadji is plundered quite as ruthlessly as at Mecca.

The guardianship of the mosque is intrusted to the care of forty or fifty eunuchs, who have an establishment similar to the eunuchs of the Beitullah at Mecca; but they are persons of greater consequence at Medina, and are more richly dressed, though in the same costume, usually wearing fine Cashmere shawls, and gowns of the best Indian silk. When they pass through the bazaar, everybody hastens to kiss their hands, and they exercise considerable influence in the internal affairs of the town. They have large stipends, which are sent annually from Constantinople by the Syrian hadj caravan; they share also in all donations made to the mosque; and they expect presents from every rich hadji, besides what they take as fees from the visitors of the Hedjra. They live together in one of the best quarters of Medina, to the eastward of the mosque, and their houses are said to be furnished in a more costly manner than any others in the town. Like their brethren at Mecca, they are all, singularly enough, married to black or Abyssinian slaves. Their forms are emaciated, and their whole appearance represented as inspiring disgust. The chief of these eunuchs is called Sheikh el Haram, and is the principal personage in the town. Even Tousoun Pasha, who was governor of Medina at the time of Burckhardt's visit, yielded him precedence, and kissed his hand when he met him. In addition to the eunuchs, there are a great many other persons connected with the mosque, employed to light the lamps of the colonnade at night, to keep the mosque clean, and spread the carpets; these are called Ferrashyn, and as their duties are light and honorary, they include some of the first people in the place. They amount in number to no less than five hundred, and share among them an annual sum transmitted from Constantinople for their use. They officiate also as mezowahs, and drive a lucrative trade in praying for the absent—persons remitting them money from all parts of the Moslem world to pray for them before the tomb of Mohammed. Many of them have from four to five hundred regular correspondents of this profitable class, through whom they enjoy, at a slight expense of trouble, sufficient incomes to live in leisure and affluence.

As at Mecca, so at Medina there are several places considered sacred, and visited by the pious. The principal is the burial-ground outside the town, where numerous saints are interred, consisting of members of Mohammed's family, warriors who fell in his battles, and the Caliph Othman, one of his successors. As a specimen of the invocations addressed to the manes of saints, we may take that repeated with uplifted hands after a prayer of two rikats over the tomb of Othman:—"Peace be with thee, oh, Othman! Peace be with thee, oh friend of the chosen! Peace be with thee, oh collector of the Koran! Mayst thou deserve the contentment of God! May God ordain Paradise as

thy dwelling, thy habitation, and thy abode! I deposit on this spot, and near thee, oh Othman, the profession everlasting, from this day to the day of judgment, that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is his servant and his prophet." The other places of resort are the Djebel Ohod, a mountain on which Hasuze, the uncle of Mohammed, and seventy-five martyrs, fell in battle, and are buried; Koba, a mosque erected on the ground where Mohammed first alighted on his flight to Medina; and El Kebletyn, a spot marked by two pillars, at which the prophet first changed the Kebly, or direction in praying, which, before his time, was towards Jerusalem, and which he changed to the Kaaba at Mecca.

The city of Medina itself stands in the centre of an extensive plain, on the edge of the great Arabian desert, in the 25th degree of north latitude, and contains from 14,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. It is divided into the interior town and the suburbs, the former describing an oval, enclosed by a thick stone wall, from thirty-five to forty feet high, flanked by about thirty towers, and surrounded by a ditch. Three gates lead into the town, and on its western point is a large castle or citadel, of considerable strength, capable of holding a garrison of six hundred men. The houses are generally two storeys high, with flat roofs, and entirely built of stone; but, owing to their not being whitewashed, and to the extreme narrowness of the streets, they have a very gloomy appearance. Many of them, moreover, have fallen into decay, and an air of ruin and desolation pervades the whole place. Outside, however, on three sides of the city, cultivated fields, gardens, and date groves present a cheerful landscape, and afford agreeable retreats to the inhabitants, the wealthier of whom have little villas in the midst of them. On the southern side, the rocky nature of the ground forbids any attempt at cultivation. The present inhabitants of Medina are, as at Mecca, for the most part of foreign descent, owing to the gradual extinction or removal of the native Arabians, and the settlement from time to time of pilgrims. The trade of the town is inconsiderable when compared with that of Mecca, and is liable to continual interruptions from the quarrels of the tribes in its vicinity. There is the same remarkable deficiency of artisans, scarcely a single mechanic existing in the place; even carpenters and masons are to be brought from Yembo when repairs are needed to a house. The sources of wealth are few, since no manufactures are prosecuted; and the sole dependence of the inhabitants is on the gifts from Constantinople, and the sums spent by the pilgrims. Of these there is nothing like the number that resort to Mecca—a visit to Medina being considered rather meritorious and edifying than strictly essential, although the Moslem divines teach that one prayer said in sight of the Hedjra is as efficacious as a thousand repeated in any other mosque, except that of Mecca; and it is also said that he who recites forty prayers in the

mosque of Medina, will be surely delivered from hell and its torments in a future life.

The government of Medina has shifted according to circumstances. Nominally under the sway of a Turkish aga from Constantinople, and the Sheikh el Haram, or chief of the mosque, practically a sort of oligarchical rule, by the different sheikhs of the quarters, has prevailed, except when some strong hand held the reins of power. The command had been vested in a Scotsman some short time before Burckhardt's visit—one Thomas Keith, who went under the denomination of Ibrahim Aga, and filled the post of treasurer to Tousoun Pasha. Like all other parts of the Hedjaz, Medina remains under the yoke of Mohammed Ali since his defeat of the Wahabys, with the semblance of fealty to the Porte. The climate is very insalubrious, owing to the saline nature of the soil and water, and the exhalations which arise from numerous stagnant pools around the town. Poor Burckhardt fell a victim to it, being attacked with fever, and stretched on his rug for upwards of two months. Nothing can be conceived more deplorable than his situation under this affliction, for he had nobody to attend upon him but a miserable black boy, fitted only for his occupation of a camel-driver, and was unable to procure the necessary medicines for his complaint. He rallied, nevertheless, under the genial influence of some fine weather in April; and, afraid of a relapse, hastened to depart from so noxious an atmosphere. It had been his desire to proceed from Medina to Akaba, on the northern extremity of the Red Sea, across a country as yet unexplored by any modern traveller; but in his debility of body and purse, he found the scheme impracticable, and he accordingly joined a caravan to Yembo, the seaport of Medina, and a five days' journey distant, where he arrived on the 27th of April. Yembo is a small town situated on the north side of a deep bay, and is divided by a creek into two parts. Its harbour is one of the best on the Red Sea; but the trade carried on is very trifling, and consists principally in provisions. The intercourse with Medina is kept up by means of caravans, which proceed to and fro every fortnight when all is peaceable on the route. Contrary to what is found at Mecca and Medina, Yembo is almost entirely inhabited by Arabs; a few Syrians, Egyptians, and Indians being the only foreign settlers, and they but temporary sojourners. At the period of Burckhardt's visit it was ravaged by the plague, and a terrible mortality was the consequence. This scourge is almost unknown in Arabia, particularly in the Hedjaz, which the Mohammedans believed to be inviolable to its visitation, from the holy character it possesses. However, it had broken out in the present instance beyond doubt, and the calamity was rendered more grievous by the fact, that all the ships in the harbour were engaged to carry invalid soldiers to Egypt. It was consequently with great difficulty Burckhardt secured a passage in a small open vessel, bound to Cosseir, and crowded

with passengers, in which he embarked on the 15th of May. The voyage was exceedingly tedious, and, tired of the wretched accommodation on board the vessel, Burckhardt bribed the reys, or captain, to put into the harbour of Sherm, on the western shore of the Gulf of Akaba, where he was accordingly landed on the 5th of June. After a stay of a fortnight at a healthy village called El Wady, on the sea-coast, to recruit his wasted strength, he thence made the best of his way to Cairo through Suez, and arrived at that metropolis on the morning of the 24th of June. after an absence of more than eighteen months.

CONCLUSION.

The joy which Burckhardt experienced at his safe return was damped by the miserable state of health into which he had fallen. He was still full of ardour, nevertheless, for the great enterprise to which all his previous labours had been merely preliminary. But no tidings were heard of any caravan from Fezzan, by the return of which he might have proceeded on his journey; and after a residence of nine months in Cairo and Alexandria, he made another excursion across the Desert of Suez, and advanced to the extreme point of the peninsula of Sinai, in the hope of tracing the route supposed to be taken by Moses and the Israelites after their withdrawal from Egypt. In this pursuit he was not at all successful, and he returned to Cairo in June 1816; and, pending the arrival of the so-much-desired caravan, set himself to work in preparing various papers for his employers of the African Association. He devoted himself with intense application to Arabic literature, and the study of Arabian history, particularly the genealogy, manners, and customs of the different tribes of Arabia; and the valuable result of his labours has been given to the world in a publication issued by the Association, which also contains an account of Mohammed Ali's war with the Wahabys. He also applied himself to fill up and complete the journals of his travels in Nubia and Arabia, which were necessarily in a very rough state, as he very rarely durst venture to commit any notes to writing in those countries, since nothing so soon excites the angry suspicions of the untutored Orientals as seeing a person recording observations. Even Mohammed Ali himself was not favourable to the practice; and, when at Tayf, he caused Burckhardt to be asked whether he intended to take notes—an inquiry which he adroitly parried by replying, there was little inducement for so doing, since there were no antiquities in Arabia as in Egypt. Thus he had sufficient occupation for his ardent mind; but he still panted with impatience for the opportunity to penetrate into the interior of the continent; and his letters to Mr Hamilton, the secretary of the Association, vividly portray his chagrin as he saw month after month elapse, and his fond hopes remain ungratified. At length a favourable prospect opened. A party of Moggrebyns, or western Africans, passed

through Cairo in 1817 on their way to Mecca, and they were expected to return as usual by way of Fezzan. To accompany them, Burckhardt made all the necessary preparations, eager to enter on the adventurous path he had so long contemplated, and transmitted all his papers to the Association in London, whither they were happily conveyed in safety. But, alas for the vanity of human expectations! When the moment seemed about to arrive when he might realise the achievement on which he had set his heart, he was struck with a mortal malady, and after a short illness, expired at Cairo a few minutes before midnight on the 15th of October 1817. It is a source of melancholy satisfaction to know that he was attended in his illness by an excellent English physician, Dr Richardson, who happened to be at Cairo in the suite of an Irish nobleman, and that his last hours were soothed by the attentions of Mr Salt, the British consul in Egypt, so celebrated for his zealous pursuit of Egyptian antiquities, and to whom he confided his dying requests. He was calm and sensible, fully conscious of his approaching end, and dictated to Mr Salt his wishes as to the disposition of the books, manuscripts, and other little property he possessed, with perfect distinctness. He was fondly attached to his mother. He had already surrendered in her favour the share he inherited of his father's fortune. With troubled emotion he said to Mr Salt, six hours before he expired, "Let Mr Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death, and tell her that my last thoughts were with her." This intrepid traveller was only thirty-two when he died.

It must ever be a subject of regret that Burckhardt was not spared to undertake the task of penetrating into the interior of Africa. No man could be better fitted by nature, character, and education to succeed in such an enterprise. The qualities of his mind were truly noble; his courage was undaunted, his industry untiring, his zeal most persevering. That he was a man of great capacity, quick intelligence, and profound observation, is sufficiently apparent from his journals; and even the language in which he wrote them evinces an aptitude of attainment which is so rare as almost to be a phenomenon. English composition is insuperably difficult to a foreigner, even under the most propitious circumstances; but Burckhardt learnt the language only after he was twenty-five years old, and enjoyed scarcely any opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with English literature; yet he writes in a very agreeable style, and his works might pass for those of a native, if his origin were unknown. On the whole, his untimely fate is much to be deplored; for although he gave to the world the only authentic accounts of the cities of Mecca and Medina, and of the Mohammedan usages there, he would doubtless have added greatly to the sum of general geographical knowledge had he survived. By his lamented death, another victim was added to the number of enterprising men who have fallen a sacrifice to Oriental investigation.



THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

A MORE simple and kind-hearted being than Bob Parsons—*little* Bob Parsons, as he was called, on account of his somewhat diminutive size—was not known within the sound of Bow Bells. Bob had for years been a slave to the counting-house; and, while other clerks were occasionally indulged with a holiday, he was quite contented to toil on as usual, without any idea that he deserved or required a similar relaxation. At length the little man's time came. Bob, unasked, got a week's holiday at Christmas; and having such a monstrous allowance of time, he resolved to spend it in the country. In the country!—Christmas spent in the country!—that sounds like going to visit at some castle, or manor, or old farmhouse at the very least; where roaring fires are kept up all day and all night, where casks of ale are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, and where roast beef and plum pudding are by no means dainties, but quite ordinary every-day occurrences.

But it was to no place so grand as a farmhouse even that Bob thought of going on this particular Christmas. Bob's relations, he believed, were few—and those few, as far as he knew, were all poor; but it was a very long time since he had seen any of them.

He had been a clerk in the firm of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., Aldermanbury, for the last twenty years, and he was now hard upon five-and-forty. During these years he had maintained little intercourse with the place of his nativity—a remote village in Lincolnshire, called Littlethorpe, which I defy you to find on

the map. Bob's father and mother were dead long ago, and so were Bob's sisters and brothers: that he knew well enough; but he did not know what number of aunts, uncles, and cousins he might have living still just on the other side of Grantham. As he felt a strange yearning to see or hear something about his kindred on this occasion—a yearning which he could not very easily account for, as he was not much given to the romantic—Bob made up his mind to go down into Lincolnshire, and announced his intention accordingly.

This announcement astonished his friends in the counting-house; and Jack Hooper was so incredulous on the subject, that he was heard to declare “he believed it was all a joke—that Little Bob Parsons was not going into the country at all. He had known Bob thirty years, as long as he (Jack Hooper) could remember, and he had never heard of Bob's knowing any one out of London. As to Bob's relations, he believed they were all merely ideal.” As Jack was the wag of the counting-house, every one joined him in laughing at the idea of Little Bob Parsons' journey into the country; and they were quite sure nothing would ever come of it. Now we shall see that they were never more mistaken in their lives. It was in the days of long stages—before these panting, screeching, flying railway days—that Bob and his portmanteau were hoisted to the top of the Grantham coach on a fine 23d of December morning. It was a sharp frost to be sure; but Bob's greatcoat was a very great one indeed for so little a man, and it wrapped him well from head to foot, so that he did not mind the cold; beside his portmanteau, on the roof of the coach, Bob placed a small basket, which his landlady had stored with provender for the inward man; including a small bottle of brandy—a sacred deposit, made by Bob himself with a view to spiritual comfort on the road.

By the time the coach stopped at Barnet, Bob felt ten years younger than he had seemed the day before, when his mates in the counting-house had wished him “a very merry Christmas with nobody, at nowhere, in Lincolnshire.” Bob ate some sandwiches at Barnet, and felt as strong as a giant afterwards. When the coach started once more, he gave himself up to thoughts something like these:—

“Well, it is a pleasing thing to live in such improving times! I scarcely remember this road at all. To be sure it is thirty years ago since I travelled it. How strange! it seems but yesterday since I left the old place down there. I wonder whether that's altered. Ah, it is long ago! How well I remember poor mother's kissing and hugging me, and crying like anything all the time when I was coming away to London. ‘Robert,’ says she to my father, as he sat ready in the cart—‘Robert, something tells me I shall never see him again. He's going all the way to London, and he's sure to die, or make his fortune there; and either way, I'm afraid he'll never come here

to see his old mother again !' Ah ! didn't I kiss her then ? Poor mother ! And my father said—'Nonsense, woman,' says he ; 'you'll see him fast enough in a year or two. There, let him go now ; the horse wont stand.' And so I got into the cart, and, sure enough, mother was right ; she never did see me any more ; nor father neither. But I always wrote to them regularly, and I know they never wanted for anything. Brothers and sisters all dead too ! Poor Polly ! I think I loved her the best, though she was a little sharp-tempered ; she was always so kind to me because I was the youngest, and the least, and the weakest. So she's gone ! But she had children ; I may see them. And Dick, what a fellow he was to be sure ! The daring things he used to do. But he is gone also ; and all his little ones but two, they tell me. The girl married somewhere about Littlethorpe, and the boy settled at Wisbeach. And sister Anne, and Bill—both dead too ! and never married, like myself. I wonder whether the people in Littlethorpe will know me again ? I must be altered a good deal. Thirty years is a long time !"

Here Bob felt his face with his hand, and tried to take a survey of his figure, the lower part of which was eclipsed by the somewhat globular form of the central portion. On the whole, Bob had worn well. He was of a contented, cheerful, kindly disposition : much given to mirth, and by no means averse to good cheer in moderation. He took a gentle interest in politics, but was disposed to believe that Providence ordered all things for the best ; and he had no new lights on religion to trouble his soul. He always went to church twice on the Sunday ; and when a free-thinking friend tried to argue him out of the habit, he listened quietly to what was said, and never contradicted him ; for Bob had learned, by experience, that arguing about religion was not the way to be religious. He went to church on Sunday to worship God in his own way ; and he believed in God, and trusted in his goodness all the rest of the week, without thinking himself better or wiser than his neighbours ; in which last respect he did not resemble most of his free-thinking, free-living friends.

For worldly matters, certainly Bob was not rich : but he was not poor ; and he was contented with what he had. His salary had been £150 per annum for the last ten years, and he had contrived to save about half of that ; for he dined with the other clerks at his employers' expense. He did not smoke, and he was economical in all things, except that he never denied himself a penny to give to a poor body in the street, or sometimes a sixpence, if the poor body happened to be a woman ; for Bob was a bachelor, and retained his youthful feeling of chivalrous reverence for the sex, and took shame to himself when he saw a woman starving, and never could be virtuous enough to think that "it served her right for her misconduct."

To return. The Grantham coach, with Bob on the top, went on, on all day, and at about seven o'clock in the evening it

stopped at the George Inn at Grantham. Whoever knows this inn needs no description of it. To all my readers who do not know it, let me say briefly that it is, or was, *perfect*. Our friend Bob was quite afraid of its grandeur at first, but he took courage from the respect paid him by the waiters; and he said to himself, "This one night I'll enjoy myself like one of the *firm*. I'll have a first-rate supper, and I'll sleep in a first-rate bed." So he ordered one man to take his portmanteau to a bedroom, and to light a fire there directly; and he ordered another man to take him to a small sitting-room; and then he ordered tea and supper, all in one; for Bob could not do without his tea.

Bob slept soundly that night, in spite of the surpassing grandeur of the rose-coloured damask curtains of his bed, and the unparalleled luxury of a fire, which flickered, and glimmered, and crackled, to his intense satisfaction long after he was in bed. He slept, and dreamed he was again a boy at Littlethorpe. Everything that occurred when he was a boy seemed to come over again. Real people, or people who had been real in bygone days, went and came. They spoke to him—sat beside him—looked kindly into his eyes; and when he awoke, he rubbed his eyes and exclaimed, "How strange! Was that all thirty years ago? Why not again now?"

Ah, Bob Parsons—why not again now? Because such things never come again, except in dreams and in memory, where they look fairer and brighter than they really were. It is better only to dream of, and remember them.

While he dressed and ate his breakfast, Bob meditated on the probability that no one at Littlethorpe would remember him. Mr Greenbury, the old schoolmaster, to whom he used to write after his father and mother were dead, and who gave him news of the village about every two years, had ceased to write five years ago, and Bob feared he too was dead. But if so, why had not his daughter written to tell him so? She could write, could Esther Greenbury—a very nice hand too for a girl. Bob remembered her as she was thirty years ago. A kind, bright-eyed, fresh-coloured lass, some three years his senior, and at the top of the writing-class, in those days when boys and girls learned together. And now Bob recalled to mind distinctly a little affair that happened at that period. He remembered how Esther, with her stout arm, had one day tried to defend him from the attack of a big boy. This big boy had been reprovved by the master for idleness, and had been told to take example from Little Bob Parsons. Of course the big boy watched the first opportunity to bully Bob: it was in the old schoolroom, after the rest of the scholars were gone, that the said big boy proceeded "to give it him well," and "to teach him how to set himself up above his betters;" when Esther Greenbury, who was not gone with the rest, and who had a particular dislike to the said big boy, interfered in behalf of Little Bob, who was a favourite of hers, and, armed with a ruler,

warded off the blows which would otherwise have fallen upon poor Bob's head. She, in short, saved Bob from injury, and Bob, in turn, assisted her to get out of the clutches of the tyrant. It was a mutual benefit; and founding on the circumstance, Bob endeavoured, boy as he was, to raise an interest in Esther's feelings; but somehow he never was able to make himself understood, which occasioned him some little unhappiness; and he even went the length of being piqued with his kind-hearted deliverer, which she of course could never comprehend.

Bob smiled at this and other recollections of his childhood. And then he called for his bill, and told the waiter to take care of his portmanteau till he sent for it in the course of the day. Then he set off from the George Inn. He turned back, however, in a few minutes, with a sadder face, to tell the waiter that he *might* perhaps return again that night. The thought had come across his mind that perhaps, after all, no one at Littlethorpe might know him, or be disposed to receive him as a guest. This thought made him sorrowful for a little while; but he soon recovered his usual cheerfulness, and said to himself, as he walked briskly out of Grantham, "God is very good. Who knows I may find many kind friends living still?"

When he got to the half-way house—that is, about three miles on his road—he had a glass of ale, and after that he seemed to recall everything he came to. The alterations hereabouts were very trifling, and he recognised almost every farm and gate that he saw. When he came to the brow of the hill that overlooks Littlethorpe, he sat down on a stile to rest himself, and determine who he would ask for first in the village. There it lay below him—looking just as it used to look. There was the old church, with its green environment, where lay so many who were dear to him. Bob felt a tear in his eye; but at that moment the church bells rang out merrily, and he reflected that it was Christmas eve, and not at all a time of year to give way to feelings of sadness. So he dashed aside the tear, and muttered to himself, "They are happy in heaven!" and then began to descend the hill at a brisk pace.

The first place in the village that he came to was the blacksmith's forge. Often and often had he stood there, to watch the bright sparks fall from the anvil when he was a boy; and now he stood there again a man. Not one of the group before the forge knew him. They all stared at him after the fashion of countrymen looking at a Londoner. Bob stared at the blacksmith himself, with a notion that he ought to know that face. He watched it in the light of the fire. It was an honest, broad, somewhat coarse and heavy face. Yes; something like that face he had known years ago. He could not recollect who it was, till some one of the lookers-on called out to the smith, "I say, Nat Gibbs, what dost say to a sup of beer?"

The smith's face relaxed into a laugh as he said, "Ay, ay; it's Christmas eve, and I'm ready for beer any time in the day."

"Nat Gibbs!" said Bob to himself. "To be sure it is Nat Gibbs; how could I forget him?" The very big boy he knocked over the head with a ruler in Esther Greenbury's defence. In a moment Bob forgot his grudge in his eagerness to greet an old acquaintance. He pushed through the group into the forge, and caught hold of the big smith's brawny hand without speaking.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the latter. "Who are you, eh?"

"Why, sir, I beg your pardon"—Bob was always a pretty spoken man—"I daresay you do not remember me. I am your old schoolmate, Bob Parsons."

"Why, surely you ben't Little Bob Parsons come back again?" cried the smith, starting back with astonishment, and then shaking him violently by the hand, as he saw traces of Little Bob the boy in the person of Little Bob the man. "Well, who'd ha' thought of seeing you back in the old place again. Anyhow, I'm glad to see thee, and looking so hearty too. My missus will be very pleased to see thee too; for she is a relation of your own—a Parsons. Why, now I come to think on't, she is your own brother's daughter—your eldest brother Dick's child."

"Indeed!" cried Bob. "Why, Nat, she is rather young for you; isn't she?"

"Why, that was her look out you know. I'm not fifty yet, and we've been married nigh ten years. She fancied me, and I was glad to have her, for I like the stock she came of. The Parsonses are a good lot; leastways most on 'em. Now, come along with me; I'm going home to dinner, and you must take pot-luck with us. How my Martha will stare when I tell her you are her own Uncle Bob I've often told her about! Here you, Joe, come and finish this shoe. I've done work for to-day. Mind you lock up the place all safe, and put the fire out before you go home."

Having said this, Nat Gibbs quickly divested himself of his apron, washed his face in a corner of the forge, pulled down his shirt sleeves, and put on his coat. This slight toilette was much to the advantage of his personal appearance in the opinion of Bob, who thought his nephew-in-law looked a little more genteel than at first. Bob was a London clerk, be it remembered, and liked to see his friends look neat and respectable. You and I, reader, might have preferred the smith in his working costume.

When Nat Gibbs came out with Bob to the front of his forge, he told all the loungers there that "this was Bob Parsons, who went away quite a boy thirty years ago, and had come back once more to see the place he was born in." Hereupon two middle-aged men came forward and shook hands with Bob, and said how glad they were to see him. Who were they? Why, they were Jim Bates and Tom Greenbury to be sure. And then they

all four walked together down the village towards Nat Gibbs' house.

To Bob's surprise and sorrow they only met one man who recollected him. They talked over old days as they went along; but Bob found that so many people he asked about were dead, so many others had turned out ill, and so many had been unfortunate, that none of them were in good spirits when they stopped at the smith's neat little house at the other end of the village. Nat Gibbs recovered himself the first. "Come, come," cried he, slapping Bob on the back, "don't be down-hearted. We must all die, you know; but I never could see the good of making one's-self miserable because of that."

He then invited Bates and Greenbury to walk in, but they said "No; they must make haste home now."

"Well, then, they must promise to bring their wives and the young uns to tea, and spend the evening. It was Christmas eve, and they would make a night of it in honour of Bob here." And they said they would come; and saying "Good-by for the present," they went away.

Then the burly smith lifted the latch of his own door, and in the ardours of hospitality pushed Bob down a steep step into a passage paved with red brick, which ran through the little house, and opened by another door into a yard at the back, in which some chilly-looking hens might be seen creeping about in a disconsolate manner. Bob had no time to observe anything else, for in a moment Nat Gibbs' voice sounded through the house. "Here, Matty—Matty! where are you, girl? Come along here." Then, before any answer could be given, he pushed open a door, and Bob saw a young woman, with a child in her arms, rise from a chair by a blazing fire, in a snug little general-living-room, which was drawing-room, dining-room, nursery, play-room, all in one, and a great deal more than all that put together. Two little boys, of seven and nine years of age, were seated at a table, each with a large pile of raisins before him, which he was busily stoning for to-morrow's pudding.

"Hallo! here you are all of you! I say, old fellow!" Here the father gave the baby a poke in the ribs, to which that tender individual replied by kicking its legs, and laughing like a little puck. "Hey! what, Master Natty, does mother trust you to stone plums for the pudding? And you too, young Jack? Why, I didn't think she could be so foolish." To this attack the two boys replied by jumping up to caress their father, and clawing his face and clothes all over with their sticky fingers. Little Bob Parsons stood by, a momentary silent spectator of this family group. His niece looked at him with curiosity. How like she was to his poor brother! She had just his merry, frank, clear dark eye, and the same rather impertinent turn-up of the nose. He felt the strongest inclination to fold her in his arms; but he waited a moment, for fear of alarming her, and also perhaps for

fear of hurting the baby; for Bob, like many bachelors, did not know how tough a thing a baby is, after all that may be said about its softness and delicacy.

At last Nat Gibbs turned his wife's attention to the stranger. "Now, Mat, guess who this is? You don't remember him?"

How should she? She was born nearly two years after Bob left Littlethorpe, and of course was obliged to give up guessing as a bad job. When it came out that this was her own Uncle Bob, who had gone away to London years ago, and of whom she had heard so many stories, she was obliged to put down the child for surprise, and to take breath; and in another instant she had her arms round his neck, and he found a tear or two of hers on his cheek; for the sight of him brought up the thought of her father and mother, and Matty could never think of them without crying: she was rather a nervous, excitable woman. In a short time she recovered, and was in excellent spirits, stirring herself to get dinner in a superior style, as Bob was to be honoured as a relation, as a guest, and as a Londoner, who was of course accustomed to have everything quite fashionable. At last dinner was on the table; as nice an Irish stew as one could wish to eat; and every one did justice to it, especially Bob, who was hungry after his walk, and with the novelty of his situation. He praised the dish beyond anything attainable in a London eating-house; and thereby made his niece, Mrs Gibbs, his firm friend for life, for she prided herself on her Irish stews. After dinner, the boys cleared away the plates and dishes, and went into the kitchen to wash them; for their mother had found means to make them useful. She herself swept up the hearth, cleared the room of all litters, apologised to Uncle Bob, for the twentieth time, for "not having cleaned herself, and for doing all these things before him, because *the woman*, Mrs Bennett, was gone to Grantham, to bring home things for to-morrow—it being Christmas-day." Her husband told her of his invitation to the Bateses and the Greenburys for that evening. At first Mrs Gibbs' countenance was clouded, and she "wondered he had not remembered that Mother Bennett was away, and that there was nothing but bacon and cheese in the house." But when her husband said that Uncle Bob's unexpected return had made him forget everything but doing him honour, she brightened again, and said, "Well, never mind now, Nat: it can't be helped. And I daresay they wont mind taking things in the rough, though it is Christmas eve, and Littlethorpe Feast too; and, please the pigs! we will have a good game at snap-dragon for the children. I can manage that: I have plenty of plums."

And then Nat got up and said he must go and buy some tobacco for the evening; and Martha, with a wistful face, said, "You wont stop long at the Lion, Nat?"

"No, no, child; not with Bob Parsons here. How could you think I should?" She went out of the room to shut the house

door after him, and when she came back to her place by the fire, Bob thought she looked anxious and serious; so he asked her what made her look so grave: and his niece laughed, and said "Nothing!—did she look grave?"

They began to talk of their family, and all the Littlethorpe people. At last Bob said, "So they are all dead, are they? And did my sister Polly leave no children? She was married, I know, to old Greenbury the schoolmaster's nephew."

"Yes," said his niece; "to the brother of the Greenbury you saw to-day, and who is coming here to-night."

"Well, had they no children?"

"Yes, three; but they are all dead."

"Did they all die young?" asked Bob.

"No, no. It would have been a good thing if they had."

"How so?"

"Why, it's a sad story. But perhaps you ought to know it, as you are so near a relation, and for the sake of her who has been so good through all the business. But before I begin, you must take another glass of my elder wine. And now, boys, you may run down to the Bateses, and ask them to lend us a pack of cards for to-night, and their large tin for the snap-dragon. Put on your comforter, Bobby, dear. He's named after you, uncle, you see. Now, be off."

Thus left alone with her uncle, Mrs Gibbs began. "Aunt Polly's eldest girls, as you know, died before they were grown up; but Jenny the youngest lived till about eighteen months ago. She was a sweet, pretty, little delicate thing as a child, and her father's pet; and her mother was afraid she would be spoiled, and somehow got into a habit of finding fault with her, and constantly nagging at her. Jenny and I were of the same age, and great cronies, let alone being first cousins. We both went to school together, and the mistress liked us both, but Jenny was her favourite; partly because she was so gentle and good, and partly because she was Aunt Polly's child; for Aunt Polly and Miss Greenbury were very great friends."

Here Bob interrupted—"Do you mean *Esther* Greenbury?"

"Yes; daughter of old Greenbury you used to write to before he died."

"Why, you don't mean to say that Esther Greenbury never got married?"

"I do though. But that was her own fault. To my certain knowledge she might have had my Nat over and over again if she liked; besides others I could mention. Well, as I was saying about Jenny Greenbury—her name was Greenbury too, you know—she was a beautiful child to be sure; and when she was eighteen, she was the prettiest girl in the place. But she was not strong, and her mother used to have words with her about her not doing the house-work, and reading of books at every odd moment; for she was much too fond of reading, and an excellent

scholar was Jenny. The young men about were all after her; but I don't know how it was, she often told me there wasn't one of them she could fancy for a husband; though, I must say, some of them were very respectable indeed, and rather above us. However, she sent them all off with a civil word. So, while I and the rest of the Littlethorpe girls were going about to fairs and feasts, and trying to get sweethearts, Jenny was spending all her spare time at Esther Greenbury's, reading and doing needle-work; for she had made up her mind to be a dressmaker, as she was not strong enough for other work. And she was very handy with her needle, I promise you, and made such tasty caps and bonnets. Poor girl! I'll show you some of her work to-morrow. Poor Jenny! she's done her work now. Well, things went on very well for some time, and she was getting a nice little connexion, and was likely to get a good business, when one day one of the great ladies up at the castle—the new family who had just come—I think it was Lady Merivale herself, sent for Jenny to go and work for her at the castle. How pleased Jenny was when she got the message to be sure! Now she was sure to have plenty of custom from the farmers' wives, and other people about, when it was known that she had actually made a gown for Lady Merivale. I walked with her up to the castle the first day she went, and I could not help thinking how very pretty she looked; for she had dressed herself better than usual, and had got such a sweet colour in her cheeks with the walk and the excitement together. I felt sure my lady would be pleased with her. Just as we went in at the park gate, we met a fine handsome gentleman on horseback. I wondered who he was; and soon after we met cousin Tom, who was working at the castle then, and he told us that the gentleman was the Honourable Mr Henry Merivale, Lord Merivale's second son, and that he was a very kind, generous, free-spoken, affable young man, and a great favourite with all the world.

"Well, Jenny gave great satisfaction to my lady, and spent most of her time up at the castle working. And she grew more and more beautiful, and was quite rosy and fat; and the young men came after her very much again, but she seemed to like them less than before. At last it got whispered about that it was no wonder Jenny Greenbury would have nothing to say to simple, plain country lads, when young Mr Henry at the castle was always watching opportunities of talking to her—going into the room where she was at work—meeting her in the park as she went and came—trying to make her accept presents of books and things. Every one began to look shy on Jenny, who, as I am told, got letters from Mr Merivale sometimes. You must understand her mother was a widow now, and ruled everything; and since her father's death, she seemed harder than ever upon the poor girl, and used to taunt her with what was said of her, and ask her 'why she would not marry when she

could?" and "who did she think would have her now, after all the things that had been said?" "What did she think would become of her?" And Jenny made answer once, and said she did not care what became of her. And I really do believe that was true; for her mother did not set about the right way of making her see the folly of caring for Mr Henry. Depend upon it, kind words and gentle dealing are the best in such cases. Many a girl has been driven into bad conduct by her mother's harsh treatment and crossness. This I'm quite sure of. If Mrs Greenbury had only been mild and kind to Jenny, matters would never have turned out as they did.

"The next hunting season the family came down here again; and this time Mrs Greenbury vowed Jenny should not go to work at the castle, and that, if she did, she might stay there, for she should not come home to her again.

"I will not dwell on the particulars of what is at best a melancholy tale. It is enough for me to say that Jenny was induced to elope, and to form some irregular kind of marriage, which would not stand in law. Poor Jenny! I was sure in my own mind that she had run away on account of her mother's unkind treatment. However, nothing was heard of her for many months; and what with Mrs Greenbury's being sorry for her unkindness to Jenny, and fearing that she drove her into harm—which was no use afterwards, you know, uncle—what with fretting about that, and fearing every day she should hear something dreadful about her daughter, she was taken ill, and died in about seven weeks. Esther Greenbury, who, God bless her! was always a help to the afflicted, stayed with her all her illness—neglected her school and all for Aunt Polly. I used to help her what I could; but I was wanted at home then, for father was ill. So Esther had a weary time of it; but she never complained, and was as gentle as a lamb with aunt, who got very peevish and cross-grained towards the last. But Esther contrived to make her feel like a mother to poor lost Jenny. And she told us both, just before she died, that if ever we saw her child any more, we were to tell her that she forgave her from her soul. This was some comfort to the poor girl afterwards.

"As we heard of the nature of Jenny's marriage, if so it might be called, with Mr Merivale, we all knew how it would end; and Esther prepared for the consequences. Well, Jenny was at length deserted; and Esther one day went and brought her home, along with a little child."

"And what has become of them?" inquired Bob eagerly.

"Why, Esther Greenbury kept them with her always, and treated them like her own flesh and blood. Her school had got on again while Jenny was away; but it fell off terribly when it was known that she harboured such a person in her house. The parents all thought it was a shocking example to set to their children, and so Esther was obliged to take in needlework; and

Jenny worked too as long as she was able; and as it was but little that two women like them wanted, they contrived to live. But when Jenny's health began to give way, which it did in less than a year, matters became very hard with them; but Esther, in her sweet-tempered, cheerful way, never minded it for herself—only for poor Jenny and the child. She tended and nursed her carefully till the last; and the clergyman used to go and talk to Jenny, and pray with her every day, and she died quite calm and happy. I wish we may all make as good an ending!"

"And the child?" asked Bob.

"Bless its little heart!" exclaimed Mrs Gibbs, "that's as well as can be. Esther keeps it now; and her school is getting on again, and she manages pretty well. I know she has had offers of money for the child from its father, who wrote a letter to Esther after Jenny was dead. In it he said he had gone all wrong ever since she had left him, and now he never should be happy any more; which is all nonsense, I'll be bound. People who can do as he did are not so easily made sorry for it. And then to think to make amends by giving money to Esther for that little angel of a child, who is a great deal too good for his. I can't bear to think it has such a good-for-nothing father. Esther, of course, won't take any assistance from him. She wrote back word to say that as long as she lived she would keep the child; but that, after her death, he might settle money on it if he pleased; and I think something of this sort has been done. But I do not like to ask Esther, as she is always very reserved on that subject."

"Shall I see Esther Greenbury to-night?" inquired Bob, after a pause.

"No, not to-night. She has gone to Grantham to buy things for to-morrow. To-morrow evening being Christmas-day, and poor little Jenny's birthday, Esther has a merrymaking of all her scholars at her large schoolroom, which is the same one her old father used to teach in years ago."

Bob remembered that schoolroom very well. He asked whether Esther looked old. Mrs Gibbs said that she did not look at all old for her age, which was seven-and-forty; but that she supposed Bob would see a great difference. Bob supposed so too; and began to alter the fresh, somewhat bouncing girl of seventeen into a sober, staid, middle-aged female. But in this work he did not succeed to his liking; so he gave it up, and turned to pondering on her conduct through life, and her noble unpretending goodness to his suffering niece. But he could not help wondering why she had never married: she seemed just the sort of person for every man to fall in love with who had any sense or feeling. Esther Greenbury an old maid! He could scarcely believe it. Yet he was assured that such was the case. He made up his mind, if Esther seemed glad to see him, and was

to treat him with familiarity as an old friend, he would certainly ask why she had never married. And then he recollected that if Esther had not been an old maid, she would not, in all probability, have been able to do all that she had done for his poor afflicted relatives; so he did not so much regret that she was not a wife and a mother.

Nat soon came home, and the Bateses and the Greenburys came to tea and supper, and they had a regular good snap-dragon, and everybody's fingers got burnt, and Bob's more than the rest. And the little ones, with Bob at the head of them, made a tremendous noise, and kept it up till nearly twelve o'clock, which was very late indeed for those parts. One thing made Bob laugh a good deal. Just before the company went away, he was called on for two toasts; so he became gallant, and gave, "The prettiest little girl in Littlethorpe," meaning of course *grown-up* little girl; but they took it in another sense, and said, "That is little Jenny." And the next toast he proposed was, "The best fellow in Littlethorpe—the longest head, and the warmest heart;" and they cried out at once, "Why, that's Esther Greenbury." So it was no wonder that Bob dreamt that night of Esther and the little girl.

The next day being Christmas-day, all the Gibbises went to church, leaving Mother Bennett at home to boil the pudding. At church Bob saw all the villagers, and some of the Merivales in their grand family pew with the red curtains, which had been an object of his childish veneration, and which he now detested for the sake of his poor niece. As he turned away from the sight, he met a pair of clear, kind, dark eyes, which he was certain he had seen before. Bob was so short, that he was obliged to rise from his seat to see more than the heads of the persons in the next pew. When he stood up, he saw a rather stout, cheerful-looking, middle-aged dame, and the loveliest little fair-haired girl he had ever seen. They must be Esther and his little grand-niece. Yes, those eyes were Esther's—there was no mistake about that—but the rest was certainly changed, very much changed. Yes; there was not much of the bright-faced, strapping girl in the matronly-looking form before him. Bob stumbled forward over a hassock, and stretched out his hand over the top of the pew. Esther, who had of course heard over and over again of the unexpected return of Bob Parsons, was quite prepared to see him, and shook hands, and smiled very cordially, though it was in a church; and then Bob saw at once that it was indeed the same Esther. Bob's eyes filled with tears of mingled emotion as he looked at the lovely little girl; and Esther lifted her up on the seat for him to kiss. While he was kissing her, and stroking her hair, he muttered "God bless you!" It was meant for Esther, though she thought it was for the child.

Bob had never been more impressed by the church service than on this particular occasion—on Christmas-day, in his native

village church, after so long an absence, and so many changes. As he walked out afterwards, leading little Bobby Gibbs by the hand, he was lost in thought, out of which he was roused in the churchyard by the sound of a kind voice beside him. "Well, my old friend, I am indeed glad to see you here again." He looked up and saw Esther Greenbury. They shook hands once more, and she said "how long it was since she last heard of him!" Then both were silent, for they began to think of all those whom they had lost since they were boy and girl in that place together. At last Esther said, "You will like to see where they are all laid—will you not?" and Parsons made a sign in the affirmative. Esther spoke to the children. "Here, Bobby, dear, take care of little Jenny for a few minutes. Don't go out of the churchyard." Bobby was only too proud to lead the little beauty along. Parsons followed his old friend across several graves to a distant corner of the churchyard; where lay the bodies of Richard Parsons, his wife, and all their children, save the one who now looked on them. Many of their grandchildren were there too, and among these the newest stone bore the name of "Jane Greenbury," without date or further inscription. On this grave Esther seated herself, and turned aside, that her friend might give free vent to his emotion. The church became empty, the various groups in the churchyard slowly dispersed, and half an hour passed before Bob touched Esther's shoulder and said, "Now I think we had better go." When they reached the gate of the churchyard, they found little Miss Jenny riding on the same, under the careful guidance of Master Bobby Gibbs.

Bob Parsons went home with Esther, and asked himself to her children's party in the evening, and promised to make himself both useful and agreeable to the company. And he kept his promise well, I assure you, for he was a famous fellow to amuse children; and all the little Greenburys, Bateses, and Gibbsses, and the rest of the young fry, were beyond measure charmed with "the funny gentleman from London." As to little Jenny, she never left him for a moment, except to run and tell Mammy Esther how happy she was, and how she did like Mr Parsons so much. Mammy Esther herself seemed very happy too, and looked very well indeed in her new silk gown, and her lace-cap with the pale-pink ribbons. And she went about among her guests, handing cake and currant wine of her own making, and oranges, and apples, and figs, and making everybody comfortable; and having a bit of chat with all the women, and more chat with some of the men; for it was always observed that, somehow, the men liked to get a word or two from Esther Greenbury about different things; and some of the wives said "it couldn't be denied that Esther seemed to like to talk to men more than to women, and always had all her life, which was perhaps one reason she had never been married; for men, in general, don't like such women for their wives, whatever they may do for an even-

ing's chat." And one of the best things I know of Esther is, that she never put herself out of temper when such things were repeated to her, but said "it was all true she had no doubt, but she was too old to mend now." On this particular evening she danced with old Mr Bates, for the express amusement of the children. And then Bob Parsons set the children to play "hunt the slipper," and the laughing and screaming might be heard at the Lion. And they all finished the evening with a general game of "blind man's buff," in which Bob Parsons distinguished himself beyond all the others in guessing wrong when he caught anybody—which was scarcely to be wondered at, considering that he could not tell the names of the children when his eyes were unbandaged.

As Bob was going away with the Gibbises, Esther called him aside, and asked him to come and take a quiet cup of tea alone with her to-morrow, as he had said he wanted to talk over several things with her. Of course Bob did not say no.

That quiet cup of tea the next day turned out a very pleasant little affair. Miss Jenny went out to spend the evening with the little Bateses, who had a party of their own that evening; so there was no one to interrupt the conversation. By the time Bob was in the middle of his fourth cup of tea, he had asked all he had to ask about his relations, especially poor Jenny; and he had become quite familiar with Esther. On easy and intimate terms as of old, except, indeed, that they were now on an equality, whereas formerly Esther was the superior. When they had discussed all Littlethorpe, Esther asked him to tell her all that had happened to him since he left them thirty years ago, which he did in as few words as possible. At length Esther asked how it was that he had never married. Bob said he "didn't know; he had never felt the want of a wife, or had never met with a woman who had made him feel the want of one, and so he had gone on a bachelor till now, when he supposed it was too late in the day to think of marrying."

"Certainly," Esther said, "if he had never felt the want of a wife, he did well to remain single; but I always thought you of such an affectionate nature, that you could not be happy without a wife and little ones to love and to be loved by. But if he had lived all these years without caring for anybody but himself," she continued laughingly, "he might go on very well till the end."

Bob endeavoured to defend himself by saying that he had known no woman whom he wished to marry. Esther thought that was a pity, as he would have made a good husband. He said the London women he had known "were not to his taste, and now he supposed it was too late. But, Esther," he went on to say, "why is it—if I may take the liberty of an old friend to ask—why is it that you never married? You did not want suitors when you were young."

Esther was the least affected person in the world, but she stirred her tea unnecessarily, coughed without the slightest cause, and then said, "Why, I think I may tell you how it was. When I was a very young girl, I read more than was good for one in my position; and instead of being at all pleased with the rough attentions I received from the young men of my own station, I disliked them, and secretly wished for a lover of some more cultivated class. As I grew older, I thought myself above the nonsensical love notions of other girls: the fact being, that I was not a person at all likely to be in love, as it is called, with any one. But I have often thought, that if any person more clever, more of a scholar than the folks here, would come and make love to me, I should certainly like him. It was perhaps a good thing for me that, with these ideas in my silly head, I was not a beauty, like our poor darling Jenny; for I might have had her fate, and then who could have seen to the dear child? As it was, I felt a dislike to the very thought of marrying any one who would have me. How could I marry Gibbs or Bates, when my poor father was a much better scholar, and more of a gentleman, than either of them? No, no; I was meant for an old maid. I always said it, and now I've proved it."

Bob looked at her with a queer expression of countenance. He knew what he meant to say very well, but he didn't say it, and said something else instead. "Why, Esther, I never thought you were so proud. I do not think any one here guesses that you think yourself so much better than other folks, or you would not be such a favourite." Now, Bob said this to vex her, for he was not a dull man at all, and he understood that Esther was not the sort of person to think herself better than others.

And Esther *was* vexed, and showed that she was; for she coloured, and said, "Well, I'm sorry you misunderstand me. I thought—I fancied that you who have seen the world, and had some experience, would understand me better; but never mind."

"Yes, but I do mind," said Bob. "I do think that a woman must have a very strange sort of heart if it is not moved when she sees that a man thoroughly loves her."

"So do I," said Esther emphatically. "She must be either very silly or very unfeeling."

"Then why did you refuse Gibbs, and others?"

"Why?" echoed Esther, surprised at the animation of Bob's manner; "because they never did love me thoroughly. Gibbs, for instance, loves his beer quite as well as his wife."

"But," said Bob, "suppose some one should come now—some one who really loved you very much—who respected you besides; honoured you from his heart for your goodness through your whole life; who promised to love and care for you all the rest of his days, and to make you as happy as he possibly could; and to love you not only in this world, Esther, mind, but in all worlds to come; what would you say then?"

"Oh, that's supposing an impossibility," said Esther gravely.

"Indeed it is no such thing, Esther; for I am that man myself. What do you say, Esther—dear Esther?"

She stared at him in unfeigned astonishment. He repeated his question.

"Why, that you are mad, Bob. That you do not know what you are about." But she certainly was a little confused, and her colour was a little higher as she repeated—"Indeed you do not know what you are about."

"Begging pardon for contradicting a lady," said Bob quite cheerfully (for he began to fancy he should succeed); "I never was more in my senses. I know very well what I am about. I am trying to get a good, amiable, sensible, sweet-tempered wife; the only woman I ever took a fancy to when young, and whom I find I have been loving all my life without knowing it. Listen to me, Esther: I will do all that you wish, if you will only have me. Little Jenny shall be our child—I will be more than a father to her. Oh, Esther! if you could only tell all the——"

Esther was quite disturbed by Bob's vehement manner. She could scarcely tell what was passing within her mind. She certainly had liked Bob very much as a little boy—more than any other boy then or since; she liked him now for the sake of old times, and more for what she had seen of him yesterday. She could not like him the less, certainly, for this startling evidence of the interest he took in her. All this she thought, and then she ended by saying—"But only think, Bob; at my age—nearly eight-and-forty—would it not be ridiculous? Besides, I am full three years older than you. You are quite young yet for a man; you might get a pretty young wife any day, Bob."

"I don't want a pretty young wife," said Bob, getting up and standing with his back to the fire in an obstinate attitude. "I want something better than that, Esther," he continued, as a smile crept over his face: "you are not going to put me off this time."

Esther did not know what he meant.

"Esther," said Bob, "do you remember that day when Nat Gibbs abused you for interfering between him and me?"

"Oh yes," said Esther, bursting into a laugh; "how you and I scrambled away! I was afraid he would half kill you afterwards; and if it hadn't been for me, I'm sure he would. I afterwards begged he would take no more notice of you. And you were a little ungrateful thing, for you behaved very ill-naturedly to me ever after that day. I never could tell how I offended you."

"Why, I thought you behaved shabbily in neglecting my attentions."

"Pooh! if you were really in love with me, why did you make yourself so disagreeable? I was beginning to dislike you thoroughly when you went away. Perhaps that is the way you

mean to prove your affection now. If so, I must say I will never consent to be more than an old friend to you."

"Oh, then you do consent?" cried Bob eagerly.

"I have not said so: the matter requires consideration. Your offer does me great honour, dear Bob; I am fully sensible of it. But at my time of life, people will think me absurd."

"Begging your pardon," said Bob; "but I never did expect to hear *you* talk so much nonsense. What does it matter what people say, provided we don't injure them, and can make ourselves happy?"

"There was something in that," she confessed.

He went on. "I know, Esther, the whole gain in this matter will be mine. You can maintain yourself respectably, and want no man's assistance. And if you marry me, you will have to leave Littlethorpe—a place where you have lived all your life, which is very dear to you, and where you are honoured and loved, as you deserve to be, by all, from the oldest man down to the youngest child in the place. Yes, you will have to leave Littlethorpe and go to London; to change nearly all your habits; and at a time of life when new habits and new friends are hard to acquire. Perhaps, Esther, I ask too much? Indeed, now I come to think over that part, I see I do. It is selfish. I can never be to you what you are to me; for though you may laugh, I *did* love you thirty years ago, child as I was; and, somehow, the longer I stay with you the more you seem to return to what you were then. I am in love with you still, Esther. The spring of love in my heart has been kept covered up all these years; and now I am come back again, you have uncovered it, and it is as fresh as if I were a boy. Some poet says that *love*, at whatever age it comes, finds us young; and as long as it stays with us, it keeps us young. But I know, Esther, you have no old tenderness for me to revive. I cannot be to you what you are to me; but I should like to try and see whether I could not make you happy. Esther, you might learn to love me yet! Will you try? Will you, dear Esther?"

"Indeed, indeed," said Esther, much moved, for she saw that Bob was very serious, and she felt all the weight of his words, simple and plain as they were, because they came from his heart—"indeed you must give me a little time. Like all steady old maids, I cannot bear to do anything in a hurry. To-morrow morning I will give you a direct answer. I shall see my way clearly through all the difficulties of the thing, and they are not very many, I assure you."

"You want, perhaps, some evidence of my conduct and character from those who know me in London. You do not know what sort of life I have led these thirty years. I may be an idle, swindling, good-for-nothing dog."

"No, no," said Esther, looking up at him with a frank, calm smile. "I am no conjuror, certainly, and I only know the wicked-

ness of London from books ; but I do not want any one to bear witness as to the main points of your character. They are written in your face and bearing. Trifling faults, peculiarities, I am prepared to find in every one. No, Bob ; I have a few questions to ask myself—*none* to ask you. And, what is more, I cannot submit to be asked any more questions by you on this subject to-night. If, when you wake to-morrow morning, you do *not* find that you have been carried away by the momentary excitement of your feelings, after a long talk on old times with an old friend—if you still keep your present desire to have me for a wife in my old age—why, come to me at twelve o'clock : if you view matters differently, do *not* come to me then. I shall understand that ; and, mind, I shall not be offended, but shall be sure you do not intend to insult me. You respect me, I know, as I do you. We may be friends even though you should change your mind, or I should see reason not to marry. Now, let us talk of something else.”

“Excuse me, Esther,” said Bob, moving away to the other side of the room, and taking up his hat ; “I cannot talk of something else now ; my mind is full of this subject. I will go and take a turn down the road, to recover myself, and then I will go and fetch home little Jenny for you. It is a dreadfully cold night. I cannot think of your going for her.” So, without turning round, he went out of the room, and in a moment she heard the cottage door shut behind him.

Esther sat by the fire and thought. She did not wash up the tea things, but sat meditating with her hands before her, as if there were nothing to do. Marry Bob Parsons ! It was an idea she could not get accustomed to. It did seem odd, but the novelty would soon wear off. She had been waiting all her life for some one to love her, as she wished to be loved ; and now that she was beginning to get old, a real *lover*—what *she* called a lover—presented himself. Surely that must be all a romantic fancy of Bob's about being in love with her in his early youth. Yet now she recalled some jokes of his sister Polly's on this very subject ; jokes she had long since forgotten, because she had never believed there was anything but nonsense in them. Polly had often said to her, “If our Bob were but a little older, I do believe, Esther, he would be making love to you.” That was natural for Polly to say, because she (Esther) was always very kind to Bob, and they were the two head scholars, and wrote at the same desk, and read out of the same Testament. She used to help him at school, and he used to help her at home : especially in pumping water, peeling potatoes, and digging in the garden ; three things she always disliked. And she *did* miss him very much as a clever little companion when he turned against her in that unaccountable way. She was hurt at it very much, she remembered ; for she was really fond of him, and therefore felt his desertion of her, without any cause, as a piece of ingratitude. Since then, she had always felt that it was not surprising that Bob Parsons never

came down to Littlethorpe to see his family; he was of a changeable nature even as a boy. Affectionate to a certain extent, perhaps—certainly rather clever—but *changeable*; and of all characters, a changeable one was to her the most contemptible. But now, if there were any truth in what Bob had been telling her, he had not been changeable at all—only so in appearance; and was really more steadfast than any man she ever knew. Was she, then, to throw away any affection, especially such a sincere, sober one as this seemed, merely because it came late in life? or because it might excite surprise, or even a laugh, among persons who had nothing to do with the business? There was something so manly and honest in Bob's way of speaking, that she could not think he said more than he meant. He did love her still. He would try to make her happy. She felt sure that he would treat Jenny like his own child. These points settled to her satisfaction, she began to think whether *she* could be sure of adding to *his* happiness. She was, in general, successful in her endeavours to make people happy; and with so much liability to be happy as Bob Parsons seemed to possess, she thought she ran no great risk of failure this time. This reflection brought her at once to the point. "I *will* marry him. We shall both be the better for it. I verily believe I shall really love him before he comes back from his walk." So saying to herself, she rose from her seat, and proceeded busily to wash the cups and saucers, and to set all things in order. By the time she had finished, Bob Parsons returned with little Jenny riding on his shoulder, in a high state of enjoyment. Esther shook hands with him at the door, and they parted. She had made up *her* mind, but wished to be quite sure that he had made up *his*.

Before the clock struck twelve the next day, Bob presented himself at Esther's cottage, and she gave him the answer he wished to have. The rest of his holiday was spent even more pleasantly than the beginning; for every one wished him joy when it was known that he was going to be married to Esther at Easter, when he would get a few days' holiday to come down to Littlethorpe, where the marriage was to take place, and take his wife and little Jenny up to London. The whole village regretted parting with Esther, but both she and Bob promised to come down at least every summer and see all their old friends again. As Bob had made himself remarkably popular in this one week, the villagers did him the honour of thinking Esther's change *might* be for the better.

When Bob returned to town, his fellow-clerks asked all sorts of questions about where he had been, and who he had seen. At first he was mysterious, and would give no information. At last he announced the important fact that something had come of his visit to the country. A wife had come of it! He was going to be married; and he invited Jack Hooper, and three other friends, to dinner with him and his wife that day four months. How

they stared! Bob Parsons going to be married! Little Bob Parsons! "Well, I never!" cried Jack Hooper. "Something has come of his Christmas Holiday with a vengeance!"

BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS.

"SOPHY," said Mr Lisle one day to his wife, "you can't think how vexed I am about poor Williams!"

"What about Williams?" inquired Mrs Lisle.

"Why, he's such an unlucky dog. You know, in the first place, he had no sooner signed the agreement to take that shop in Dean Street, than he found out that Maxwell and Grieves had previously taken the one next door to open in the same line; and of course, as he was a stranger, and they were well known in the town, there was a considerable chance of their carrying off all the business."

"Well, but why didn't he take care to ascertain who had taken the next shop?" said Mrs Lisle.

"It would have been better if he had, certainly," replied her husband; "but people can't think of everything. But I was going to tell you—you know he naturally thought that if he didn't show as good a front as Maxwell's, he'd have no chance against them at all, so that led him to spend a good deal more on his fittings-up than he had intended, and left him short of money to stock his shop; so that he was obliged to get long credits, and bought at a disadvantage. All this threw him behind from the beginning, poor fellow; and although he has been as attentive to his business as a man could be, he has never been able to bring himself up."

"Well, he should have looked about him better at first," said Mrs Lisle.

"Ah, that's always your way," answered her husband; "you never feel for anybody. I'm sure a better-hearted fellow than Williams doesn't exist. Who could be kinder than both he and his wife were when little Jane was ill? They were always sending us something or another out of the shop that they thought the child would like—dates, and figs, and sugar-candy, and oranges at a time I know they were at least half-a-crown a dozen, for I went into Maxwell's shop on purpose to ask, out of curiosity."

"It was very good-natured, I admit," answered Mrs Lisle; "but I must say I was often more sorry than obliged. The child couldn't have used half they sent had she been well, much less when she was sick. I should often have sent them back, only you said it would seem so ungrateful. That sort of thing lays

one under such awkward obligations; particularly when you know people can't afford it, which I am sure they couldn't."

"Then it was the more kind of them at anyrate," replied the husband. "It's easy to give what one can spare, but real generosity consists in giving what one wants one's-self."

Mrs Lisle did not feel satisfied with this position of her husband: she felt there was a fallacy about it; but not having reflected sufficiently on such subjects to be able to detect at once where the weakness lay, she was silent; whilst Mr Lisle, who on his part was perfectly sincere, thinking he had gained a legitimate advantage in the argument, pursued his discourse with more confidence.

"It often seems, really," continued he, "as if fortune delighted in persecuting those who least deserve it. I'm sure if everybody had their deserts, Williams merits success much more than Maxwell—a fellow that actually wouldn't go ten miles to see his sister, though he knew she was on her deathbed."

"Yes, that was very bad indeed," answered Mrs Lisle. "I never could bear him after that."

"And yet everything goes well with him that he undertakes," pursued her husband. "Those railroad shares that he bought, for example, I hear they are likely to pay fifteen per cent."

"I wish you'd had some of them," said Mrs Lisle; "you know Mr Bostock always told us they would turn out well. Maxwell would not have bought them without good advice—he's so cautious."

"But I hadn't the money, you know, Sophia," replied Mr Lisle. "I couldn't be off my word with Williams; and I had promised to lend him a few hundred pounds at Christmas, which he expected would have kept him up till he had time to get out of his difficulties."

"Instead of which he is farther in difficulties," said the wife.

"But he couldn't foresee that," replied the husband; "nobody expects luck is always to be against them."

"Well, but what's the matter with him now," inquired Mrs Lisle. "Has anything particular happened?"

"Why, it appears that the Liverpool house that has always furnished him with sugars has got a hint from somebody—Maxwell, perhaps, I shouldn't wonder—that he's not going on well; and they have not only stopped the supplies, but they threaten to put in an execution directly, if he don't pay them at least part of the debt, if he can't pay the whole. And what makes it so particularly unlucky is, that Mrs Williams' aunt Patty, they say, positively can't hold out above another six weeks; and if they could only contrive to keep the mill going till she pops off, her money would bring them up, and set all right. Besides, she's very proud and very stingy—that everybody knows—and who can tell but she might alter her will if she found out how things are with them."

"I shouldn't wonder if she did indeed," replied Mrs Lisle; "for she was always against their marrying till Williams had tried how far his business was likely to answer; and she scolds and reproaches them, and asks them how they expect to keep all those children off the parish."

"Unfeeling, selfish old wretch!" said Mr Lisle.

"They certainly have a very large family for such young people," observed Mrs Lisle.

"Well, that's the worse for them in present circumstances," replied the husband. "As I said before, everything goes against some people; and when one thing turns out ill, it seems as if it led the way for everything else to do the same."

"But why don't he ask the Liverpool people to wait the event of Miss Patty's death?"

"So he has, but they think it's all a sham."

"Then I don't see what he's to do, I'm sure."

"Nor I, unless he could contrive to patch up any way for the next six months, till Miss Patty's off the hooks."

Mrs Lisle, at this crisis of the conversation, addressed her attention very exclusively to the stocking she was darning, and remained silent. Mr Lisle sat with his legs crossed, looking into the fire; but he saw the expression of his wife's face out of the corner of his eye. Presently he began to beat what some people call the *devil's tatoo* with his heel.

"I don't think you like Williams, Sophia," said he, after a pause.

"I have no dislike to him," answered Mrs Lisle; "but I can't help thinking that he might have done better if he had been more prudent."

"That's just what the world always says when anybody's unfortunate," answered Mr Lisle. "There's nothing so easy as finding out that people's misfortunes might have been avoided if they had acted differently to what they have. It's a very convenient doctrine certainly, because it exonerates one from the pain of pitying them, or the duty of assisting them."

"I don't see that it prevents our pitying them," answered Mrs Lisle, "because one may blame people and pity them too."

"At all events it absolves you from assisting them," said the husband.

"If one could do them any good by assisting them, and if one could do it without injuring one's-self, there might be some sense in it," replied Mrs Lisle.

"Those are just the selfish maxims of the world, Sophia," answered Mr Lisle. "In the first place, when one assists people, it is in the hope and belief that we *are* doing them good. If things don't turn out according to our expectations, it isn't our fault; we have at least the consolation of having done a generous action. And as for only assisting others when we are sure the doing it will not injure ourselves, there would be very

few good offices done in the world at that rate; besides, as I said before, I don't see much generosity in giving away what we don't want. However, to come to the point at once—I believe in this particular instance, so far from injuring myself, that the best thing I can do is to assist Williams. You see if he is made a bankrupt now, so far from ever being able to pay me my five hundred, I doubt whether I shall get two shillings in the pound.”

“That shows how imprudent it was to lend it,” remarked Mrs Lisle.

“Well, it's too late to lament that now,” answered the husband. “I fancied, from his own account, that things were likely to go better with him than they have done. I daresay he thought so himself. However, as I was saying, I don't suppose I should get two shillings in the pound if there was a break-up now; but if we can keep things going till the old girl's death, he has faithfully promised that the very day he touches the money, he will pay me my five hundred down upon the nail.”

“But how are you to keep things going?” inquired Mrs Lisle.

“Just by putting my name to a bill for a twelvemonth. Old Patty can't hold out a twelvemonth; we're sure of that.”

“I don't know that,” said Mrs Lisle.

“But the doctor knows it,” replied the husband, “and told Williams so; indeed he said it was his opinion she couldn't last six weeks.”

“But suppose, Edward, she did live over the twelvemonth,” said Mrs Lisle, looking up at her husband with an anxious face, “what are you to do then? Are you to go to a prison to keep Williams out of one?”

“Prison! Nonsense, Sophia! You really talk as if you supposed I was a fool!” exclaimed Mr Lisle. “In the first place, if you must suppose what's impossible—that old Patty Wise is to live, which we know she can't, because we know that her disease is mortal—I have no doubt the holder of the bill, knowing his money was ultimately safe, would give me a little longer time; but even if he was churlish, and would not, let the worst come to the worst, I could pay it; and the very day that Williams gets the old woman's money, he would give it me back again.”

Mrs Lisle did not feel quite satisfied with this statement of the case; but she had never been in the habit of opposing her husband, and had not resolution enough to do it now to any effect; and indeed she had a secret misgiving that, oppose as she might in the present instance, the result would be exactly the same. Williams was a gay, pleasant companion—good-natured, liberal, hospitable, and sanguine—and by these qualities had rendered himself so agreeable to Mr Lisle, that he would have found it more difficult to refuse Williams a loan, or the use of his name, than he would to have denied his wife some article necessary to her comfort, or his children some advantage im-

portant to their education. His arguments, too, were always so specious when she endeavoured to obtain a hearing for any of her prudential maxims, and the side he took appeared so much the most amiable, that sometimes she almost feared she might be selfish and unfeeling, as he always on these occasions asserted she was; and at all events, as she had a real affection for him, she could not bear that he should think her so, and therefore preferred submitting, though against her judgment, to persisting, at the risk of losing his good opinion.

So Mr Lisle, acting under the influence of his good-nature, and his friendly feelings towards Williams, put his name to a bill for seven hundred pounds; and Williams declared he was the best fellow in the world, and that he might rely on it, that the very moment the breath was out of old Patty Wise, he would take up the bill, and release him from the engagement. Added to this, in the fervour of his gratitude, he sent his benefactor a case of fine Curaçoa, a rich Stilton cheese, and several other luxuries—very agreeable to Mr Lisle, but such as he would not have thought himself by any means authorised, by his circumstances, to purchase for his own table; whilst Mrs Lisle received constant offerings in the shape of boxes of foreign fruits, a few pounds of very fine tea, and various other delicacies, quite beyond the line of their standard of housekeeping. Mr and Mrs Williams, too, saw a great deal of company, and the Lisles were always of the party—a great deal too much company Mrs Lisle thought; but her husband remarked, that as they were only evening parties, and the greatest part of the refreshments were furnished from their own shop, the expense must be trifling.

In this manner the six weeks to which Miss Patty Wise's existence was limited had passed rapidly and pleasantly away, without any symptoms on her part to testify that she intended to conform to the decree of the physician. At the end of that period, however, she was seized one night with a sudden access of illness, declared to be dying, and Williams and his wife were sent for by her attendants. Lisle heard of it, and came home to his wife quite triumphant. "You see," he said, "what a fool I should have been if I had followed your advice. Where would my five hundred pounds have been, I should like to know? Whereas now I shall get the whole back, with five per cent. interest into the bargain." Mrs Lisle admitted that perhaps in this particular instance her advice might not have turned out well; but still, she said, as a general rule, she thought her maxims were the best. But Mr Lisle laughed, and said that it was very easy to back out of the affair by taking your stand upon general rules, but that these general rules very rarely fitted particular instances; however, as he was pleased with the result of his own foresight and generalship, he said he would not press her too hard, but let her off easy, only he hoped that she would have more confidence in his judgment another time.

It was very provoking of Miss Patty Wise; but the obstinacy of old women on these occasions is proverbial, especially when they have anything to leave. She did not die, but was out of bed and down in her drawing-room again at the end of a week; but Williams assured Lisle that this attack had given her such a shake, that it was impossible she could survive another. It might be that the old lady was of the same opinion, and therefore took care not to expose herself to the risk; however that was, three months more passed without any further alarm. Still, that her disease was mortal, was past a doubt, and a month or two, more or less, could make no difference, provided she "hopped off," as Williams termed it, before the year was expired; and that all the parties concerned, except herself and Mrs Lisle, felt perfectly assured she would do. Poor Sophia could not resist many qualms of uneasiness; and she frequently made her husband angry by shaking her head and looking incredulous when she heard these repeated prognostications of Miss Patty's speedy dissolution. Still more annoyed he was by her occasionally proposing little retrenchments in their expenditure. She said she had altered her mind, and that she should not buy a new shawl. She thought the old one would do very well another winter: neither did she see any necessity for taking the children to sea this autumn; they were in very good health, and lodgings were so expensive. Then Mr Lisle was persuaded that he saw the remains of a cold leg of mutton upon his table much more frequently than he had been accustomed to; and he never took up his knife and fork to help his wife, without feeling a vague sensation of displeasure towards Miss Patty for not dying within the limited period, as she ought to have done, and with Sophia for obstinately continuing to doubt that she would still die time enough to save him from any inconvenience. He looked upon his wife's retrenchments and distracts as so many tacit reproaches; and he felt very sorry he had ever consulted her in the business at all, as it only gave her an opportunity of plaguing him.

Eight months of the year had elapsed, and Miss Patty, though daily declining, was still alive, when one morning Mr Lisle received a message from Williams to say he would be glad if he could step to his house for a few minutes, as he wanted to speak to him on particular business. Lisle obeyed the summons. "Where is your master?" said he to the shop-boy. "Mr Williams is up stairs, sir; you'll find him in the drawing-room," replied the lad. "Well, Williams, what's the matter?" said Mr Lisle; but he stopt short; for beside Williams sat his wife bathed in tears, with an infant in her arms, and at the other end of the apartment sat a man with his hat on the floor, whom he recognised at once for a sheriff's officer. "Oh, Lisle, my dear fellow, I am so glad you are come!" exclaimed Williams: "I was sure you would. There now, Mary, dry your eyes, and don't cry so.

You'll make yourself ill, and then the poor baby will suffer. These women always look to the worst side of everything," continued he, leading Lisle towards the window. "The least thing upsets them, and there's no getting them to listen to reason." "But what's the matter?" reiterated Lisle. "What's that man doing here?"

"It's the most unlucky thing," replied Williams, "that ever happened. A twelvemonth ago I gave Martina and Co. a bill for five hundred pounds, making sure that before it became due I should have touched old Patty's legacy, and have been able to take it up. But the time's expired, and my bill is returned dishonoured; and though they are literally now keeping body and soul together by administering a teaspoonful of gruel with brandy in it every quarter of an hour, yet alive she is; and, what's more, perfectly sensible, and as capable of altering her will as ever she was in her life, if she choose to do it. Now, though certainly to be carried to jail, and have an execution in one's house, would be very unpleasant, and would occasion great loss and sacrifice of my property, not to mention the discredit of the thing, yet I would submit to all the inconvenience a thousand times, rather than make another application to you, who have already done so much for me. I'm sure if you had been my brother you could not have been kinder, as Mary and I often say; and there are very few men in the world who have heart enough to do as much for their own relations, much less for those who have no claim on them. But the less our claim, the greater has been your kindness, and the more grateful we are bound to be; and it is for that very reason that I am so distressed about this business. You see, if I am arrested, and old Patty hears of it—and there will be plenty glad enough to tell her—she'll alter her will as sure as my name is Williams; and then how I am ever to discharge my debt to you, I honestly confess I don't know."

Nothing could be more certain than the imminence of this danger. Mr Lisle was perfectly aware that the only chance of saving his money was by means of Miss Patty's legacy, and he was much disposed to think with Williams, that, if she once became aware of the real state of her nephew's affairs, she would take very good care that her money should not be lavished in the vain attempt to extricate him from difficulties of his own incurring. Now it was that Lisle began to feel the magnitude of his first error; *that* had led the way to a second; and now here was a third dilemma, much more potent and pressing than the second. He certainly *could* pay the seven hundred pounds, as he had told his wife, should the bill become due before the old lady's death, because, as he had no arrears of debt, and his credit was good, he trusted that his own creditors would not be importunate; but the loss of the whole twelve hundred pounds would be a ruinous blow, and would involve him in embarrassments that he could not see his way out of at all. What was to be done? He asked Williams

if he had no other friend he could look to to assist him in this exigency; but Williams assured him, very truly, that he had not, and added that it would, moreover, be very imprudent to risk the exposure of his difficulties by making hopeless applications: there was no telling, he hinted, what might be the consequence. Mr Lisle asked a little time to consider, and to consult his wife; but Williams suggested that consulting his wife could lead to nothing but what was painful, without being of the slightest use. "Mrs Lisle couldn't advise you to sacrifice your twelve hundred pounds," said he, "though she might be very unwilling to advise you to put your name to this other little bill; so that you'd have to decide for yourself at last, and the communication would answer no purpose but to make her uneasy. Besides, one don't know—women are apt to judge by the result—perhaps she might blame you for what you've done already; and it is not always very prudent," he added, laughing, "to put a weapon of that sort into our wives' hands—they're apt to use it rather unmercifully."

This last argument was a *coup de maître*. Mr Lisle dreaded his wife's knowing the state of affairs, and the predicament in which, contrary to her advice, his too-easy good-nature had placed him, beyond everything; and that apprehension, with the almost certain loss of his money if he left Williams to his fate, determined him to risk another five hundred. Risk, indeed, he hardly thought there was any—so he once more signed his name, making himself answerable for the debt in six months from the day of date.

"I'm sure, my dear fellow, I don't know how to thank you," said Williams, with tears in his eyes, as he wrung his hand. "That poor infant at its mother's breast, as well as every child I have, shall be taught to lisp your name in its prayers before its father's and mother's. I hope by and by, when we are better off, we shall be able to make you some return for all your kindness. Do take home this box of Portugal plums with you," he added, forcing the case into Mr Lisle's hand as they passed through the shop; "they'll be good for little Sophia's cough—they're nice softening things; and perhaps you and your wife will drop in about seven o'clock and take a cup of tea with us. I want Mrs Lisle to taste some fine souchong I have just got down from London—very superior quality indeed—eight shillings a-pound. If she likes it, I shall beg her acceptance of a few pounds."

Mr Lisle walked slowly home, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground, and with an uncomfortable something at his heart that kept importunately whispering that all this hospitality and liberality which he had so much admired in Williams was somehow or other practised at his own expense; and a mortifying suspicion would intrude itself that his wife's maxims were not altogether so absurd as he had been in the habit of pronouncing them. Still, he argued it was utterly im-

possible that a woman of seventy-five, who was kept alive by teaspoonfuls of gruel every quarter of an hour, could survive in that state four months longer; and he thought it would be foolish to make himself uneasy, and still more so to annoy his wife and risk a quarrel, which was likely to be the result if he communicated the affair to her: for the more he was disposed to blame himself, the less he was inclined to bear with her reproaches and lamentations—so he determined to say nothing about the matter; and as it could not make matters worse than they were, he saw no reason why they should not drink tea with Williams, and accept the tea too, if he choose to give it them. “Certainly,” as he said to himself, “nobody could have a better right to it:” so they went at the hour appointed; and, after concluding a very pleasant evening with a luxurious little supper, they returned home laden with a basketful of French plums, and almonds, and raisins, and sugar-candy for the children, and found on their parlour-table six pounds of the eight-shillings souchong, which Williams had directed his shopman to put up and send during the course of the evening; and the only observable difference arising out of the transaction of the morning was, that when Mrs Lisle remarked, with a sigh, that she wished Williams would not force so many things on them, Mr Lisle, instead of launching out in praise of his friend’s generosity, merely said, “Psha! what does it signify?” and snatching up his candle, retired to bed.

We must now take a leap of several months; and we regret to be under the necessity of admitting that—to the confusion of the doctor, and the astonishment of all the world, who had declared, and indeed still declared, the thing impossible—Miss Patty was yet in the land of the living. True, she was bedridden, and the apprehension of her altering her will no longer existed; for her intellects were entirely gone, and she was nearly speechless; but still she breathed, and the legacy was for the time being as unattainable as if she had been eating beef-steaks and walking five miles before breakfast. It was a cold morning, about three weeks after Christmas, and Mr and Mrs Lisle were sitting at breakfast with their children, when the servant announced that “Mr Grainger wished to speak with master.”

“He’s come for the rent, I suppose,” said Mrs Lisle. “Have you the money ready?”

“Let him come in, Sarah,” said Mr Lisle, addressing the maid. “No,” he continued in answer to his wife’s question; “I can’t pay it till Williams has paid me; but a few days more must settle that business.”

“I wish to Heaven it were settled!” exclaimed Mrs Lisle; “it keeps one in continual hot-water. It is so mortifying to be obliged to send people away without their money. There was the man here yesterday that made the wardrobe; it is only nine pounds, but he said he was a young beginner, and had his bills

coming in, and he hoped I would not send him away without payment, as he had given us a year's credit. I declare I could have cried when the man went out of the room—he looked so disappointed, and I felt so ashamed.”

“Well, well, Sophia, it's no use grumbling now,” said the husband impatiently; “the annoyance will be over in a few days we're sure. Dr Ramsay was called in to see Miss Wise on Thursday, and he said nothing could be done for her. All we can do is to take care never to get into such another scrape, and be glad we've got so well out of this. How are you, Grainger, this cold morning? Take a seat by the fire, and let my wife give you a cup of tea. Capital stuff, I assure you—a present of Williams;” and Mr Lisle laughed. Mr Grainger laughed too.

“Well, sir,” said he, “I never got anything from Williams myself, but he was liberal enough with his presents, I believe, as long as he'd anything to give.”

“He's a kind-hearted, hospitable fellow Williams as ever lived,” said Mr Lisle, rather offended at the slight way in which Mr Grainger (a man whom he considered in an inferior way of trade to himself) spoke of his friend.

“Oh ay, sir—I daresay he is,” answered Grainger: “I've nothing to say against him myself. I've no reason—I shall lose nothing by him.”

“Nor will anybody else,” replied Lisle rather tartly.

“Well, sir, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure, sir,” answered Grainger. “Things may be better than we've heard, but I'm told the debts are heavy. Mr Bostock says the creditors may make up their minds to a shilling in the pound or thereabouts.”

“What can Mr Bostock mean by making such an assertion?” exclaimed Mr Lisle, turning pale betwixt anger and affright, whilst his wife set down the teapot she had lifted, for her nerves failed her, and she could not hold it.

“I don't think Mr Bostock would say anything of that sort he wasn't pretty sure of,” observed Mr Grainger; “but perhaps, sir, you may have better information. Howsomever, I think them's best off as have had nothing to do with him; he always went too fast for my money. But I must be moving,” continued he, as he rose to place his cup and saucer on the table; “there's a great lot of timber to be sold by auction at S—— to-day, at one o'clock, that's expected to go cheap, and I've no time to lose.”

Mr Lisle was perfectly aware that Grainger had come for his rent; and the object of the visit was so well understood between them, that it was felt quite unnecessary to name it. In fact the payment had already been put off once; and this was the second period appointed by Mr Lisle, who had reckoned confidently on getting his money from Williams before it arrived. It was therefore very painful to be obliged to ask a further delay; but as Miss Patty's senses were gone, and she could not alter her

will now, he had intended to tell his landlord the real state of the case, and soothe him with the promise of being able to answer his demand in a few days; but the estimate Grainger appeared to have formed with respect to Williams' responsibility made this rather a hopeless expedient. "You have called for your rent, I suppose, Mr Grainger?" at length said Mr Lisle, clearing his throat, seeing that the landlord made no move towards resuming his seat, but stood sturdily with his hat in his hand betwixt the table and the door.

"In course I have, sir," replied Grainger, as if he thought the question wholly superfluous. "It's a week past the time you appointed, and I want to go to S—— with the money in my hand."

"I'm really very sorry, Grainger," began Mr Lisle, whilst poor Sophia's cheeks turned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears; "but really——"

"You're not a-going to put me off again, are you?" exclaimed Grainger in an angry tone.

"Only for a few days," said Mr Lisle. "I'm sure of money in a few days."

"So you said before," roughly answered Grainger. "Besides, sir, I want my money to go to market with, and I must have it."

"But I can't give it you, Mr Grainger," replied Mr Lisle. "Be reasonable; a very few days now must see me out of my difficulties, and the moment I get the money—in short, to be plain with you, don't mention it, and I promise yours shall be the very first debt I pay; but the very moment the breath is out of old Patty Wise's body——"

"Stop, sir!" said Mr Grainger, setting his arms akimbo; "do you mean to tell me as that's all you've got to look to to pay me my year and half's rent?"

"I've got a bond from Williams for seventeen hundred pounds, with five per cent. interest on it," replied Lisle; "to be paid on the very day he touches the old woman's legacy."

"Light the fire with it!" answered the landlord roughly; "it's all the use it'll ever be. Seventeen hundred pounds!—seventeen hundred rotten eggs! Why, don't you know that afore Miss Patty lost her intellects, when she found from Dr Ramsay that she was really going, she sent for Williams and told him that, as she knew very well that he'd bring her niece to the workhouse if she gave him any power over the money, she had taken care to tie it up so that he could never touch a shilling of it?"

"She did!" cried Mr Lisle, starting from his seat.

"To be sure she did!" answered Grainger; "and what's more, Williams took the hint and vanished, without ever coming back here to say good-by to anybody. He's across the water by this time, and there's an execution in the house. I saw the officers there just now as I came past."

We have not space, neither can it be necessary, to paint the

despair of the unhappy Lisle. Not only all the money he had was gone, but more than he had, for he had been obliged to borrow five hundred pounds to answer the last bill he had given to Williams. His creditors were pressing, for his situation was soon whispered abroad; and those who would have waited patiently whilst he was prosperous, soon took the alarm when they heard of his distress. He was made a bankrupt. His poor wife was obliged to leave her comfortable house—at a time, too, that she most needed its conveniences: his eldest little girl, whom he had just placed at a respectable boarding-school, was brought home to assist her mother in taking care of the younger children. His life's labour was lost—worse than lost, for he had to begin the world again with a stigma, if not upon his honesty, certainly upon his prudence and good sense. And all this misery arose from his not perceiving that every individual in the world is bound to provide for the responsibilities he has himself incurred, before he assists others to answer theirs; from his weakly yielding to the importunities of one who had no claim on him, and whose previous want of foresight, duly considered, held out little promise for the future, without reflecting on the paramount claims not only of his own creditors, but of the wife he had undertaken to maintain, and of the children of whose being he was the author, and for whose welfare and education, as far as in him lay, he was answerable to the Almighty; and from his not perceiving that it is dishonesty, and not liberality, to give that which we cannot afford, and which, if every one had their own, would not be ours to give; and that people's success in business does not depend upon their being good-natured or kind-hearted, but upon their conducting their affairs with steady prudence and a conscientious regard to all their engagements—dangerous and dazzling fallacies, which have ruined many a well-intentioned man, who might have gone happily and prosperously through the world on the simple but comprehensive maxim—"BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS."





SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH
AND GERMAN POETRY.

I.—FRENCH.

PRAYERS FOR ALL MEN.

I.

MY daughter, go and pray! See, night is come:
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
Let us to prayer! calm night is come again:
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully: the herds, the flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak.
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,
Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

And then they sleep. Oh peaceful cradle-sleep!
Oh childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

II.

Pray thou for all who living tread
Upon this earth of graves;
For all whose weary pathways lead
Among the winds and waves;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
Or swiftness of a horse;
For those who, labouring, suffer still;
Coming or going—doing ill—
Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
His dance and banquet light;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
Their prayers at twilight dim;
And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
God also heareth *him*.

Child! pray for all the poor beside;
The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
With crime and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
For him who impiously blasphemes
Religion's holy law.
Pray thou—for prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

—VICTOR HUGO.

D. M. M.

A REASSURING PROSPECT.

ALL is light and all is joy.
The spider's foot doth busily
Unto the silken tulips tie
His circling silver broidery.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

The dragon-fly on fluttering wings,
Mirrors the orbs of her large eyes
In the bright pond where creeping things
Make a dark world of mysteries.

The full-blown rose, grown young again,
Kisses the sweet bud's tender blush;
The bird pours forth his tuneful strain
Within the sun-illumined bush.

He blesses God, who ne'er is hid
From the pure soul to virtue given;
Who makes the dawn a fiery lid
For the azure eye of heaven.

In woods that soften every sound,
The timid fawn doth dreaming play;
And in the green moss shining round,
Beetles their living gold display.

The moon, all pale in sunlit skies,
A cheerful convalescent seems;
And opens soft her opal eyes,
Whence heaven's sweetness downward streams.

The wallflower with the gamesome bee
Plays by the crumbling ruins old;
The furrow waketh joyfully,
Moved by the seeds that burst their fold.

All lives and sits around with grace—
The sunbeam on the threshold wide,
The gliding shade on the water's face,
The blue sky on the green hill's side.

On joyful plains bright sun-rays fall,
Woods murmur, fields with flowers are clad.
Fear nothing, man; for nature all
Knows the great secret, and is glad!

—*Ibid.*

C. WITCOMB.

A HYMN.

THERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die;

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades ;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, oh God ! this voice is telling,
Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love ;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above ;
Of Thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines Thy light ;
Of Thee, the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time ;
Each one, according to his measure
Interpreting its sense sublime.
But ah ! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy ;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eyeball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold-emblazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run ;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by ;
And darkness indistinct o'ershade
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

THE TROUBADOUR AND HIS SWALLOW.

THE warm breath of summer
Has burst the frost's chain ;
The earth is all blossom ;
But the bird of my bosom,
My beautiful swallow, returns not again.

I hear its gay fellows—
More faithful, alas !—
The bright dawn saluting ;
With rapid wing shooting,
I see them across the blue lake's surface pass.

Long known—long beloved !
When wilt thou return
To cheer me, heart-weary ?
In absence so dreary
From thee, oh, my swallow ! I linger and mourn.

None other can give thee
A life half so fair ;
Like thine was my nature,
Thou bright joyous creature ;
The same food and shelter with me thou didst share.

For thee does my window
Half-open remain :
What hinders thee, dearest ?
Can it be that thou fearest
In me a harsh tyrant with prison and chain ?

The flower in the wild-wood
Gives place to the fruit :
The summer on stealeth ;
And each day revealeth
My hope of thy coming grown fainter and mute.

My strain, once so gleesome,
Is now a sad song :
Art thou faithful no longer ?
Has death proved the stronger ?
No matter ; thy minstrel will pine for thee long.

—Anon.

D. M. M.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

AN angel form, with brow of light,
Watched o'er a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed as though his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

“Fair child, whose face is like to mine,
Oh, come,” he said, “and fly with me;
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee.

Here perfect bliss thou canst not know;
The soul amidst its pleasures sighs;
All sounds of joy are full of wo;
Enjoyments are but miseries.

Fear stalks amidst the gorgeous shows;
And, though serene the day may rise,
It lasts not brilliant to its close,
And tempests sleep in calmest skies.

Alas! shall sorrow, doubts, and fears,
Deform a brow so pure as this?
And shall the bitterness of tears
Dim those blue eyes that speak of bliss?

No, no!—along the realms of space,
Far from all care let us begone;
Kind Providence shall give thee grace
For those few years thou might'st live on.

No mourning weeds, no sound of wail,
Thy chainless spirit shall annoy;
Thy kindred shall thy absence hail
Even as thy coming gave them joy.

No cloud on any brow shall rest,
Nought speak of tombs or sadness there;
Of beings like thee, pure and blest,
The latest hour shall be *most* fair.”

The angel shook his snowy wings,
And through the fields of ether sped,
Where heaven's eternal music rings—
Mother, alas! thy son is dead!

—JEAN REBOUL.

Athenæum.

THE STAR OF PEACE.

FAIR Astræa, quit thy sphere,
Thou, so longed for in our clime;
Come, and make thy sojourn here
For a time!
Civil flames have now too long
Coursed our towns and vales among,

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

Stirring wrath and whetting swords;
Long hath famine gnawed our hoards;
Pestilence, and ruin's darts,
Long have lost us thy sweet arts.

Tempests do not ever roar
In the trembling pilot's ears;
Rocks do not on every shore
Wake his fears.
Thunder, terrible and loud,
Comes not always from the cloud,
Nor the flashing, nor the flame;
Ofttimes will the storm grow tame,
And the gloom will disappear,
And the clouded sky be clear.

Show to us thy lovely face,
At this season fresh and new,
Let us, for sweet ruth, find grace
In thy view.
Let, beneath thy honoured hand,
Golden grain re-deck the land!
Come, more gracious than the star
Which directs the solar car,
When the god on the void air
Shakes abroad his golden hair!

When thy coming is at hand,
Let the heavens pour on the winds
Odours sweet and perfumes bland,
Of all kinds,
With honey and with manna showers;
So that this fair France of ours
May enjoy a beauteous spring,
To which time no end shall bring,
Nor the changes that have birth
On this fickle, shifting earth.

—DE BELLEAU.

A P R I L.

APRIL, sweet month, the daintiest of all.
Fair thee befall!
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
All round thee strew,
When, as thou goest, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depaint,
Whose colours quaint,
Have diapered the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming zephyrs rise
With whispered sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their airy mesh,
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on nature's breast,
So richly blest,
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid
Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow ;
And in a wild profusion there,
Her shining hair
With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,
That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine ;
And thine the breath, that from their skies
The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost with summons blithe and soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows, that along the air
Scud swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streaked pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,
That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fires to wake,
That covered up and slumbering lay,
Through many a day,
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hearest the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilising dew, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will, may praise him ; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee ;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

—*Ibid.*

London Magazine.

ODE TO THE HAWTHORN.

FAIR hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along this lovely shore ;
To thy foot around,
With his long arms wound,
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock :
And in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where their honey they lock.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

In merry spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
 The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among,
He warbles the song
 That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
His nest he weaves
 Of moss and the satin fine,
Where his callow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
 Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And for ever alive
 Mayst thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
 Unspoiled by the axe or time!

—RONSARD.

Anon.

TO A POOR MAN.

WHY dost thou tremble, peasant, say,
Before the men who empires sway?
Who soon will, shadowy sprites, be led
To swell the number of the dead?
Know'st thou not that all must go
To the gloomy realms below?
And that an imperial ghost
Must no less the Stygian coast
Visit, than the humble shade
Of him who plies the woodman's trade?
Courage, tiller of the ground!
Those who hurl war's thunder round
Will not seek their last abode
In arms, as when the battle glowed.
Naked, like thee, shall they depart;
Nor will the hauberk, sword, or dart,
Avail them more, when they shall flee,
Than thy rough ploughshare shall to thee.
Not more just Rhadamanthus cares
For the mail the warrior wears,
Than for the staff with which the swain
Urges on the glowing train;
By him with equal eye are seen
Thy dusty raiment, rude and mean,

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

And purpled robes of Tyrian hue,
Enwrought with gems to charm the view,
Or all the costly vestments spread
Around the forms of monarchs dead.

—*Ibid.*

Anon.

HOW TO BEAR WITH FORTUNE.

OH! fools of fools, and mortal fools,
Who prize so much what Fortune gives;
Say, is there aught man owns or rules
In this same earth whereon he lives?
What do his proper rights embrace,
Save the fair gifts of Nature's grace?
If from you, then, by Fortune's spite,
The goods you deem your own be torn,
No wrong is done the while, but right;
For you had nought when you were born.

Then pass the dark-brown hours of night
No more in dreaming how you may
Best load your chests with golden freight;
Crave nought beneath the moon, I pray,
From Paris even to Pampelune,
Saving alone such simple boon
As needful is for life below.
Enough if fame your name adorn,
And you to earth with honour go;
For you had nought when you were born.

When all things were for common use—
Apples, all blithesome fruits of trees,
Nuts, honey, and each gum and juice,
Both man and woman too could please.
Strife never vexed these meals of old:
Be patient, then, of heat and cold;
Esteem not Fortune's favours sure;
And of her gifts when you are shorn,
With moderate grief your loss endure;
For you had nought when you were born.

ENVOY.

If Fortune does you any spite—
Should even the coat be from you torn—
Pray, blame her not—it is her right;
For you had nought when you were born.

—CHARTIER, 1386—1447.

Anon.
11

THE WILD-FIRES.

Oh, summer eve, and village peace,
 Clear skies, sweet odours, gushing streams !
 Ye blest my childhood's simple dreams ;
 To cheer my age, oh do not cease !
 World-wearied, here I love to dwell,
 For even these merry wild-fires tell
 Of youth and sweet simplicity.
 Oft did my heart with terror swell
 As from their dance I wont to fly.
 I've lost that blissful ignorance ;
 Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

On wakeful nights the tale went round
 Of Jack-a-lantern, cunning, cruel,
 With watch-fires of no earthly fuel,
 Guardian of treasures under ground.
 They told of goblins, unblest powers,
 Ghosts, sorcerers, and mysterious hours,
 Of dragons huge that ever flitted
 Around all dark and ancient towers :
 Such tales my easy faith admitted.
 Age hath dispelled my youthful trance ;
 Dance, pretty wild-fires, dance, dance.

Scarce ten years old, one winter night,
 Bewildered on the lonely swamp,
 I saw the wild-fire trim his lamp ;
 "It is my grandame's cheerful light—
 A pretty cake she has for me,"
 I said, and ran with infant glee.
 A shepherd filled my soul with dread ;
 " Oh foolish boy, the lamp you see
 Lights up the revels of the dead."
 Dispelled is now my youthful trance :
 Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Love-stirred, at sixteen once I stole
 By the old curate's lonely mound :
 The wild-fires danced his grave around :
 I paused to bless the curate's soul.
 From regions of the slumbering dead,
 Methought the aged curate said,
 " Alas! unhappy reprobate,
 So soon hath beauty turned thy head!"
 That night I feared the frowns of fate.
 Still let the voice my ear entrance ;
 Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

* * * *

Now, from such pleasing errors free,
 I feel the chilling touch of time :
 The visions of my early prime
 Have bowed to stern reality.
 But oh ! I loved fair nature more,
 Ere I was taught the pedant's lore.
 The dear delusions of my youth,
 Which bound my heart in days of yore,
 Have fled before the torch of truth.
 Dearest to me my youthful trance ;
 Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

—BERANGER.

TO MY OLD COAT.

BE faithful still, thou poor dear coat of mine !
 We, step for step, are both becoming old.
 Ten years these hands have brushed that nap of thine,
 And Socrates did never more, I hold.
 When to fresh tear and wear the time to be
 Shall force thy sore-thinned texture to submit,
 Be philosophic, and resist like me :
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Full well I mind, for I forget not much,
 The day that saw thee first upon me put :
 My birthday 'twas, and as a crowning touch
 Unto my pride, my friends all praised thy cut.
 Thy indigence, which does me no disgrace,
 Has never caused these kindly friends to flit.
 Each at my fête yet shows a gladsome face :
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

A goodly darn I on thy skirts espy,
 And thereby hangs a sweet remembrance still.
 Feigning one eve from fond Lisette to fly,
 She held by thee to balk my seeming will.
 The tug was followed by a grievous rent,
 And then her side of course I could not quit :
 Two days Lisette on that vast darning spent :
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Have e'er I made thee reek with musky steams,
 Such as your self-admiring fools exhale ?
 Have I exposed thee, courting great men's beams,
 To levee mock or antechamber rail ?

A strife for ribbons all the land of France,
 From side to side, well nigh asunder split :
 From *thy* lapelle nothing but wild flowers glance :
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Fear no renewal of those courses vain,
 Those madcap sports which once employed our hours—
 Hours of commingled joyfulness and pain,
 Of sunshine chequered here and there with showers.
 I rather ought, methinks, thy faded cloth
 From every future service to acquit :
 But wait a while—one end will come to both :
 Mine ancient friend, we shall not sunder yet.

—*Ibid.*

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

You said, "Come up to Paris, shepherd boy ;
 Obey the impulse of a nobler lot ;
 Books, gold, the theatre, with novel joy,
 Shall make thy rural scenes be soon forgot."
 Well, I am here ; but oh, my heart is pain !
 Beneath these ardent fires my spring decays :
 Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
 And the free hills of childhood's happy days.

The cold dull fever creeps through all my veins ;
 Yet all my ways are moulded to your will.
 At the gay balls, where women move as queens,
 The sad home-sickness preys upon me still.
 Study has graced my language—but in vain ;
 In vain your arts have met my dazzled sight :
 Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
 And my old Sundays sacred to delight.

Ye spurn the legends which the shepherd tells ;
 The gross gay song, the old romantic tale :
 Matching the miracles of fairy spells,
 Your opera scenes would turn our wizards pale.
 Heaven's homage poured in highest, holiest strains,
 May choose your music for its glowing tongues :
 Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
 And its long eves of legends and of songs.

Our poor small cots, our church that, crumbling, stoops,
 Even in my eyes are mean : while day by day,
 Here I admire these monumental groups,
 And most your Louvre, with its gardens gay.

See where it seems, in evening's glowing wane,
 A glorious mirage in the golden ray :
 Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
 Its poor dear cottages and belfry gray.

Convert the savage idol-worshipper :
 Dying, his gods reclaim him ere he sleeps.
 For me expectant waits my cottage cur ;
 My mother thinks of our adieu, and weeps.
 I've seen the avalanche and hurricane,
 And bears and wolves destroy my struggling sheep :
 Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
 The well-remembered crook and scanty scrip.

What joyful tidings greet the exile's ears !
 You say, " Depart, with morning's earliest hours ;
 Thy native breezes shall dry up thy tears,
 Thy suns again shall fill thy heart with flowers."
 Adieu, broad, brilliant city of the Seine !
 Where, as in chains, the pining stranger stays :
 Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
 And the free hills of childhood's happy days.

—*Ibid.*

W. D.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL

ADIEU, sweet land of France, adieu
 All cherished joys gone by !
 Scenes where my happy childhood grew,
 To leave ye is to die !

Adopted country ! whence I go
 An exile o'er the sea,
 Hear Mary's fond farewell, and oh,
 My France, remember me !
 Winds rise ; the ship is on her track :
 Alas ! my tears are vain :
 There is no storm to bear me back
 On thy dear shores again.
 Adieu, sweet land of France, &c.

When, in my people's sight, I wore
 The lily's royal flower,
 Ah ! their applause was offered more
 To beauty than to power.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH POETRY.

Now gloomy Albyn's throne in vain
Awaits my slow advance ;
I only would be queen to reign
O'er the gay hearts of France.
Adieu, sweet land of France, &c.

Love, glory, genius—ah ! too dear—
Have dazzled all my prime,
My fates shall change to cold and drear
In Scotland's ruder clime.
My heart, my heart, with sudden awe,
Feels a vague omen's shock !
Sure, in some ghastly dream I saw
A scaffold and a block !
Adieu, sweet land of France, &c.

Oh, France ! in all her woes and fears,
The Stuart's daughter, slie,
As now she greets thee through her tears,
Shall ever turn to thee.
Alas ! too swift my bark hath flown
Beneath these stranger skies :
Night, as her hurried veil comes down,
Conceals thee from my eyes.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu
The cherished joys gone by !
Scenes where my happy childhood grew,
To leave ye is to die !

—*Ibid.*

W. DOWE.

THE TRAVELS OF THE LEAF.

FROM the hill to the valley, the grove to the plain,
From the branch where thou never wilt blossom again,
Thy green beauties faded, sere, withered, and dying—
Brown leaf of the forest ! oh where art thou flying ?

“ I know not—I heed not—I go with the blast,
Which swept me away from the bough as it passed.
The storm-gust which shattered the oak where I hung,
Had ruth for the feeble, but none for the strong.
It has rent the tough branch, once my glory and stay,
And—the wind for my wild mate—I'm whirled away.
What rede I, or reck ? On its cold bosom lying,
I haste to where all things in nature are hieing—

And the sweet garden rose-leaf floats off with the breeze—
 Where the zephyr wafts blossoms and buds from the trees,
 So lightly I drive to *my* destiny too;
 And it may be to glad me—it may be to rue—
 My companions the ilex, the ash, the bright laurel,
 And the beech, with its death-bloom, as ruddy as coral.
 Now read my sad riddle, Sir Seer! and its moral.”

—*Anonymous.*

II.—GERMAN.

THE INVITATION.

My wealth is in a little cot,
 Which stands upon a meadow floor
 Close by a brook : the brook is small,
 But cannot clearer be, I'm sure.

A tree stands near the little cot,
 Which for its boughs is scarcely seen ;
 And against sun, and cold, and wind,
 It shelters those that dwell therein.

And there a pretty nightingale
 Sings on the tree so sweet a song,
 That every passing traveller stands
 To listen, ere he speeds along.

Thou little one, with sunny hair,
 Who long hath blessed my humble lot—
 I go—rough blows the stormy wind—
 Wilt thou with me into my cot?

—GLEIM.

Anon.

CHIDHER.

SPOKE Chidher the immortal, the ever young ;
 I passed by a city, a man stood near,
 Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung ;
 I asked, How long has the city been here ?
 He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,
 There was always a city on this spot,
 And so there will be till Time is not.
 Five hundred years rolled by, before
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

Not a trace of the city could be seen ;
 A shepherd lay piping his song alone,
 His flocks were browsing the herbage green ;
 I asked, How long has the city been gone ?
 He said, while still on his pipe he played—
 Fresh flowers spring up as the others fade ;
 Here I and my flocks have ever strayed.
 Five hundred years rolled by, as before :
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

I found there a sea, with billows crested ;
 A man was shooting his fishing-gear,
 And as from the heavy draught he rested,
 I asked, How long has the sea been here ?
 He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke :
 As long as these waves in foam have broke,
 It has been the haunt of us fisher folk.
 Five hundred years rolled by, as before :
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

A tall spreading forest there I found,
 And a woodman old in its shadows drear ;
 The strokes of his axe broke the silence round :
 I asked, How old is the forest here ?
 He said, All the days of my life I've known
 This forest a forest, and dwelt alone
 'Mong trees, that ever were growing or grown.
 Five hundred years rolled by, as before :
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

'Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
 Of crowds on a festive holiday :
 I asked, What time was the city founded ?
 The forest, and sea, and pipe, where are they ?
 They cried, of my question taking no thought,
 'Twas always the same as now—this spot,
 And so it will be till time is not.
 And when five hundred years have rolled by, as before,
 I'll be standing upon that spot once more.

—RUCKHERT.

THE IMITATOR.

AN arrow from a bow just shot,
 Flew upwards to heaven's canopy,
 And cried, with pompous self-conceit,
 To the King Eagle, scornfully :—

"Look here—I can as high as thou,
 And, towards the sun, even higher sail!"
 The eagle smiled, and said, "Oh fool,
 What do thy borrowed plumes avail?
 By others' strength thou dost ascend,
 But by thyself dost—downward tend."

—MUCHLER.

Anon.

THE ABSENT WIFE.

I THINK of thee when flies the gloom
 Of night before the dawning gray,
 And in my lonely, quiet room,
 I kneel in morning light to pray :
 While my devotion's early flame
 Ascends to Heaven, from whence it came,
 I think of thee, though far away.

I think of thee with still delight,
 When, gazing on thy portrait here,
 I give it, with creative might,
 A life and soul : thy smile grows clear,
 The eyes look meaningly and bright ;
 Again I have thee in my sight—
 My heart beats high—I feel thee near.

I think of thee when round me throng
 Our children dear, a gladsome band ;
 I see thy form their forms among ;
 And when they earnestly demand,
 "When will our mother come again?"
 I soften my awakening pain
 With hope full soon to grasp thy hand.

I think of thee where'er I gaze—
 The traces of thy hand I view ;
 I mark thy calm domestic ways ;
 In garden and in household too
 I see the tokens of thy skill,
 And everything around betrays
 Thy spirit hovering o'er us still.

I think of thee in meadows green,
 And on the mountain's summit too ;
 Along the brook of silver sheen,
 'Mid all we have together seen.
 In every place where we have been,
 Thy lovely vision comes between
 Mine eyes and everything they view !

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN POETRY.

I think of thee when in the west
The sun sinks down, and day's eye closes,
When darkness has our valleys dressed,
And all the earth in shade reposes;
Then, when my head lies down to rest,
Thy image o'er my pillow beams—
I see thee all night in my dreams!

—NEUFFER.

GOSTICK.

COUNT EBERHARD.

FOUR counts together sat to dine,
And when the feast was done,
Each, pushing round the rosy wine,
To praise his land begun.

The Margrave talked of healthful springs,
Another praised his vines;
Bohemia spoke of precious things
In many darksome mines.

Count Eberhard sat silent there—
“Now, Würtemberg, begin!
There must be something good and fair
Your pleasant country in!”

“In healthful springs and purple wine,”
Count Eberhard replied—
“In costly gems, and gold to shine,
I cannot match your pride;

But you shall hear a simple tale:—
One night I lost my way
Within a wood, along a vale,
And down to sleep I lay.

And there I dreamed that I was dead,
And funeral lamps were shining
With solemn lustre round my head,
Within a vault reclining.

And men and women stood beside
My cold sepulchral bed;
And, shedding many tears, they cried,
‘Count Eberhard is dead!’

A tear upon my face fell down,
And, waking with a start,
I found my head was resting on
A Würtembergian heart!

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN POETRY.

A woodman 'mid the forest-shade
Had found me in my rest,
Had lifted up my head, and laid
It softly on his breast !”

The princes sat, and wondering heard,
Then said, as closed the story,
“ Long live the good Count Eberhard—
His people’s love his glory !”

—ZIMMERMANN.

Anon.

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT leave the busy strand !
I gaze upon you standing there,
And giving to the sailor’s hand
Your household furniture and ware :

Men from their shoulders lifting down
Baskets of bread, with careful hand
Prepared from German corn, and brown
From the old hearth in Fatherland ;

Black Forest maids, with sunburnt faces,
Slim forms, and neatly-braided hair,
Come—each within the shallop places
Her jugs and pitchers all with care.

The pitchers carried oft to fill
At the familiar village spring—
When by Missouri all is still,
Visions of home will round them cling ;

The rustic well, with stones girt round,
The low stone wall they bended o’er,
The hearth upon the family ground,
The mantelpiece, with all its store ;

All will be dear, when, in the west,
These pitchers deck the log-hut lone,
Or when reached down, that some brown guest
May quench his thirst, and travel on.

Tired in the chase, the Cherokees
Will drink from them on hunting-ground ;
No more from glad grape-gleaning these
Shall come with German vine-leaves crowned !

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN POETRY.

Why, wanderers, must you leave your land?
The Neckar-vale has wine and corn;
Tall firs in our Black Forest stand;
In Spessart sounds the Alper's horn.

'Mid foreign woods you'll long in vain
For your paternal mountains green,
For Deutschland's yellow fields of grain,
And hills of vines with purple sheen!

The vision of your olden time,
Of all you leave so far behind,
Like some old legendary rhyme,
Will rise in dreams and haunt your mind.

The boatman calls—depart in peace!—
God keep you—man, and wife, and child!
Joy dwell with you!—and fast increase
Your rice and maize in yonder wild!

—FREILIGRATH.

GOSTICK.

THE DEAD IN THE SEA.

UNDER the sea-waves bright and clear,
Deep on the pearly gravelly sands,
Sleeps many a brave his slumber drear,
Who joined the gay and gallant bands
That pushed from forth their land and home,
Companions of the wild sea-foam,
When blasts arose and tossed their bark,
Till, whelmed beneath the waters dark,
The storm-king claimed *them* for his own,
That late in life and beauty shone!

Under the sea-waves green and bright,
Deep on the pearly gravelly sands,
Sleeps many a one in slumber light,
But not by the storm-king's ruthless hands;
For there, within his narrow berth,
Lies the cold corpse of clammy earth!
Never to hail a harbour more,
Never to reach a friendly shore;
To a rude plank his form they lash;
Heave overboard—waves sullen plash!

Ocean-depths yawn widely gaping,
Graves in the mirror-sea to form;
Churchyard hillocks there are shaping,
Every swell of the heaving storm!

Could we descend into the deep,
 Could we but still the waves to sleep,
 There might we rows of sleepers see,
 Count the white bones lie glitteringly—
 Things that the polypus spins so fine,
 Weaving his network beneath the brine :
 There might we see them pillowed fair
 On moss, and sand, and soft sea-weed ;
 Grinning in death, behold them there !
 Fishes in shoals around them breed ;
 Swordfish polish their bony arms ;
 Mermaids mutter their mystic charms,
 And deck them out to make them fair,
 With many a gift of ocean rare !

One anoints, while another kneeling,
 Braids the long-neglected tresses,
 From the soft purple shell now stealing
 Bloom for the wan and bony faces.
 One with a pearly necklace long,
 Weaving a wild and mournful song,
 Wanders among the dead in the sea,
 Glittering with ornaments wondrously.

There may you see the shrivelled arm
 Gleaming in amber's golden glow ;
 There the bright coral's crimson charm
 Naked skull wreathing—blanched like snow.
 Pearls the most precious—pure and white—
 Glare in those vacant orbs of light ;
 And the sea-reptiles, loathsome, crawl
 In and out, and around them all,
 Sucking the marrow from the bones
 Greedily, of those shipwrecked ones.

There might we see the stately mast
 Bearing its freight of corpses lashed,
 Clashed by the sea-rock, where the blast,
 Shattering it fiercely, wildly dashed ;
 Gnawed by the worms, unconscious sleeper,
 Rooted to rock-cliff all the deeper,
 Dreams perchance of the granite tower
 Beetling above his home's sweet bower ;
 For under the sea-waves bright and green,
 Among pure pearls of the silvery sheen,
 Many a rustic companion sleeps,
 Who sank in the wave-worn ocean deeps.

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN POETRY.

Slumber they far from home and hall ;
Flowers there are none to deck their bier ;
Friends are not nigh to spread the pall,
O'er their pale forms to shed the tear.
Balmy rosemary there is none :
Rose-tree never shall breathe upon
Graves where, sweet, they sleep 'neath the billow,
Waving around no weeping willow.

Matters it not ! Though fall no tear
Over the corpse in his briny bier,
Troubles it not the "dead in the sea"—
Salt tears around them flow ceaselessly.

—*Ibid.*

E. L.

LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.

OH never rudely will I blame this faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is love's world, his home, his birthplace :
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason !
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down : and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair !

—SCHILLER'S *Piccolomini*.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE ABSENT.

LONELY—nay, that am I not!
 Loving spirits and confiding,
 By my distant hearth abiding,
 Hover round me here.

Happy—nay, that am I not!
 For these silent tears and burning
 Witness well a secret yearning
 For the far and dear.

Mournful—nay, that am I not!
 For the friends of my affections
 Wreathe me in their recollections,
 And are ever near.

Hopeful—yes, that mood is mine!
 Once again in home's sweet union
 With the loved to join communion,
 Fills my heart with cheer.

—Anon.

REV. H. THOMPSON.

CHEERFULNESS.

SEE how the day beameth brightly before us!
 Blue is the firmament, green is the earth;
 Grief hath no voice in the universe-chorus—
 Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
 Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness—
 Gaze! and if beauty can capture thy soul,
 Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness—
 Gladness, philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasures pleasure uncloses—
 List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay!
 Breathe! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses;
 Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
 Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
 Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun—
 Green in the hills, in the flower-groves blushing,
 Look! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
 Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
 Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
 Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?

Still may we battle for goodness and beauty ;
 Still hath philanthropy much to essay :
 Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty ;
 Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
 Legion-like, darken this planet of ours,
 Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows,
 Ever when anguish hath palsied its powers ;
 Wherefore, though fate play the part of a traitor,
 Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope,
 Fearlessly certain that sooner or later
 Over the stars thy desire shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of creation !
 Still is God's earth undistorted and bright ;
 Comfort the captives to long tribulation,
 Thus shalt thou reap the mere perfect delight.
 Love!—but if love be a hallowed emotion,
 Purity only its rapture should share ;
 Love, then, with willing and deathless emotion,
 All that is just, and exalted, and fair.

Act!—for in action are wisdom and glory.
 Fame, immortality—these are its crown :
 Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
 Build on achievements thy dome of renown.
 Honour and feeling were given thee to cherish ;
 Cherish them, then, though all else should decay :
 Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
 Stars that will shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage!—disaster and peril once over,
 Freshen the spirit, as showers the grove :
 O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
 Soon the “forget-me-not” rises in love.
 Courage, then, friends! though the universe crumble,
 Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
 Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
 Smiles through the ruin on darkness and death.

—SEEWIS.

J. MANGAN.

THE GRAVE.

THE grave it is deep and soundless,
 And canopied over with clouds ;
 And trackless, and dim, and boundless,
 Is the unknown land that it shrouds.

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN POETRY.

In vain may the nightingales warble
Their songs—the roses of love
And friendship grow white on the marble
The living have reared above.

The virgin, bereft at her bridal
Of him she has loved, may weep ;
The wail of the orphan is idle,
It breaks not the buried one's sleep.

Yet everywhere else shall mortals
For peace unavailingly roam ;
Except through the shadowy portals,
Goeth none to his genuine home !

And the heart that tempest and sorrow
Have beaten against for years,
Must look for a sunnier morrow
Beyond this temple of tears.

—*Ibid.*

Ibid.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the German's fatherland ?
Is't Prussia ? Swabia ? Is't the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine ?
Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine ?
No ; yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's fatherland !

How call they then the German's land ?
Bavaria ? Brunswick ? Hast thou scanned
It where the Zuyder Zee extends ?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends ?
No, brother, no ; thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine fatherland !

Is then the German's fatherland
Westphalia ? Pomerania ? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps ;
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps :
Hast found it now ?—Not yet ! Demand
Elsewhere the German's fatherland !

Then say, where lies the German's land ?
How call they that unconquered land ?
Is't where Tyról's green mountains rise ?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By freedom's purest breezes fanned—
But no ; 'tis not the German's land !

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN POETRY.

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptise that great, that ancient land!
'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
Oh! none shall write her name on sand:
But she is not the German's land!

Say then, where lies the German's land?
Baptise that great, that ancient land!
Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
Wrenched from the imperial diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No; these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's fatherland!

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where valour lights the flashing eye,
Where love and truth in deep hearts lie,
And zeal enkindles freedom's brand,
That is the German's fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their universal fatherland!

—ARNDT.

Dublin Magazine.

H O N E S T Y.

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

With honest heart go on your way,
Down to your burial sod,
And never for a moment stray
Beyond the path of God.

Then like a happy pilgrim here,
O'er pleasant meadows going,
You'll reach the bank without a fear,
Where death's chill stream is flowing.

And everything along your way
 In colours bright shall shine ;
 The water from the jug of clay
 Shall taste like costly wine !

Then cherish faith and honesty
 Down to your burial clod,
 And never for a moment stray
 Beyond the path of God.

Your sons and grandsons to your tomb
 Shall come, their tears to shed ;
 And from their tears sweet flowers shall bloom
 Above your sleeping head !

—HOLTY.

GOSTICK.

THE FOUNTAIN.

“WHAT one can never do for me again,
 That I'll not do for him. To none I owe
 What he ne'er did for me, and ne'er can do.”
 And thus will you live justly, well, and calmly ?
 No ; not even so ; say nought of useful, noble,
 Divine and human life (the two are one).
 Then first of all, grant not your child a grave ;
 For sure your child can never bury you !
 Follow no friend to his last resting-place ;
 For he can never rise to follow you !
 Give no poor wanderer a crust of bread,
 Lest he should never meet you and return it !
 Clothe not the poor till he can so clothe you !
 And bind not up your house-dog's broken limb ;
 He'll ne'er return that self-same benefit—
 The hound can only bark and keep your door.
 The beggar only prays, “Reward you God !”
 But I say : Whatsoever thing you do,
 None other can do that for you again.
 Either that same thing you may never need,
 Or, if you need it, it may not be found.
 Humanity will always be around you ;
 Hear then my counsel, hear the word divine—
 To every man give that which most he needs ;
 Do that which he can never do for you !
 Thus live you like the spring that gives you water,
 And like the grape that sheds for you its blood,
 And like the rose that perfume sheds for you,
 And like the bread that satisfies your need,
 And like the clouds that pour their rains for you,
 And like the sun that shines so gladly for you,
 And like the earth that bears you on her bosom,
 And like the dead who left their care for you !

You cannot teach the dead, nor bless the heavens,
 Nor bear the earth, nor give the sun more glory,
 Nor clouds more rain; you cannot nourish bread,
 Nor give the rose its fragrance, nor the vine
 Its sap, nor can you feed the water-springs.
 And now, what were you, if none did for you
 What you ne'er did and ne'er can do for him?
 For what can you return to God for all?
 Your very spirit means His spirit—given—
 Then like that spirit, freely, purely, truly,
 Divinely, do for every one your best.
 Thus only can you live in righteousness,
 In heavenly peace, joyful, and free from care;
 Thus will you live even as His spirit lives;
 Thus will you in His very kingdom dwell.
 Do all for men that they do not for you!

—SCHEFER.

Aron.

HONOUR TO WOMEN.

HONOUR to women! entwining and braiding,
 Life's garland with roses for ever unfading,
 In the veil of the graces all modestly kneeling,
 Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed, have they
 blessed.
 And tending with hands ever pure, have caressed,
 The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.
 Ever truth's bright bounds outranges
 Man, and his wild spirit strives,
 Ever with each thought that changes
 As the storm of passion drives—
 With heart appeased, contented, never
 Grasps he at the future's gleam,
 Beyond the stars pursuing ever
 The restless phantom of his dream.
 But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,
 Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing
 A link round the present, that binds like a spell;
 In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,
 All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,
 As nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell.
 Man is ever warring, rushing
 Onward through life's stormy way,
 Wild his fervour, fierce and crushing,
 Knows he neither rest nor stay,
 Creating, slaying—day by day
 Urged by passion's fury brood,
 A hydra band, whose heads, for aye
 Fall, to be for aye renewed.

But women, to sweet silent praises resigning
Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,

Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander along,
More free in their limited range, richer ever
Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavour
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

Strong, and proud, and self commending,

Man's cold heart doth never move

To a gentler spirit bending,

To the godlike power of love;

Knows not soul-exchange so tender,

Tears, by others' tears confessed,

Life's dark combats steel, and render

Harder his obdurate breast!

Oh, wakened like harp, and as gently, resembling
Its murmuring chords to the night-breezes trembling,

Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too:
Touched lightly, touched deeply, oh ever she borrows
Grief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows
Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest dew.

Man, of power despotic lord,

In power doth insolently trust;

Scythia argues with the sword,

Persia, crouching, bites the dust.

In their fury-fights engaging,

Combat spoilers wild and dread,

Strife, and war, and havoc raging

Where the charities have fled.

But gently intreating, and sweetly beguiling,

Woman reigns while the graces around her are smiling,

Calming down the fierce discord of hatred and pride;

Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever,

To unite in one bond, and with her, and for ever,

All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

—SCHILLER.

Tait's Magazine.

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

SICK at heart, and lank in purse,

I dragged my snake-like days along;

Want is man's reproach and curse,

And gold is bliss—thus ran my song.

So, to end my woes and pains,

A treasure-crock I went to roll up;

Struck the sharp steel in my veins,

And signed the bond that gave my soul up.

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN POETRY.

Magic circles then I drew,
And flaming hieroglyphics there;
Herbs and bones together threw,
And spake the incantation prayer.
Storms were blackening midnight's face,
But I fulfilled each godless duty;
Standing by the marked-out place,
I sank my spade to dig the booty.

Twelve o'clock! Lo! from afar,
Advancing swiftly through the darkling
Midnight mist, I marked a star
Most luminously rare and sparkling.
Wonder overpowered my soul:
Then brightlier flashed the heavenly flood,
And, in's hand a glittering bowl,
A beauteous boy before me stood.

Mildly gleamed his eyes of light;
With richest wreaths his brows were crowned;
Haloed by the liquid bright,
He stepped within the circle's bound.
Friendlily he bade me taste;
And then I thought, This child so fair,
Light-begirt and mildness-graced,
Hath surely scarce a demon's air!

“Drink at Life's upgushing wells!
Thus dost thou learn the manlier science;
Scorn those paltry spectre-spells,
And bid thy nightmare-cares defiance.
Spend no more thy spirits here;
But, noonday tasks and evening pleasures,
Week-days' labour, Sunday's cheer—
Be these thy charm to conjure treasures!”

—GOETHE.

J. MANGAN.



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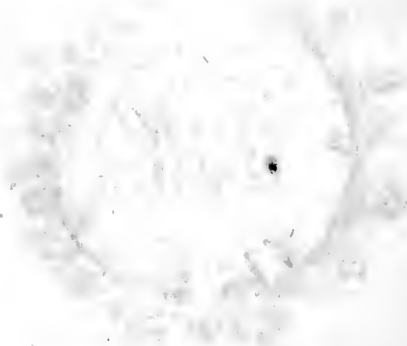
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XVI.

	No.	Page
LIFE OF JAMES WATT, - - - - -	136	1
PICTURES OF WAR, - - - - -	137	1
STORIES OF AIMS AND ENDS, - - - - -	138	1
ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES, - - - - -	139	1
LIFE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK, - - - - -	140	1
ACCOUNT OF THE HIGHLANDS, - - - - -	141	1
AFRICAN DISCOVERY, - - - - -	142	1
SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS, - - - - -	143	1

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.
1847.



JAMES WATT



AMES WATT, the improver of the steam-engine, was born at Greenock in Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 19th of January 1736. He was the descendant of a family, the members of which, for several generations, had exhibited no small degree of ability. His great-grandfather was the proprietor and farmer of a small estate in Aberdeenshire; but, taking part in the insurrection headed by Montrose, he was killed in one of the battles then fought, and his little property was confiscated. This person's son, Thomas Watt, was but an infant at the time of his father's death. Left almost destitute by that event, he was taken care of by relations till he grew up, when, manifesting a decided taste for mathematical science, in which he had already attained great

proficiency, he removed to Greenock, and settled there as a teacher of navigation, surveying, and general mathematics. In this situation he acquired great reputation, and became one of the most respected and influential persons in the neighbourhood, filling for several years the office of baron bailie, or chief magistrate of the burgh of Crawford's Dike. He died in 1734, at the advanced age of ninety-two years, and was buried in the West Churchyard of Greenock, where, in the inscription on his tombstone, he is styled "professor of mathematics." He had two sons, John and James; the elder of whom inherited his father's mathematical talent, and followed his profession, first at Ayr, and afterwards in Glasgow, where he also enjoyed a large business as a surveyor. Among his qualifications, was that of drawing with very great neatness and accuracy. He died in 1737, at the age of fifty years; and a chart of the course of the River Clyde which he left, was published a few years afterwards by his younger brother James. This James Watt, the father of the great engineer, had settled in his native town of Greenock, exercising his abilities not in the special occupation to which his father and elder brother had devoted themselves, but in the more general sphere of a merchant and public-spirited citizen. During a quarter of a century he held the offices of town-councillor and magistrate of Greenock; and in the discharge of these offices he was noted for his activity and zeal for improvement. It was only in consequence of his own refusal that he did not fill the chair of provost or chief magistrate in Greenock. His special occupations were those of a block-maker and ship-chandler; but in addition to these, he engaged in house and ship-building, and general trading. The failure of some of his commercial speculations deprived him, long before his death, of a great part of the fortune which he had acquired. He died in 1782, at the age of eighty-four, having for some years lived retired from business. His wife, Agnes Muirhead, the mother of the illustrious Watt, was of a very respectable family; of her disposition, and the character of her mind, we have no particular account.

The subject of our memoir was the elder of two sons, the only children of the Greenock merchant and his wife. The younger, who was named John, had resolved to follow his father's profession, but was drowned in 1763 on a voyage from Greenock to America, at the age of twenty-three years. James Watt, who was then in his twenty-seventh year, was thus left the only surviving son.

WATT'S CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION—SETTLES IN GLASGOW AS A MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT-MAKER.

Regarding Watt's childhood, and the course of his early education, we have not much information. From the extreme delicacy of his health when a child, he was able to attend the public school at Greenock only irregularly and at intervals; so that much

of his elementary instruction was received at home. His mother taught him reading, and his father writing and arithmetic; and in his confinement to the house, of which his almost constant indisposition was the cause, he acquired those habits of inquisitiveness and precocious reflection so often observed in feeble-bodied children. "A gentleman one day calling upon his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. 'Mr Watt,' said he, 'you ought to send that boy to school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home.' 'Look how my child is employed before you condemn him,' replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the child had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the hearth. He put various questions to the boy, and was astonished and gratified with the mixture of intelligence, quickness, and simplicity displayed in his answers: he was then trying to solve a problem in geometry."* In this way, not by means of regular lessons, but by incessant employment on some subject of interest or other, Watt, in early years, acquired much of that general information for which he was in after-life remarkable. His father having, as a means of amusement, presented him with a number of tools, such as are used in cabinet-work, he became exceedingly expert in handling them, and began to exhibit his mechanical taste in the fabrication of numerous toys, among which is mentioned a small electrical machine, with a bottle, probably, for a cylinder.

An anecdote related of him when he was about fourteen years of age, indicates the extreme restlessness and activity of his mind as a boy. Once having accompanied his mother on a visit to a friend in Glasgow, he was left behind on her return. The next time, however, that Mrs Watt came to Glasgow, her friend said to her, "You must take your son James home; I cannot stand the degree of excitement he keeps me in; I am worn out for want of sleep. Every evening before ten o'clock, our usual hour of retiring to rest, he contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that the family all listen to him with breathless attention, and hour after hour strikes unheeded." This wonderful faculty of story-telling, which robbed the Glasgow lady of her sleep, Watt preserved throughout his life to a degree unparalleled perhaps except in Sir Walter Scott.

As he advanced into youth, Watt began to occupy himself with the sciences. The whole range of physics had attractions for him. In excursions in all directions from Greenock, and especially to the banks of Loch Lomond, he studied botany, entered eagerly into the geological speculations then beginning to awaken interest, and collected traditions and ballads—all with equal enthusiasm. At home, during his hours of less robust health, he

* Arago's Life of Watt.

devoured books on chemistry and general science, among which is mentioned Gravesande's "Elements of Natural Philosophy." Medicine, surgery, and anatomy obtained their share of his attention; the detailed descriptions of diseases given in medical works were familiar to him; and he was one day detected carrying into his room the head of a child recently dead, which he had managed somehow to procure, with the intention of dissecting it. In short, by incessant reading and mental activity, he had, before he entered on his nineteenth year, acquired and digested a vast mass of miscellaneous scientific information.

Whether from the prevailing bent of his genius towards mechanical contrivance, or from some other cause connected with the nature of his father's trade in Greenock, the profession which Watt chose was that of a mathematical and nautical instrument-maker. To learn this art, or rather to perfect himself in it, he went to London in 1755, and placed himself under Mr John Morgan, an instrument-maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill. Thus, says M. Arago, "the man who was about to cover England with engines, in comparison with which the antique and colossal machine of Marly is but a pigmy, commenced his career by constructing, with his own hands, instruments which were fine, delicate, and fragile—those small but admirable reflecting sextants to which navigation is so much indebted for its progress." After a residence of little more than a year in London, his continued feeble health obliged him to return to Scotland, where, in accordance with his own wishes and the advices of his friends, he commenced business as a mathematical instrument-maker in Glasgow. The date of his settlement in this city, where he was afterwards to work out some of his greatest triumphs, was 1757, when he had just passed his twenty-first year. At first he experienced considerable opposition, and a great deal of annoyance—one of the privileged corporations of the town regarding him as an intruder, and not entitled to practise the business which he professed, at that time a comparatively rare one in Scotland. Various means were tried to soothe down the offended parties, but without effect; they would not even allow the young tradesman to set up a workshop on the smallest scale. At length, apparently through the exertions of the friends of his family, he was rescued from the dilemma by the authorities of the university, who gave him a convenient room within their precincts, and conferred on him the designation of Mathematical Instrument-maker to the College of Glasgow, a proceeding which was sufficient to quash all corporation enmity. In the workshop thus afforded him, Watt continued for a number of years to pursue his trade of making sextants, compasses, &c. for which articles he found customers both within and without the walls of the university. "There are still in existence," says M. Arago, "some small instruments, which were at this time made entirely by Watt's own hand, and they are of very exquisite workman-

ship. I may add that his son has lately shown me some of his first designs, and that they are truly remarkable for the delicacy and precision of the drawing. It was not without reason that Watt used to speak with complacency of his manual dexterity." This, as we have seen, was a gift which seemed to be hereditary in the family.

At the time when Mr Watt took up his residence in Glasgow, there was a cluster of eminent men gathered together within the university, such as is rarely to be found. Adam Smith was professor of moral philosophy; Robert Simson of mathematics; the illustrious Black filled the chair of chemistry; and Mr Dick, who, though less known to fame, is said to have been a man of great powers, held the professorship of natural philosophy. Robison, afterwards so celebrated for his attainments in physical science, which he displayed as a professor both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, was then a student. Watt's position within the college brought him into contact with all these able men; and the shop of the young mathematical instrument-maker soon became a lounging-place for both professors and students—the former of whom found in him a man equal to themselves in acquirements, and of a remarkable originality of mind, the latter a good-natured and willing assistant in their speculations and researches in physics. "I had always," says Professor Robison, referring to those days when he first became acquainted with Watt, "a great relish for the natural sciences, and particularly for mathematical and mechanical philosophy. When I was introduced by Drs Simson, Dick, and Moor to Mr Watt, I saw a workman, and expected no more; but was surprised to find a philosopher, as young as myself, and always ready to instruct me. I had the vanity to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favourite study, and was rather mortified at finding Watt so much my superior. Whenever any puzzle came in the way of us students, we went to Mr Watt. He needed only to be prompted; for everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study, and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance, or made something of it. He learnt the German language in order to peruse Leopold's 'Theatrum Machinarum.' So did I, to know what he was about. Similar reasons made us both learn the Italian language. When to his superiority of knowledge is added the *naïve* simplicity and candour of Mr Watt's character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But that superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour, and a liberal allowance of merit to every man. Mr Watt was the first to ascribe to the ingenuity of a friend things which were nothing but his own surmises, followed out and embodied by

another. I am the more entitled to say this, as I have often experienced it in my own case."

This and similar accounts enable us to figure Mr Watt during his early residence in Glasgow—a young, amiable, and ingenious man, a great favourite with professors and students, occupied during the greater part of the day in his workshop, but constantly engaged in the evening in some profound or curious question in mathematics or physical science; quite aware of all that was going on in the scientific world, and taking an interest in all new discoveries, particularly those of his friend Dr Black in chemistry. As a remarkable instance of the extent of his theoretical research, and of his perseverance in whatever undertaking struck his fancy, it is mentioned that, although he had no ear for music, and could never, all his life, distinguish one note from another, or derive pleasure from any musical performance, he astonished all his friends by constructing an organ, which, besides exhibiting numerous ingenious mechanical improvements, was particularly admired by musicians for its greatly superior powers of harmony. His only guide in this difficult achievement must have been the "Harmonies" of Dr Smith of Cambridge, a work treating of some of the extreme problems of acoustics, but so profound and obscure, that few persons in the kingdom could have understood a page of it.

In the year 1763 Mr Watt married his cousin Miss Miller, who is described as a person of much wit and accomplishment, with great sweetness of temper. At the same time he removed from his apartments in the college to a house in town, in which he continued his profession, enlarging it, however, so as to include engineering. He accordingly began to be consulted in the construction of canals, bridges, and other works of large dimensions requiring science and skill. In the midst of these engineering avocations, a circumstance occurred which exercised a more important influence upon his career than any of them. In the winter of 1763-4, Mr Anderson, who had succeeded Dr Dick as professor of natural philosophy, and who is still remembered as the founder of the Andersonian University, Glasgow, finding that a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine, which he had among his apparatus, would not work, sent it to Mr Watt for repair. The subject of steam machinery had several times before come under Mr Watt's notice. His friend Mr Robison had, in 1759, broached to him the idea of applying steam-power to wheel-carriages; and in 1761-2, he had occupied himself with various experiments on a Papin's Digester, with a view to measure the force of steam. These discussions and experiments, however, terminated in no particular result; and it was Professor Anderson's model of Newcomen's engine that begot in Watt's mind the germ of those ideas respecting the use of steam-power which have led to such gigantic consequences. As Newcomen's engine represents the point of progress to which steam machinery had

been brought before Watt applied himself to the subject, this seems the proper place for introducing a sketch of the history of steam-power up to that period. The little black model on the instrument-maker's table was the condensed epitome, as it were, of all that the world knew of steam-power before that time; in the brain of the young newly-married instrument-maker, bending by candlelight over the model, lay, as yet undeveloped, all that the steam-engine has since become.

HISTORY OF THE STEAM-ENGINE BEFORE THE TIME OF WATT.

Steam, or, as they called it, "water transformed into air by the action of fire," was of course known to the ancients, and was used for various ordinary purposes in the arts. The first description, however, of the application of steam as a mechanical power occurs in the writings of Hero, a Greek of Alexandria, who lived 120 years before Christ. This writer, whose attainments in science were very great for his age, describes a toy called the Eolipyle, the purpose of which is to produce a rotatory motion by the action of steam. The best familiar illustration of the appearance of such an apparatus in one of its simplest forms, would be one of those turnstiles, with four horizontal spokes, which are sometimes placed in by-paths. Were one of these revolving stiles made of iron, and hollow throughout, with a hole in the corresponding side of each of the spokes, and were the upright shaft to be fixed into a socket beneath, entering a boiler, then the steam rushing up the shaft and along the four spokes, would hiss out in four jets at the side openings, and the whole would, owing to the force of reaction, whirl round in the opposite direction.

Here, therefore, nearly two thousand years ago, we find steam applied to produce a rotatory motion. By connecting the simple rotatory apparatus above described with additional machinery, mills could be driven, and other important mechanical effects produced. Indeed the construction of rotatory steam-engines has, in recent times, occupied much attention; and, under the name of Barker's Mill, the principle of the Eolipyle has been turned to account—the reaction caused by the escape of steam having been made in some instances to do the work of six or eight, or even fifteen horses. The principle of the Eolipyle, however, and of the rotatory engines which are modifications of it, is evidently different from that of steam-engines usually so called, in which the power consists not in the mere reaction caused by steam violently escaping into the atmosphere, but in the prodigious expansive force of steam itself. Water, when converted into steam by the application of heat under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, occupies, it is well known, 1728 times its original bulk; in other words, a cubic inch of water is, on its conversion into steam, expanded so as to fill a space of a cubic foot. This is nearly eight times as great as the expansive force of gunpowder. Now, if by any means we could catch water in the act, as it were, of passing into

steam, so as to obtain the use of the enormous expansive force for our own purposes, it is evident that we could produce most powerful effects by it. To do this—to catch water in the act of passing into steam, and turn the expansive force to account—is the purpose of steam-engines properly so called.

Even this use of the expansive force of steam was in some degree known to the ancients. Often, as M. Arago observes, in casting the fine metal statues for which ancient art is so famous, a drop of water or other liquid would be left enclosed in the plaster or clay moulds when the molten metal was poured in; and the consequence would be an explosion, and, in many cases, a fearful accident from the instantaneous conversion of the enclosed drop of liquid into steam. Arguing from such instances, the ancient naturalists accounted for earthquakes and submarine explosions on a similar principle, by supposing the sudden vapourisation of a mass of water by volcanic heat. Nor were the ancients afraid of handling the power which they thus recognised. In the images of the ancient gods were concealed crevices containing water with the means of heating it; and tubes proceeding from these crevices conducted the steam, so as to make it blow out plugs from the mouths and foreheads of the images with loud noise and apparent clouds of smoke. A more ingenious device still, and which represents the utmost extent to which the ancients carried their use of the expansive force of steam, is one described by Hero, the purpose of which seems likewise to have been priestly imposition. To accomplish this trick, Hero directs vessels half-full of wine to be concealed inside of two figures, in the shape of men standing on each side of an altar. From these vessels tubes, in the form of bent siphons, with the short end in the wine, proceed along the extended arms of the figures to the tips of their fingers, which are held over the flame of the sacrifice. Other tubes proceed from the same vessels downwards, through the feet of the figures, communicating through the floor with the altar and the fire. "When, therefore," says Hero, "you are about to sacrifice, you must pour into the tubes a few drops, lest they should be injured by heat, and attend to every joint lest it leak; and so the heat of the fire, mingling with the water, will pass in an aerial state through these tubes to the vases inside the figures, and, pressing on the wine, make it to pass through the bent siphons, until, as it flows from the hands of the living creatures, they will appear to sacrifice as the altar continues to burn." Here we have the expansive force of steam employed directly to raise a liquid, by pressure, above its natural height.

From the time of Hero down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, no advance appears to have been made in the application of steam-power. Passing over one or two casual notices of persons who, about this time, are said to have conceived the use of steam for mechanical purposes, it may be stated that the process of discovery was taken up exactly at the point where

Hero left it by Solomon de Caus, a Frenchman of Normandy, who, after a residence in England, where he was employed in designing grottos, fountains, &c. for the palace of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., at Richmond, returned to the continent, and published an account of these and other inventions at Frankfort in the year 1615. De Caus's steam invention is a modification, in a more patent and distinct form, of the last-mentioned artifice of Hero. A hollow copper globe is filled to the extent of two-thirds or thereby with water, through a funnel-shaped pipe, which enters it, and which is furnished with a stopcock. Besides this pipe, another descends nearly to the bottom of the globe, so as to have its termination beneath the water. It is likewise furnished with a stopcock, and its nozzle is small. If now the vessel be placed over a fire, with the stopcock of the first pipe shut, and that of the other open, it is evident that when the water begins to boil, the steam being enclosed, will press down the water, and compel it to rush up the second pipe, forming a jet.

Such is the steam toy of De Caus, upon which many French writers have founded the claim that steam should be considered a French invention. If, however, the merit of a man, with regard to an invention with the origin of which he is concerned, is to be measured by his own perception of its importance, the merit of Solomon de Caus, with regard to steam machinery, cannot be compared with that of the Marquis of Worcester (known in political history as the Earl of Glamorgan), who, in his "Century of Inventions," published in 1663, describes "an admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire, not by drawing or sucking it upward," but by a method according to which "one vessel of water rarefied by fire driveth up forty vessels of cold water." What value the marquis attached to this invention, appears from the striking language he uses with regard to other modifications of it. Of one he says, "I call this a semi-omnipotent engine, and do intend that a model thereof be buried with me." He also describes a water-work capable, he says, of raising water with the utmost facility to the height of a hundred feet, and which will, therefore, "drain all sorts of mines, and furnish cities with water though never so high seated." This he pronounces "the most stupendous work in the whole world—an invention which crowns his labours, rewards his expenses, and makes his thoughts acquiesce in the way of further inventions."

It is ascertained that the Marquis of Worcester had actually constructed an apparatus such as he describes. Although, however, it would thus seem that steam-power, in one of its most imposing forms, was in actual operation so early as 1656, the invention does not appear to have taken root; and it is not till 1699, upwards of thirty years after the Marquis of Worcester's death, that we find the steam-engine again pressed on public

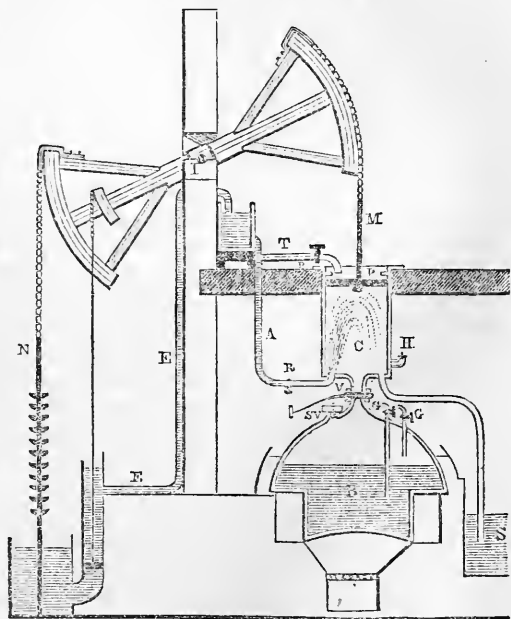
notice. In that year Captain Thomas Savary exhibited to the Royal Society a model of an engine for draining mines, and raising water to great heights. The difference between the Marquis of Worcester's invention and Savary's consisted in this, that whereas "the Marquis's model appears to have been placed on or below the level of the water to be raised, so that the water was forced up solely by the elastic force of the steam, Savary, on the other hand, erected his engine at a height of nearly thirty feet above the level of the water."

The improvement of Savary consists in combining the force of atmospheric *suction*, as it is usually called, with that of steam pressure; using the first to raise the water thirty feet, and then the other to raise it thirty feet or more additional; and when it is considered that, in the actual working engine, there was not only one receiver, but two, which could be alternately filled with steam and cooled, so as to prevent the loss of time, the value of the improvement will be seen to be very great. Savary called his machine the "Miner's Friend;" it seems, however, to have been used only for the purpose of raising water in houses.

The next great contribution to the steam-engine came from a French engineer, Denis Papin, known for other important mechanical inventions. His important service to steam-power consisted in the idea of making it act through *the cylinder and piston*. In De Caus's and in Savary's apparatus, the steam pressed directly upon the surface of the water; but Papin conceived the idea of introducing the steam into the bottom of the receiver, so as to force up, by its elasticity, a tightly-fitting plate or piston, which would again descend by the pressure of the atmosphere as soon as the steam beneath was condensed. The importance of this modification can hardly be overrated, when it is considered that it amounts to the application of steam-power to produce the motion of a rod up and down in a cylinder. This was the great step, the conciliation of steam, as it were, into a regular moving power at the command of man; and, as M. Arago observes, the procuring afterwards, from the strokes of the piston, the power to turn millstones, or the paddles of a steamboat, or to uplift the massy hammer, or to move the huge clipping shears—these were but secondary problems. Papin, however, did not work out his own conception—did not perceive all its consequences.

The next modification of the steam-engine, and its ultimate one before it came into the hands of Watt, consisted, it may be said, in the union of Savary's idea with that of Papin. The authors of this invention—which may, in reality, be considered as the first working steam-engine—were Thomas Newcomen, an ironmonger, and John Cawley, a glazier, both of Dartmouth in Devonshire. In the year 1705, these two individuals "constructed a machine which was meant to raise water from great depths, and in which there was a distinct vessel where the steam was generated. This machine, like the small model of Papin,

consisted of a vertical metallic cylinder, shut at the bottom and open at the top, together with a piston accurately fitted, and intended to traverse the whole length, both in ascending and descending. In the latter, as in the former apparatus also, when the steam was admitted into the lower part of the cylinder, so as to fill it, and counterbalance the external atmospheric pressure, the ascending movement of the piston was effected by means of a counterpoise. Finally, in the English machine, in imitation of Papin's, so soon as the piston reached the limit of its ascending stroke, the steam which had impelled it was refrigerated; a vacuum was thus produced, and the external atmosphere forced the piston to descend."* The only novelty in Newcomen's engine, over and above what had existed either in Papin's or in Savary's model, was the mode of condensing the steam in the cylinder. This was effected not by simply withdrawing the heat from the bottom of the cylinder, as Papin had done, nor by dashing cold water on the outside of it, as in Savary's apparatus, but in directing a stream of cold water into the inside of the cylinder at every rise of the piston. This improvement—an important one at the time—is said to have been made by accident, from the circumstance of water once finding its way into the cylinder through a hole in the piston, and astonishing the onlookers by its results. The entire action of Newcomen's engine will be understood from the annexed cut, representing a section of it. B is the boiler, built over a furnace, and kept about two-thirds full of water; the quantity of water being regulated by means of two vertical tubes with stopcocks (G G), which descend into the boiler, the one to a greater depth than the other, so that when the boiler contains its proper quantity of water, the longer tube shall dip into it, while the shorter does not reach it. When the boiler is heated, the pressure of the steam in its



* Arago's Life of Watt.

upper part will, if the proper quantity of water be in the boiler, force the water up the longer pipe, while only steam issues from the shorter. Should both pipes emit water, then it is known that the boiler is too full; should both emit steam, that it is not full enough; and the supply can be regulated accordingly. Besides these *gauge pipes*, there is in the boiler a *safety valve* (S V), loaded so as to lie tight until the steam in the boiler accumulates to a degree sufficient to force it up. From the boiler the steam passes through the connecting tube, guarded by the *regulating valve* (V), made so as to open and shut easily, into the cylinder (C). Up and down in this cylinder, which is open at the top, moves the piston (P), attached by means of the piston-rod (M) to a flexible chain, which is fastened to the top of the arch at the end of a beam, moving on the pivot (I). The end of the beam to which the piston-rod is attached is made lighter than the other end, so that when the engine is at rest, it ascends and pulls up the piston to the top of the cylinder. The piston thus lying at the top of the cylinder, lets the steam from the boiler be admitted through the regulating valve (V). The steam rushing in expels the air which was in the cylinder through the *snifting valve* (H), which is at the bottom of the cylinder, and so constructed, that although it permits the escape of the air, it allows none to enter. The whole space of the cylinder underneath the piston being now filled with steam, the next operation is to condense it. This is done by turning a cock (R) in the tube (A), which descends from a cistern kept constantly full of cold water. The water, tending to rise to the height from which it has fallen, spouts into the cylinder, striking against the bottom of the piston, and falling down in a shower of drops, which cool the cylinder and condense the steam. This condensation of the steam produces a vacuum in the cylinder; and the piston, pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere outside, rapidly descends—the water which was thrown into the cylinder being carried off by the long *eduction pipe* which, having a valve at its extremity opening only outwards, leads to a cistern (S), whence the boiler is supplied. The descent of the piston pulls down the piston-rod and chain, and the end of the beam to which they are attached. The other end of the beam accordingly rises, pulling up a chain which is attached to the *pump-rod* (N), working the pump by which the mine is to be drained. The purpose of the smaller *pump-rod* working parallel to N, is, by the action of the engine, to raise a portion of the water through the tube (E E) to the cistern from which the water is sent into the cylinder. The piston is now at the bottom of the cylinder, and would remain there by the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface; but by opening the valve (V), the steam from the boiler is admitted under it, and the pressure of the atmosphere being thus counterbalanced, the superior weight of the pump-rod end of the beam causes it to descend, elevating the other end with the piston attached to it.

The cylinder being again filled with steam as before, the stop-cock (R) is turned, and the water spouts in; the steam is condensed; the piston descends; the pump-rod rises; and so on, stroke after stroke. The use of the small tube (T), proceeding from the cistern, is to pour a little water above the piston, to keep it air-tight.

As may be supposed, much care and attention was at first required in Newcomen's engine on the part of the person whose work it was to keep incessantly turning the stopcocks (V and R); the first for the admission of steam from the boiler, the second for the admission of the cold water for the condensation of the steam. The whole action of the machine depended on the attention of the person who watched these two cocks. A curious accident, however, remedied this inconvenience. A boy of the name of Humphrey Potter, being employed to tend one of Newcomen's engines, found the constant watching so troublesome, that he set himself to contrive a way by which the cocks might be turned at the right time, and yet he might enjoy himself for an hour or so at a time with the boys in the street. Observing that the particular moment at which the valve (V) required to be opened for the admission of the steam was that at which the pump-rod end of the beam was raised to its highest, and that the moment at which the other cock (R) required to be opened was when the piston-rod end was at its highest, he saw that, by attaching strings to the stopcocks, and connecting them with various parts of the beam, the rising and falling of the two ends would turn the cocks regularly as was necessary. Such was the *scogging* or *skulking gear* of the boy Potter; so called because it enabled him to *scog* or play truant from his work, and afterwards improved by the substitution of rods for strings. The steam-engine was now entirely self-working; the only attendant necessary was the fireman to tend the furnace.

Such was the atmospheric engine of Newcomen, used to a considerable extent for the purpose of draining mines, and upon which various engineers employed their skill during the first half of the eighteenth century, with a view to render it applicable to other mechanical purposes, such as driving mills, &c. Among those who thus directed their attention to the steam-engine was the celebrated Smeaton; and some of the finest specimens of Newcomen's engine were of his construction. No improvement of essential consequence, however, was effected in the steam-engine until it came into the hands of Watt, whose successive contrivances to render it perfect we now proceed to describe.

WATT'S IMPROVEMENTS ON THE STEAM-ENGINE AS A DRAINING AND PUMPING MACHINE.

Watt was a man with whom, to repeat the words of Professor Robison, "everything became the beginning of a new and serious study;" accordingly, not content with merely repairing Professor

Anderson's model, so that it should work as before, in presence of the students in the class-room, he devoted himself to the thorough investigation of all parts of the machine, and of the theory of its action. Directing his attention first, with all his profound physical and mathematical knowledge, to the various theoretical points involved in the working of the machine, "he determined," says M. Arago, "the extent to which the water dilated in passing from its liquid state into that of steam. He calculated the quantity of water which a given weight of coal could vaporise—the quantity of steam, in weight, which each stroke of one of Newcomen's machines of known dimensions expended—the quantity of cold water which required to be injected into the cylinder, to give the descending stroke of the piston a certain force—and finally, the elasticity of steam at different temperatures. All these investigations would have occupied the lifetime of a laborious philosopher; whilst Watt brought all his numerous and difficult researches to a conclusion, without allowing them to interfere with the labours of his workshop."

Leaving Watt's theoretical researches into the mode and power of action by steam, let us attend to the practical improvements which he made in the construction of the engine itself. Newcomen's machine laboured under very great defects. In the first place, the jet of cold water into the cylinder was a very imperfect means of condensing the steam. The cylinder, heated before, not being thoroughly cooled by it, a quantity of steam remained uncondensed, and, by its elasticity, impeded the descent of the piston, lessening the power of the stroke. Again, when the steam rushed into the cylinder from the boiler, it found the cylinder cold, in consequence of the water which had recently been thrown in; and thus a considerable quantity of steam was immediately condensed and wasted, while the rest did not attain its full elasticity till the cylinder became again heated up to 212 degrees. These two defects—the imperfection of the vacuum created in the cylinder when hot, and the loss of steam in rushing into the cylinder when cold—were sources of great expense. Both defects, it will be observed, had their origin in the alternate heating and cooling of the cylinder; and yet, according to Newcomen's plan, this alternate heating and cooling was inevitable.

Watt remedied the evil by a simple but beautiful contrivance—his SEPARATE CONDENSER. The whole efficacy of this contrivance consisted in his making the condensation of the steam take place, not in the cylinder, but in a separate vessel communicating with the cylinder by a tube provided with a stopcock. This vessel being exhausted of air, it is evident that, on the turning of the stopcock in the tube connecting it with the cylinder, the steam from the cylinder will rush into it so as to fill the vacuum; and that this will continue until the steam be equally distributed through both vessels—the cylinder and the other. But if, in addition to being free from air, the separate vessel be kept con-

stantly cool by an injection of cold water, or other means, so as to condense the steam as fast as it rushes in from the cylinder, it is evident that *all* the steam will quit the cylinder and enter the separate vessel to be condensed there. The cylinder will be thus left a perfect vacuum, without having lost any of its heat by the process; the piston will descend with full force; and when the new steam rushes in from the boiler, no portion of it will be wasted in reheating the cylinder.

So far the invention was all that could be desired; an additional contrivance was necessary, however, to render it complete. The steam in the act of being condensed in the separate vessel would give out its latent heat; this would raise the temperature of the condensing water;* from the heated water vapour would rise; and this vapour, in addition to the atmospheric air which would be disengaged from the injected water by the heat, would accumulate in the condenser, and spoil its efficiency. In order to overcome this defect, Watt attached to the bottom of the condenser a common air pump, called the *condenser pump*, worked by a piston attached to the beam, and which, at every stroke of the engine, withdrew the accumulated water, air, and vapour. This was a slight tax upon the power of the machine, but the total gain was enormous—equivalent to making one pound of coal do as much work as had been done by five pounds in Newcomen's engine.

This, certainly, was a triumph; but Watt's improvements did not stop here. In the old engine, the cylinder was open at the top, and the descent of the piston was caused solely by the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface. Hence the name of *Atmospheric Engine*, which was always applied to Newcomen's machine, the real moving power being not the steam, which served no purpose except to produce the necessary vacuum, but the atmosphere pressing on the piston with the force (supposing the vacuum to be complete) of about fifteen pounds to a square inch. This was attended with the inconvenience, that the atmosphere being cold, tended to cool the inside of the cylinder in pushing down the piston, which of course caused a waste of steam at every stroke. The inconvenience was avoided, and the whole engine improved, by entirely shutting out the atmospheric action, and employing the steam itself to force down the piston. This was accomplished in the following way. Instead of a cylinder open at the top, Watt used one with a close metallic cover, with a nicely-fitted hole in it, through which the greased piston-rod could move freely, while it did not allow the passage of air or steam. Thus the cylin-

* The effect of the latent heat of the steam in heating the water in the condenser may be judged of from the fact, that if *two* pounds of steam be condensed by *ten* pounds of *freezing* water, the result will be twelve pounds of water at the *boiling* point; in other words, two pounds of steam at 212 degrees contain latent heat sufficient to boil ten pounds of freezing water.

der was divided into two chambers quite distinct from each other—that above and that below the piston. Now, in addition to the former communications between the cylinder and the boiler and condenser, a tube was made to connect the boiler with the upper chamber, so as to introduce steam *above* the piston. This steam, by its elastic force, and no longer the atmosphere by its pressure, drove down the piston when the vacuum had been formed by the condensation of the steam beneath; and as soon as the descending stroke was complete, the turning of a cock could admit steam from the boiler equally into both chambers, thus restoring the balance, and enabling the piston to ascend, as before, by the mere counterpoise of the beam. The engine with this improvement Watt named the *Modified Engine*; it was, however, properly the first real *steam-engine*; for in it, for the first time, steam, besides serving to produce the vacuum, acted as the moving force. In this substitution of steam as the moving force instead of the atmosphere, there was, moreover, this peculiar advantage—that whereas the force of the atmosphere was uniform, and could, in no case, exceed fifteen pounds on every square inch of the piston's surface, the force of the steam could, within certain limits, be varied.

Another improvement less striking in appearance, but of value in economising the consumption of fuel, was the enclosing of the cylinder in a jacket or external drum of wood, leaving a space between which could be filled with steam. By this means the air was prevented from acting on the outside of the cylinder so as to cool it. A slight modification was also necessary in the mode of keeping the piston air-tight. This had been done in Newcomen's engine by water poured over the piston; but in the closed cylinder this was obviously impossible; the purpose was therefore effected by the use of a preparation of wax, tallow, and oil, smeared on the piston-rod and round the piston-rim.

The improvements which we have described had all been thoroughly matured by Mr Watt before the end of 1765, two years after his attention had been called to the subject by the model of Newcomen's engine sent him for repair. During these two years he had been employing all his leisure hours on the congenial work, performing his experiments in a delft manufactory at the Broomielaw quay, where he set up a working model of his engine, embodying all the new improvements, and having a cylinder of nine inches diameter. One would anticipate, as M. Arago remarks, that when the fact of the construction of so promising and economical an engine was made generally known, "it would immediately displace, as a draining apparatus, the comparatively ruinously expensive machines of Newcomen. This, however, was far from being the case. Watt's grand invention and most felicitous conception, that steam might be condensed in a vessel quite separated from the cylinder, was completed in the year 1765; and in two years scarcely any progress

was made to try its applicability upon the great scale." Watt himself did not possess the necessary funds for that purpose. "At length," says Lord Brougham, "he happily met with Dr Roebuck, a man of profound scientific knowledge, and of daring spirit as a speculator. He had just founded the Carron iron-works, not far from Glasgow, and was lessee, under the Hamilton family, of the Kinneil coal-works." Such a man, so extensively employed in engineering, was precisely the person to introduce Watt's invention into practice; and accordingly a partnership was formed between him and Watt, according to the terms of which he was to receive two-thirds of the profits in return for the outlay of his capital in bringing the new machines into practice. A patent was taken out by the partners in 1769, and an engine of the new construction, with an eighteen-inch cylinder, was erected at the Kinneil coal-works with every prospect of complete success; when, unfortunately, Dr Roebuck was obliged by pecuniary embarrassments to dissolve the partnership, leaving Watt with the whole patent, but without the means of rendering it available.

WATT'S OCCUPATIONS AS A GENERAL ENGINEER—HIS PARTNERSHIP WITH MR BOULTON OF SOHO.

Watt, rather than apply to the money-lenders for funds, which they would very probably have been glad to invest in so hopeful a speculation, devoted himself for some time exclusively to the proper business of his profession as a civil engineer, allowing his steam-engine model to lie like mere lumber in the Broomielaw delft work. Between the years 1769 and 1774 he was employed in various engineering enterprises of great importance—"the extensive operations of which Scotland then became the scene giving," says Lord Brougham, "ample scope to his talents. He was actively engaged in the surveys, and afterwards in the works for connecting by a canal the Monkland coal-mines with Glasgow. He was afterwards employed in preparing the canal, since completed by Mr Rennie, across the isthmus of Crinan; in the difficult and laborious investigations for the improvement of the harbours of Ayr, Greenock, and Glasgow; in improving the navigation of the Forth and Clyde; and in the Campbeltown Canal; besides several bridges of great importance, as those of Hamilton and Rutherglen."* "What Johnson said of Goldsmith, may with equal justice be applied to Watt—'he touched not that which he did not adorn.' In the course of his busy surveys his mind was ever bent on improving the instruments he employed, or in inventing others, to facilitate or correct his operations. During the period of which we have been speaking, he invented two micrometers, for measuring distances not easily accessible,

* Memoir of Watt in Lord Brougham's "Men of Letters of the Reign of George III."

such as arms of the sea. Five years after the invention of these ingenious instruments, one Mr Green obtained a premium for an invention similar to one of them from the Society of Arts, notwithstanding the evidence of Smeaton, and other proofs, that Watt was the original contriver.

"In 1773, the importance of an inland navigation in the northern part of Scotland between the eastern and western seas became so great, that Mr Watt was employed to make a survey of the Caledonian Canal, and to report on the practicability of connecting that remarkable chain of lakes and valleys. These surveys he made, and reported so favourably of the practicability of the undertaking, that it would have been immediately executed, had not the forfeited lands from which the funds were to be derived been restored to their former proprietors. This great national work was afterwards executed by Mr Telford, on a more magnificent scale than had been originally intended."

At the end of the year 1773, Watt was left a widower by the death of his wife in Glasgow while he was absent on his survey of the Caledonian Canal. Two children, a son and a daughter, survived their mother. This event would probably have the effect of withdrawing his attention still more from his steam inventions. For five years his patent "for methods of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently of fuel in the steam-engine," had been running, without bringing him any returns, the dissolution of his partnership with Dr Roebuck having thrown the entire risks of introducing the new machine into practice upon himself, and either his cautious temperament, or his actual want of means, preventing him from abandoning the certainties of his profession for the sake of pushing his steam-engine into public notice. This indifference is certainly in itself not entitled to be considered a merit; we point it out merely as characteristic.

At length, in 1774, Mr Watt entered into a partnership most fortunate for himself and for the world. This was with Mr Matthew Boulton of the Soho foundry near Birmingham—a gentleman of remarkable scientific abilities, of liberal disposition, and of unbounded enterprise, who, having his attention called to the improvements on Newcomen's steam-engine effected by the Glasgow surveyor, immediately formed a connexion with him, sharing the patent as Dr Roebuck had formerly done.

Almost the first business of the partners was to procure a prolongation of Watt's patent, which, having commenced in 1769, had but a few years to run. Whether because the value of Watt's improvements had, by the mere course of time, become more generally recognised than at first, or because the enthusiasm with which so well-known an individual as Mr Boulton patronised them, roused many parties to a sense of their importance, it was only after a very keen opposition in parliament, that the extension of the patent for twenty-five years was obtained. At the

head of those who opposed the renewal of the patent in the House of Commons was the celebrated Edmund Burke; the opponents out of the House were the engineers and miners whom the patent would prevent from employing the engine without paying the inventor for permission to do so.

The extension of the patent having been procured, the partners began to construct, at their manufactory at Soho, draining machines of the largest dimensions, which immediately supplanted Newcomen's engines in all the mining districts. The bargain which the partners made with those mine proprietors who applied for permission to use the improved engine, was certainly the most reasonable that could have been expected. They stipulated for receiving "a third part of the value of the coal saved by the use of the new engine." Yet this agreement brought ample profits to the partners, as may be judged from the fact, that the proprietors of the single mine of Chasewater in Cornwall, where three pumps were employed, commuted the proposed *third of the coal saved* into £2500 a-year for each of the engines. Thus the saving effected by one engine amounted to at least £7500, which had been expended formerly in waste fuel. As there was a possibility that, if the mine proprietors had been left to estimate for themselves the value of the saving, they might cheat the partners of their fair dues, Watt rendered himself independent of them by confiding the duty of rendering an account to a meter, invented on purpose, and which, kept in a box under a double lock, registered every stroke of the engine.

As the engine was one of large dimensions, it was scarcely possible to pirate it secretly; but so numerous were the attempts made to plagiarise it, or, by ingenious ways, to infringe the patent right, that Messrs Watt and Boulton were almost perpetually engaged in lawsuits to defend their property. In several cases, the opposition which Mr Watt experienced on account of his defending his rights, amounted to positive persecution—to attacks on his character. These attacks, however, failed; and in their lawsuits the partners were uniformly successful. "I have been so beset with plagiaries," says Mr Watt in one of his letters, "that if I had not a very distinct recollection of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvement on the steam-engine."

As the foundry at Soho was one of the largest establishments in Great Britain, Watt's new position, as a partner with Mr Boulton, was one of great wealth and consequence. He had hardly entered upon it when, in the year 1775, after two years of widowhood, he married Miss Macgregor, the daughter of a rich Glasgow merchant.

The first consequences of the introduction of Watt's improved steam-engine into practice was to give an impulse to mining speculations. New mines were opened; and old mines, which could not be profitably worked when taxed with such a consump-

tion of fuel for draining as Newcomen's engines required, now yielded a return. This was the only obvious consequence at first. Only in mines, and generally for the purpose of pumping water, was the steam-engine yet used; and before it could be rendered applicable to other purposes in the arts—before it could promise, even to the most sanguine expectation, to perform such a universal part in machinery as that which we now witness it performing, the genius of Watt required once again to stoop over it, and bestow on it new creative touches.

IMPROVEMENTS RENDERING THE STEAM-ENGINE APPLICABLE FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.

Any one on considering the steam-engine, will perceive that the original motion in it, and the source of all others, is that of the piston up and down in the cylinder. It is by connecting the piston-rod with other pieces of machinery through a beam that the work is done. Now, in the draining-engine the piston-rod was attached to the beam by a flexible chain. Where the purpose was the mere pumping of water, the inconvenience of this was not so great; but to render the steam-engine useful for other purposes, it was necessary to do away with the flexible chain, and connect the piston-rod with the end of the beam by some *rigid communication*. Watt effected this by that most graceful and beautiful invention, the sight of which in operation produces a feeling of pleasure, like that derived from contemplating a fine work of art—the *parallel motion*. At the end of the beam of a steam-engine may be observed a curious jointed parallelogram, with the piston-rod attached to one of its angles. When the engine is in action, if the movements of this parallelogram be watched attentively, it will be perceived that while three of the angles of the parallelogram move in small circular arcs, the fourth—that to which the piston-rod is attached—is so pulled upon by opposite forces, that although tending to move in a curve, it moves in a straight line. This result depends on a very recondite mathematical principle; the contrivance, however, practically, is one of the most simple imaginable. "I myself," says Watt, speaking of his first trial of the parallel motion, "have been much surprised with the regularity of its action. When I saw it in movement, it afforded me all the pleasure of a novelty, and I had quite the feeling as if I had been examining the invention of another."

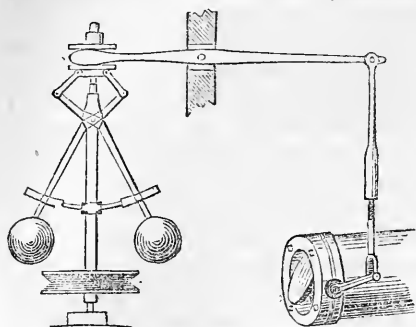
Another improvement, which, in point of the additional power gained, was more important than the parallel motion, and which indeed preceded it in point of time, was the *Double-acting Engine*. In the steam-engine, so far as we have yet described it, the whole force consisted in the downward stroke; in the depression of the piston in Newcomen's engine by the atmosphere; and in Watt's improved engine by the steam admitted into the upper chamber of the cylinder. When the piston had reached the bottom

of the cylinder, it rose again by the mere counterpoise of the other end of the beam, just as the lighter end of a weighing-beam ascends when the pressure which kept it down is removed. Watt remedied this defect, by giving the piston an upward as well as a downward stroke; that is, by employing the steam to push up the piston as well as to push it down. After the whole cylinder is first filled with steam, a communication is opened between the upper chamber and the condenser; thus the steam in the upper chamber is condensed, and a vacuum is formed, upon which the elasticity of the steam in the lower chamber pushes up the piston. This is the ascending stroke. To procure the descending stroke, a communication is next opened between the *lower* chamber of the cylinder and the condenser; by this means a vacuum is formed below the piston; steam is then admitted into the *upper* chamber, and its elasticity pushes the piston down. And thus, by the alternate admission and condensation of steam above and below the cylinder, the double action is procured, giving a double power for the same size of cylinder, and there is no longer any necessity for one end of the beam being heavier than the other.

Besides the double-stroke engine, Mr Watt also indicated an improvement, which he did not fully carry out, but which has since been attended with results so surprising as regards the economising of the steam, that its utility ranks as high as that of the separate condenser. This consists in shutting off the steam from the boiler before the whole length of the stroke, whether upward or downward, is completed, leaving the quantity admitted to perform the rest of the stroke by its expansive force. By this contrivance the saving is about a third, as it is found that no more force is gained by admitting steam during the whole continuance of the stroke than by shutting it off during the last third. By the application in some machines in Cornwall of this plan of *working the steam expansively*, a bushel of coals has been made to perform the labour of twenty men working for ten hours; which is equivalent to performing a man's daily work at the cost of a halfpenny.

Watt had thus gone as far as it was possible to go in increasing the power of the steam-engine. "*Power*, however," observes M. Arago, "is not the only element of success in the labours of industry. *Regularity* of action is of no less importance; and what degree of regularity is to be expected from a moving power which is procured from the fire, under the influence of the poker and shovel, and supplied by coals of very different qualities: under the influence, too, of workmen often far from intelligent, and almost always inattentive. We should expect that the propelling steam would be sometimes superabundant; that hence it would rush into the cylinder with the greater rapidity, so making the piston work more rapidly according as the fire was more powerful, and from such causes great inequalities of movement

appear almost inevitable." Watt's genius provided a remedy for this, by an ingenious application of an apparatus called the *governor*, which should regulate the quantity of steam admitted from the boiler into the cylinder. The nature of this piece of



mechanism will be understood by the annexed figure. "A spindle or upright rod, with a pulley on its lower part by which it is moved, receiving motion through a strap attached to the shaft or axle, has two balls, which revolve along with it. These balls, by the means of joints, may be separated considerably from, or brought nearer to, the spindle.

Two levers are connected with the rods to which the balls are attached, having a free movement on other levers similar in length and thickness, but which meet in a metallic ring movable upwards and downwards on the spindle. Immediately above the ring, a lever is placed transversely across the ring, fixed at one point, but connected to another which is bent, to the end of which the throttle-valve of the steam-pipe is attached. This valve, it may be here noticed, is intended to regulate the supply of steam, allowing it to escape when horizontal in full stream, and obstructing it proportionately as it assumes a vertical direction. When, therefore, the engine acts with increased speed or velocity, and the main shaft to which this spindle is attached is revolved with a proportionate degree of rapidity, the balls will recede to a greater distance from each other, and accordingly the levers, acting on the throttle-valve, will raise it so as to diminish the flow of steam. But if the shaft revolves slowly, the spindle also having its velocity regulated by it, the balls will naturally approximate each other, and the lever will now so act on the valve as to throw it completely open, and thereby permit the steam to enter in a full current to the cylinder, and accelerate the motion."* Such is the efficacy of this apparatus, that by its means a steam-engine may be made to give motion to a clock which shall keep good time. "It is this regulator of Watt's," says M. Arago, "and a skilful employment of fly-wheels, which constitute the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the manufactures of our epoch. It is this which confers on the steam-engine a working movement which is wholly free from irregularity, and by which it can weave the most delicate fabrics, as well as communicate a rapid movement to the ponderous stones of a flour-mill."

To describe all the other inventions of a minor kind connected

* Chambers's Information for the People—"Steam-Engine."

with the steam-engine which came from the prolific genius of Watt, would occupy too much space. Rotatory engines, already alluded to in the present Tract, and which have engaged much attention of late years, were not only thought of by Watt, but actually constructed; "he subsequently abandoned them, however, not because they did not work, but because they appeared to him decidedly inferior, in an economical point of view, to machines of double powers and rectilineal oscillations." "There are, in fact," says M. Arago, "few inventions, great or small, among those so admirably combined in our present steam-engines, which are not the development of some of the original ideas of Watt. He proposed machines without condensation, in which, after having acted, the steam is dispersed in the air, and which were intended for localities where large quantities of cold water could not readily be procured. The operation of the principle of expansion in machines with several cylinders, was also one of the projects of the Soho engineer. He suggested the idea of pistons which should be perfectly steam-tight, although composed exclusively of metal. It was Watt also who first had recourse to mercurial manometers for measuring the elasticity of the steam in the boiler and the condenser; who conceived the idea of a simple and permanent gauge, by whose assistance might always be ascertained, with a glance of the eye, the level of the water in the boiler, and who, to prevent this level ever varying injuriously, connected the movements of the feeding pump with those of a float; and who, when required, placed in an opening in the cover of the principal cylinder of the machine the *indicator*, a small apparatus so constructed that it accurately exhibits the state of the steam in relation to the position of the piston, &c. &c. Watt was not less skilful and happy in his attempts to improve the boilers, to diminish the loss of heat, and to consume those torrents of black smoke which issue from common chimneys, however elevated they may be." The various improvements above alluded to had all been made and patented by Mr Watt before the year 1785. Suppose one of Watt's double-stroke engines of that year's construction, with all the improvements embodied in it, placed side by side with the Glasgow college model of Newcomen's draining machine, which in the winter of 1763-4 had been sent to Mr Watt for repair; in the contrast would be seen the value of Mr Watt's labours during these twenty years. That which he had found a clumsy, weak, and boisterous apparatus, applicable only to the draining of mines, he had converted into a machine compact, calm, regular, resistless as an earthquake, yet docile as a child; capable of every process in manufacture or art.

To express by any ordinary terms in our language the advantages resulting from Watt's improvements of the steam-engine would be altogether impossible. We have only to look abroad on the world, and see what mighty applications of this won-

derful engine are everywhere visible. Steam navigation, railway travelling, automatic factory labour, steam printing, mining, and hundreds of other arts, have been brought to their present state only by means of Watt's discoveries. In its adaptation to mills and factories, steam is doubtless more costly than water-power; but, being independent of situation or seasons, it is in general circumstances preferable. Its placid steadiness, and the ease with which it may be managed, are also great recommendations in its favour. As a motive power in the arts, steam takes the lead of all others, and, viewing it as an economiser of labour, it must assuredly be pronounced the stay of Britain—the saviour of the country from universal ruin.

The steam-power at present employed in Great Britain and Ireland is equal to about 8,000,000 of men's power, or 1,600,000 horse-power. It is calculated that a horse requires eight times the quantity of soil for producing food that a human being does; if, therefore, horse-power were made to supersede steam-power, additional food for 1,600,000 horses would require to be raised, which would be equal to the food of 12,800,000 men.

It is in consequence of the improved mechanical arrangements, and employment of inanimate forces in Great Britain, that that comparatively small country is enabled to manufacture goods cheaper, and with greater profit, than can be done by the largest and most populous countries in which mechanism is imperfect, and labour performed exclusively by living agents.

The profits of manufactures so produced spread their beneficial influence over the whole mass of society, every one being less or more benefited. Thus, almost all the luxuries and comforts of life, all the refinements of social existence, may be traced to the use of tools and machinery. Machinery is the result of mechanical skill, and mechanical skill is the result of experience and a long course of investigation into the working of principles in nature, which are hidden from the inattentive observer. Much of the present mechanical improvement is also owing to the pressure of necessities, or wants, which have always a tendency to stimulate the dormant powers of man. What are to be the ultimate limits and advantages of mechanical discoveries no one can foresee. The investigation of natural forces is yet far from being finished. Every day discloses some new scientific truth, which is forthwith impressed into the service of mankind, and tends to diminish the sum of human drudgery and suffering. In this manner, therefore, are we usefully taught that the study of nature forms a never-failing source of intellectual enjoyment, and that "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

MISCELLANEOUS INVENTIONS OF WATT—HIS CONCERN WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE COMPOSITION OF WATER.

Although it is with the steam-engine that Watt's name is immortally associated, his inventive genius was displayed in various

contrivances totally unconnected with it. Residing in Birmingham, in the receipt of an ample income from the establishment of which he was a partner—left at liberty, by the superintendence which Mr Boulton exercised over the commercial part of the business, to devote his time to his own proper department, that of invention—and interrupted only by the calls which his lawsuits against those who pirated his machines made upon his patience—Watt was able to maintain an acquaintance with all that was taking place in the scientific world, and to take an interest in all kinds of researches and experiments. Accordingly, besides being the author of the machine now, with some modifications, used in all writers' offices for copying letters; of the plan also in common use for heating buildings by steam; and of an instrument capable yet of being brought to great perfection for multiplying copies of busts and pieces of sculpture; all of which inventions he was led to make by the interest which he took in the arts in general, Mr Watt is now ascertained, by very good evidence, to have been connected in a more direct and intimate manner than perhaps any one else, with that grand discovery of modern chemistry—the composition of water. As it is only of late years that the connexion of Mr Watt with this discovery has been sufficiently investigated, a short account of it, drawn up from the statements of Lord Brougham and M. Arago, who have had the principal share in proving Watt's claims, will not be out of place.

Air and water were, until about the middle of last century, regarded as simple bodies, or, according to the ancient language, *elements*. It was at length shown, however, by various inquirers, the principal of whom were Black, Cavendish, and Priestley, that air was not a simple substance, but a compound of two gases. Still no one thought that the same thing might be true of water; and water continued to pass for a simple body after the compound nature of atmospheric air was demonstrated. In the year 1781, however, Mr Warltire, a chemist, observed that when an electric spark was passed through a mixture of hydrogen gas (then called inflammable or phlogisticated air) and common atmospheric air, a deposit of dew took place on the sides of the vessel, which dew was found to be water. The same result occurred when the vessel contained a mixture of hydrogen gas (phlogisticated air) and oxygen (dephlogisticated air). Priestley, in 1782–3, repeated Warltire's experiment, but discovered the additional important circumstance, that the weight of the water deposited on the sides of the vessel in which the detonation of the oxygen and hydrogen took place was precisely equal to the joint weight of the two gases. This result Priestley communicated to his friend Mr Watt, as well as to the Royal Society, in a paper dated the 21st of April 1783. Mr Watt, who had long been interested in the subject, and who had for sometime entertained the idea that possibly air was but a modification of water or steam, instantly seized

the true conclusion to be drawn from Priestley's experiment, and in a letter to that philosopher, dated 26th April 1783, expressed himself as follows:—"Let us consider what obviously happens in the case of the deflagration of the inflammable and dephlogisticated air. These two kinds of air unite with violence, they become red hot, and, upon cooling, totally disappear. When the vessel is cooled, a quantity of water is found in it equal to the weight of the air employed. This water is then the only remaining product of the process; and water, light, and heat, are all the products. Are we not then authorised to conclude that water is composed of dephlogisticated air and phlogiston, deprived of their latent or elementary heat; that dephlogisticated or pure air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston, and united to elementary heat and light; that the latter are contained in it in a latent state, so as not to be sensible to the thermometer or to the eye; and if light be only a modification of heat, or a circumstance attending it, or a component part of the inflammable air, then pure or dephlogisticated air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston and united to elementary heat?"

This document—the first known assertion in writing of the fact that water is a composition of oxygen and hydrogen (dephlogisticated and phlogisticated air)—was communicated by Dr Priestley to various scientific men in London, and a copy of it was sent to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, to be read at a meeting of that body. Circumstances prevented the paper from being read, and in all probability it lay, with the other papers of the Society, in the hands of the secretary, Sir Charles Blagden. Nearly nine months passed, when, on the 15th of January 1784, a paper, communicated by the celebrated Mr Cavendish, was read before the Society. In this paper the experiment of burning oxygen and hydrogen in a close vessel is described; and the conclusion stated, that in the process the two gases were converted into water. Later in the same year, a paper of the great French chemist Lavoisier was published, parts of which had been read before the Academy of Sciences in November and December 1783; and in this paper the same conclusion of the composition of water from oxygen and hydrogen is explicitly stated. On the publication of these conflicting claims, a controversy naturally arose as to who was the real discoverer of the new truth—the rival claimants being Mr Cavendish and M. Lavoisier. Mr Cavendish stated that he had made the experiment of burning the two gases so early as 1781, and that he had mentioned it verbally to Dr Priestley; he does not say, however, whether, at the time of mentioning it to Dr Priestley, he had come to the grand conclusion, nor does he state at what time he first came to that conclusion. So far, therefore, this evidence, admitted to its full extent, only amounts to a declaration that Mr Cavendish early repeated Mr Warltire's experiment. The only indication given by Mr Cavendish as to

the precise time at which he formed the important conclusion capable of being drawn from the experiment, is contained in a further statement, that "a friend of his, in the summer of 1783, gave some account of his experiments to M. Lavoisier, as well as of the conclusion drawn from them, that dephlogisticated air is only water deprived of its phlogiston." The person here alluded to as having told Lavoisier of the discovery made by Cavendish is Sir Charles Blagden, already named as the secretary of the Royal Society, and who was a very intimate friend of Mr Cavendish. Sir Charles corroborates Mr Cavendish's statement, and distinctly avers that he communicated the grand conclusion to Lavoisier in the summer of 1783. Lavoisier, on the other hand, assumes the conclusion as his own, and states that Sir Charles Blagden's communication consisted in a mere intimation to him, while engaged in his experiments, that Mr Cavendish had already performed similar ones, and as the result "had obtained from the burning of inflammable air a very sensible quantity of water." Sir Charles Blagden and Lavoisier, therefore, flatly contradict each other: Lavoisier stating that, in the summer of 1783, he was engaged in experiments which led to the momentous conclusion; Sir Charles declaring that, in that summer, he announced the conclusion to Lavoisier, as having already been drawn by Mr Cavendish. Admitting, as most favourable to the claims of Mr Cavendish, Sir Charles Blagden's statement, this would amount only to a proof that Mr Cavendish had arrived at the conclusion *previous to the summer of 1783*. Were this true, it would establish the precedency of Mr Cavendish over Lavoisier in respect of the discovery. The question would still remain, however, between Mr Cavendish and Mr Watt. Mr Watt, we have already seen, had expressed the conclusion on paper as early as the 26th of April 1783; the question now would be, on the most favourable terms to Mr Cavendish, *at what time previous to the summer of 1783* he had arrived at the conclusion. On this point Sir Charles Blagden's statement is less distinct. "During the spring of 1783," he says, "Mr Cavendish showed us that he had necessarily deduced from his experiments the conclusion that oxygen is nothing else than water deprived of its phlogiston. *About the same time* the news reached Birmingham, that Mr Watt of Birmingham had been led by some observations to a similar conclusion." Here it may be necessary to remind our readers, that Mr Watt's letter containing the announcement of the conclusion must in all probability have been put into the hands of Sir Charles Blagden at the time it was intended to be read before the Society.

Clearly the whole weight of the evidence goes to prove, that whatever may have been the merits of Mr Cavendish and M. Lavoisier, and the degree of originality in their inquiries with regard to the point at issue, Mr Watt stands before them both, as having been the first person who expressed in writing his

belief that water was a compound of two gases. It may also be mentioned, that Mr Watt, although he took no public part in the controversy, never renounced his claim to be considered the original author of the discovery, for the honour of which Cavendish and Lavoisier were contending.

Mr Watt, in a visit to Paris in 1786, undertaken for the purpose of inspecting the waterworks at Marly, met, among other Frenchmen of scientific celebrity, the chemist Berthollet, who had just discovered the valuable bleaching properties of chlorine. This discovery he communicated to Mr Watt, through whose means, accordingly, the process of bleaching by chlorine was introduced into this country; his father-in-law, Mr Macgregor, being the first to apply it on a large scale. Another subject in which Mr Watt took much interest, was the administration of the various gases for medical purposes. In short, besides his distinction as an engineer and inventor, Mr Watt sustained, by the universality of his acquirements, the general character of a British man of science.

MR WATT'S RETIREMENT FROM BUSINESS—HIS DEATH— PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTER.

Mr Watt's various patents expired in the year 1800. In that year, therefore, he withdrew entirely from business, leaving his share in the Soho establishment to his sons, James and Gregory; the latter of whom, his son by the second marriage, was cut off in 1804, at the early age of twenty-seven, after giving evidence of very great literary and scientific talent. Mr Watt survived this event about fifteen years—years spent in ease and retirement, and in the enjoyment of that genial social intercourse for which he always exhibited so great a relish. The activity of his mind during this retirement will be illustrated by the following anecdote, related by M. Arago:—"A water company in Glasgow had established, on the right bank of the river Clyde, great buildings and powerful machines, for the purpose of conveying water into every house in the town. When the works were completed, it was discovered that, on the other side of the river, there was a spring, or rather a kind of natural filter, which abundantly supplied water of a very superior quality. To remove the works was now inexpedient; but a question arose as to the practicability of drawing the water from wells on the left bank, by means of the pumping-engines then existing on the right bank, and through a main-pipe to be carried by some means across the river. In this emergency Watt was consulted; and he was ready with a solution of the difficulty. Pointing to a lobster on the table, he showed in what manner a mechanist might, with iron, construct a jointed tube which would be endowed with all the mobility of the tail of the crustacea. He accordingly proposed a complete jointed conduit-pipe, capable of bending and applying itself to all the inflections, present and

future, of the bed of a great river—in fact, a lobster-tail of iron, two feet in diameter, and a thousand feet in length. He soon after furnished plans in detail, and drawings; and the design was executed for the Glasgow Water-Company with the most complete success.”

The last years of the life of the great engineer present few incidents worthy of notice. His health, which was extremely delicate in his youth, and liable to be affected by violent headaches, to which he was subject, improved as age advanced, and his decline was calm and happy. “He preserved,” says Lord Jeffrey, “up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive, than in his last visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1817. Indeed it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year.”

Watt died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, on the 25th of August 1819, in his eighty-fourth year; and was buried in the parish-church of Handsworth, where a monument to his memory, with a marble statue by Chantrey, was erected by his son, Mr James Watt. A second statue, by the same artist, was presented by his son to the college of Glasgow. Greenock, as the birth-place of Watt, has likewise a statue of her most illustrious son; and, not to mention others, the finest production of Chantrey’s chisel is the colossal one of Watt in Westminster Abbey, bearing an inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham.

The task of describing the general demeanour of Watt, and of summing up his character, has happily been performed by one able to do it justice—his friend Lord Jeffrey.

“Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which

he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might, perhaps, have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

“His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all incumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it for his own use to its true value, and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

“It is needless to say that, with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk, at least in his later years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He

generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing; but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation; and a vein of temperate jocularly, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity, and prized accordingly far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful, though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonised admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment."

To these passages from the pen of Lord Jeffrey, we may add the following from Sir Walter Scott, as they occur in the preface to "*The Monastery*:"—"It was only once my fortune to meet Watt, when there were assembled about half a score of our northern lights.* Amidst this company stood Mr Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree, perhaps, even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth—giving to the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise—affording means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man—and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt—was

* At the table of one of the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses.

not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers, and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings. There he stood, surrounded by the little band of northern literati. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. In his eighty-first year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man, had his attention at every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another a celebrated critic—you would have said that the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak—it was his own distinguished walk."

If to these eulogies it be thought necessary to add the honorary titles conferred upon Mr Watt, it may be mentioned that, in 1784, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; in the following year he became a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; in 1787 he was chosen a Corresponding Member of the Batavian Society; in 1808 the university of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and, shortly before his death, he was added to the small number of English members of the Royal Institute of France.

In one of the public squares of Glasgow—the city which witnessed Watt's early struggles—a statue has been erected to his memory; and thus has been expiated the narrow policy which originally offered an obstacle to his useful career.





PICTURES OF WAR.

IF there be any one thing in the affairs of mortal men which it is proper uniformly to explode—which it is incumbent on every man, by every lawful means, to deprecate and oppose—that one thing is, doubtless, War. There is nothing more unnaturally wicked, or more productive of misery and public and private loss. The destruction of life, though enormous, is equalled by the destruction of property. Thousands of individuals, on sea and land, lose their all. Ships on the high seas, laden with valuable cargoes, are taken, burnt, or wrecked. Whole countries are laid waste only by the passing of an immense army; houses are defaced, furniture broken in pieces, the stores of families eaten up, and the finest cities laid in ashes. And all this, and much more, is done with the view of overcoming an enemy—forcing one party, by every species of violence, to submit to the terms of another. In such a state of things reason is dumb; there is no argument, no attempt at peaceful suasion: it is all sheer force; a struggle to the death who shall be uppermost; the conquest of the strong over the weak. War is happily known in Great Britain only from hearsay: all that is seen of it is the spectacle of military array; all that is felt from it is the burden of payment. For these reasons, however, people are only the more apt to mistake its real character, and to think and speak lightly of what ought not to be mentioned without emotions of detestation. With the view of inculcating as correct ideas as possible on this subject, and without unnecessarily shocking the feelings, we propose in the present sheet to offer such pictures of war as

will show this monstrous system of strife in its proper colours. Our notices will more particularly refer to some of those sieges which have acquired celebrity in history; for great as are the calamities which ensue from the direct contention of armies in the field, they are, for the greater part, much less appalling than the horrors which occur from the assault and protracted siege of fortified towns. In such cases the demon war is seen and felt under numerous aggravations; for to the spectacle of wounds and slaughter is added the terror of the unfortunate inhabitants, with the destruction of their property, and not unfrequently starvation in its most appalling forms. According to the practice of modern military engineering, the possibility of capturing any fortified place, however seemingly impregnable, is reduced to a question of time—the united process of battering with shot, and of approaching by trenches and mines, being sure to terminate in the utter destruction of every species of defence. Previous to the discovery of this mode of attacking and capturing towns, it was more customary than it is at present to weary out the besieged, by surrounding them with an army, and starving them into terms of surrender. On this account the narratives of sieges in the olden time present some of the most distressing pictures of war. To this terrible class of cases belonged the siege of Leyden, in 1574, described in our 42d number; and to this also pertains the siege of Londonderry, noticed in the present sheet. That assaults on fortified towns previous to the invention of gunpowder were as calamitous as those which have taken place since, we have ample and melancholy testimony in the wars of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

SCENE AT TYRE.

Alexander, usually styled the Great (who flourished about 350 years before Christ), as is well known, made war and conquest a favourite pastime, and carried his Macedonian legions to the farther limits of Asia in quest of countries to subjugate. In the course of one of his campaigns, he encountered a remarkable degree of opposition from the inhabitants of Tyre, whose city he invested. After much preliminary fighting, this unfortunate city was warmly attacked on all sides, and as vigorously defended, the besiegers battering the walls incessantly, whilst their archers and slingers harassed the besieged with stones and arrows, in order to drive them from their posts. Alexander's soldiers endeavoured, sword in hand, to gain the walls, but, with unparalleled bravery, were repulsed by the Tyrians, who had invented some kind of weapons unknown to the Macedonians. Among the rest, they made use of a three-forked hook, fastened to the end of a rope, the other end of which they held themselves, and threw the hook against the targets of the besiegers, where it stuck fast, and gave the Tyrians an opportunity of either plucking their targets out of their hands, and thereby leaving them exposed to darts

and arrows, or, if they did not readily part with their shields, of pulling them headlong from the towers.

Some, by throwing large nets over the Macedonians engaged on the bridges, so entangled their hands, that they could neither use them in their own defence, nor to offend their enemies ; and others, with iron hooks fastened to long poles, dragged them from the bridges, and dashed their brains out against the wall or on the causeway. A great many engines, placed on the walls, likewise played incessantly on the aggressors with massy pieces of red-hot iron, which swept away vast numbers.

But what most of all discouraged the Macedonians in this attack, and obliged them at last to give it over, was the burning sand which, by a new contrivance, was showered upon them by the Tyrians. This sand was thrown among them in red-hot shields of brass, and, getting within their breastplates and coats of mail, burnt them to the very bone, and tormented them to such a degree, that many of them, finding no relief, cast themselves headlong into the sea ; others threw down their arms, tore off their clothes, and so were exposed, naked and defenceless, to the power of the enemy ; whilst others, dying in the anguish of inexpressible torments, struck a terror with their cries into all who heard them. This occasioned unspeakable confusion among the Macedonians, and gave new courage to the Tyrians, who now quitted the wall, and charged the enemy hand to hand upon the bridges with such intrepidity and fury, that Alexander, seeing his men give way, ordered a retreat to be sounded, and thereby saved their lives, and in some degree their reputation.

After a season of repose, and other events, Alexander advanced again, in order to attempt a general assault. Both the attack and the defence were, if possible, more vigorous than ever. At length several breaches were made in the walls, and the Tyrians were forced to retire. Seeing themselves overpowered on every side, and the Macedonians masters of their city, some flew for refuge to the temples ; others, shutting themselves in their houses, escaped the swords of the victors by a voluntary death ; and others rushed upon the enemy, firmly resolved to sell their lives at the dearest rate.

Alexander gave orders to kill all the inhabitants (except those who had sheltered themselves in the temples), and to set fire to every part of the city ; which command, indeed, was not executed to its utmost extent, but yet with severity enough, for the city was burnt to the ground ; but the Sidonian soldiers who were in Alexander's camp, calling to mind their ancient affinity with the Tyrians, carried off great numbers of them privately on board their ships, and conveyed them to Sidon. Fifteen thousand were thus saved from the rage of the Macedonians, and yet the slaughter was very great ; for Alexander, upon his first entering the city, put eight thousand men to the sword ; and afterwards, with shocking barbarity, and to the last degree unbecoming a

generous conqueror, caused two thousand of the better sort of inhabitants to be crucified, so many crosses being erected along the sea-shore for that purpose; and this for no other reason than because they had fought with such bravery in defence of their country.

Our next example refers to a siege of comparatively recent times—the celebrated investment of Londonderry, consequent on the Revolution of 1688.

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

When James II., as a last effort to recover possession of the throne, endeavoured to secure the adherence of the people of Ireland, he became anxious to take possession of Derry, a fortified town in Ulster, and prepared to invest it with an army. Derry, inhabited chiefly by descendants of Scotch, who were favourable to the revolution settlement, greatly to the surprise of every one, refused to capitulate on this occasion; for besides having a slender military force, it was in most other respects unprepared for enduring the horrors of a siege.

King James entered Ulster with an army of 12,000 men, and a tolerable train of artillery, and on the 18th of April (1689) approached the walls of Derry. The terror of opposing the entrance of this menacing force caused many to leave the town, and only about 7500 militia remained to offer a defence, while the whole of the guns which could be brought to bear on the enemy was only twenty in number. Deserted by their proper commander, the defenders placed the management of affairs in the hands of a Major Baker, George Walker, an Episcopalian clergyman, and Adam Murray, a country gentleman of the neighbourhood. These, with some other officers, declared their resolution to hold out the town against the large force brought against it, and daily sent out, or headed, sallying parties to attack the enemy. Once commenced, the siege was conducted with unscrupulous barbarity. Large bullets were showered upon the houses, destroying, killing, and wounding in their course, and tearing up the ground where they happened to alight. Some of the shells which were fired fell, it is mentioned, in the churchyard of the town, and burying themselves in the ground, threw up the bodies which had been recently interred.

But it was not so much the balls and shells of the enemy that the besiegers had to fear, as the prospect of starvation by the exhaustion of their stock of provisions. There was a population of some 27,000 persons shut up within the space of a few acres, and left to be supported by whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be within the walls at the time when the siege commenced. As no preparations had been made for the siege, this quantity was not very great, and there was no possibility of increasing it by procuring supplies from the neighbourhood. To collect and store up the victuals, therefore, was one of the first

concerns of the governors. By husbanding their provisions, it was hoped that the city might be able to hold out till assistance should arrive from England; and eagerly did the besieged look for the appearance of the vessels, which, they did not doubt, would soon be seen making their way to the city by Lough Foyle.

The month of May, however, passed without any assistance having arrived. The town's-people had been all the while suffering from the enemy's shells and balls, exchanging in return shots from their own batteries, which did great damage among their assailants, and sometimes, as before, sallying out and engaging in close fight. In some of these sorties the courage displayed was desperate, and the slaughter great. Towards the end of May, however, the horrors of famine, afterwards to be so terribly realised, began to be anticipated. The garrison had for some time been put on short allowance, and the precaution had been taken to salt and barrel the horses killed in their battles with the enemy under the walls; but as June came in, and the stock dwindled away, the dreadful doom of death by hunger began to stare them in the face.

Meanwhile the news of the condition of Derry had spread through England, and great discontent was expressed at the conduct of government in not taking means to render the brave inhabitants some relief. At length, in compliance with the public demands that something should be done for the suffering people of Derry, Major-General Kirk was sent to their relief with a reinforcement of 5000 men, and a quantity of provisions. It was the 13th of June, however, before he arrived in Lough Foyle. "Upon the sight of the fleet, which consisted of thirty sail, the besieged gave the usual salutations of joy; but perceiving them received with silence, and no jovial returns made by the seamen on board, they looked upon each other with uncertain and foreboding eyes. Soon after, they were informed that Kirk, upon receiving information that the passage of the river to the town was barred by works erected by the enemy, had resolved to retire to the Inch, an island six miles from Londonderry. These works were batteries along the banks, vessels sunk in the channel, and a boom which had been thrown across the river, and which was defended by two forts; and all these were reported to be much stronger than they were. Upon this sad news, the besieged made signals of distress from their steeples to Kirk; but in vain. After a short stay, he set sail, the inhabitants of the town following his ships with their eyes as long as they could perceive them." Kirk's hard-hearted and feeble-minded conduct on this occasion earned for him the title of "Infamous;" which indeed he had established a fair claim to by previous passages in his life. It is said that the slightest exertion on his part would have been sufficient to raise the siege; for that the besiegers were seen in the greatest confusion at his

approach, many even exchanging their red coats for clothing more appropriate for running away in.

"The besieged," says Dalrymple, "though in a desperate condition, did not give themselves up to despair. Not contented with making sallies, and defending the old outworks of the place, they even advanced new ones, and became expert in fortification and mining, by imitating the arts which were employed against them. The women attended every service, animating the men by their cries, and often assisting them with their own hands. About the middle of June, when the weather became sultry, disease at last seized them, cooped up in so narrow a space. They buried fifteen officers in one day. Baker, their governor, died. Yet even death in this form, more dismal than in that of war, dismayed them not. Their provisions being spent, they preserved life by eating horse flesh, tallow, starch, salted hides, impure animals, and roots of vegetables. When their cannon-ball was nearly spent, they made use of bits of brick, covered with lead."

To aggravate the condition of the besieged, Marshal Rosen arrived at Londonderry on the 18th of June with a reinforcement to the besiegers of 1500 men, and charged by King James with the further conduct of the siege. Rosen was much better skilled in the art of besieging than the generals who had hitherto directed the operations against the town, and under him the place was invested more closely, and a more vigorous battering commenced. Nevertheless the garrison did not flinch; and the first order issued among the besieged, after the arrival of Marshal Rosen, was, "that no man, on pain of death, should presume to speak of surrendering the city." At the same time the most strenuous exertions were made to communicate with General Kirk, in order to make him aware of their situation, and induce him to make an effort for their relief. Signals were made from the steeples, and messengers even risked their lives in the attempt to convey letters to him. All was in vain; Kirk seemed determined to sit by and see the people of Londonderry starve.

On the 30th of June, Marshal Rosen, provoked beyond measure by the obstinacy of the garrison, who would neither listen to his proposals for capitulation, nor appear intimidated by his threats, resorted to a device which, whether truly or not, has been pronounced unparalleled in modern warfare. He gave orders that all the inhabitants for ten miles round Londonderry should be driven under the walls of the town; he ordered the country to be burned and laid waste; and he proclaimed that, if the town did not surrender before ten days were elapsed, the people collected outside the walls should be allowed to starve, and the inhabitants within it all put to the sword. Five thousand, or, as others relate, seven thousand miserable wretches, who were collected from the country around, men, women, the old, the young, even the sick, and nurses with infants hanging on the breast,

all were driven with drawn swords under the walls of the town. The besieged, on the other hand, by way of a retaliation for the sufferings of their countrymen, erected a gibbet on the bastion nearest the enemy, and gave orders to hang up all the prisoners who were in their hands. During two days and two nights the unhappy victims of Rosen's resentment continued at the foot of the walls, without meat, drink, fire, or shelter, where many hundreds of them died. At the end of that time, such of them as were able to go away were permitted to do so, the cruelty of Rosen's design being such as to prevent its full execution. But those who died were the most fortunate; for the others, filled with the seeds of diseases and with dejection, as they wandered homewards, beheld on all sides their habitations in ashes, here and there at distances the smoke of some not extinguished, and their cattle, furniture, and provisions carried off. A vast silence reigned over the land, and they envied their companions who were at rest from their miseries. It would be inhuman to the memory of the unhappy to impute the disgrace of this action to James. He revoked the order as soon as he heard of it, because his own sufferings had probably taught him to feel for those of others.

As soon as the poor people were allowed to retire from under the walls, and return to their homes, the gallows which the besieged had erected, in order, by way of retaliation, to hang their prisoners, was taken down, and the prisoners sent back to their places of confinement in the city. This happened in the beginning of July, before which time the famine had increased to a degree at which it was hardly possible for the garrison to continue to hold out.

During the whole of July the siege was continued, and the city filled with a starving and emaciated population, into the midst of which the balls and shells of the enemy were constantly flying. "On the 9th of July," says one historian of the siege, "the allowance was a pound of tallow to every soldier in the garrison. They mixed it with meal, ginger, pepper, and anise-seed, and made excellent pancakes. Charming meat this was; for during the preceding fortnight horse flesh was eaten, and at this time the carcase of a dog was reckoned good meat. The pale and emaciated victims of hunger were every day seen collecting wild vegetables and weeds, and all kinds of sea-wreck, which they devoured greedily, to the total ruin of their health." In a few days the destitution became even greater, from the exhaustion of those articles to which the garrison had resorted as a substitute for food. About the 20th of July, a merchant in Derry discovered a method for supplying the garrison for six or seven of the severest days of want. He showed them where there was a considerable quantity of starch, which they mixed with tallow, and fried as pancakes. Oatmeal, which before the siege was to be had for fourpence, was now sold at six shillings a peck;

butter for fivepence an ounce; and all other food that could be procured was proportionably dear. A story is told of a poor man whom hunger had, at this melancholy time, compelled to kill his dog and dress the flesh. Just as he was about to feast, an inexorable creditor, equally hungry, came in to demand a debt, which the man was unable to pay in any other way than by resigning the carcase of the dead dog to the unbidden guest. On the 27th of July, the market-prices of such provisions as were to be had were as follow:—Horse flesh, per pound, one shilling and eightpence; a quarter of a dog, fattened, it was supposed, by eating dead bodies, five shillings and sixpence; a dog's head, two shillings and sixpence; a cat, four and sixpence; a rat, one shilling; a mouse, sixpence; a pound of tallow, four shillings; a pound of salted hides, one shilling; a quart of horse's blood, one shilling; a handful of sea-weed, twopence; a quart of meal, one shilling. At this time, according to the account of Governor Walker, the garrison were looking forward to the necessity of subsisting on human flesh; and he mentions a fat hypochondriac gentleman who, with the prospect of such a condition before him, shut himself up for several days, because he imagined some of the starving soldiers were casting cannibal-like looks upon him as he passed them in the street.

At length Kirk, who had all this time been idle, resolved, foreseeing the surrender of the city unless something were done for its relief, to make an attempt to throw provisions into it by means of three victual ships which should sail up the river under the convoy of a man-of-war. "As soon," says Dalrymple, "as these vessels approached the town, on the 30th of July, the besieging army hastened to that side, some to oppose them, and the rest to gratify their curiosity. That part of the garrison which was not upon duty ranged themselves along the walls nearest to the river, with eyes intent, and hands lifted up to Heaven for the success of the convoy. The ship of war, by galling the enemy's batteries, drew their fire upon itself, and thus saved the victuallers from danger. The foremost of the victuallers, at the first shock, broke the boom, but ran aground in consequence of the turn which this gave to her course. A shout of triumph burst from the besiegers at the sight of this accident. Multitudes of them, quitting their ranks, flew to the shore, and plunged into the water. Some pushed off with their hands the boats they found there; others leaped into them; all advanced, or called to advance, against the vessel in distress. The smoke of the enemy's fire and of her own covered her from the sight of the besieged. During this darkness and confusion the besiegers called from the opposite side of the river that the vessel was taken. A shrill cry of misery, like the wailings of women, was heard from the walls. The common paleness of fear appeared not upon men who had lost all sense of it. One who was an eye-witness relates that, in the depth of despair, they looked *black*

in the eyes of each other. But in a little time the victualler was seen emerging from the smoke, having got off by the rebound of her own guns; and she and the others, amid the tumultuous cries of both parties, sailed up to the town." Derry was saved; and next day the enemy abandoned the ground.

During this siege of three months and a half, a garrison of 7500 men was reduced to 4000, of whom about 1000 were from that time unfit for service, in consequence of the injuries, whether local or constitutional, which they had sustained. Of the remainder of the population, about 7000 are believed to have died by hunger, disease, and the enemy's fire.

SIEGES DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

The cruelties enacted during the French revolutionary movements were among the most detestable events recorded in history, for they had, in most cases, nothing but a mean vengeance for their object. The sufferings of the Vendéans, of which an account is given in a former tract (No. 16), were equalled by what the unfortunate inhabitants of Lyons endured by orders of the National Convention (1793). Disinclined to the cause of the revolution, the Lyonese endeavoured to defend their city against an army of 60,000 troops, sent to bring them under subjection. The walls were manned by 30,000 citizens, who resolved to die rather than yield up the town to the crew who assailed them. For sixty-three days Lyons endured a bombardment, which demolished a large portion of the city, while the famine which existed within the walls aggravated the general horrors of the scene. Not, however, till upwards of 30,000 persons had been killed, or died of hunger, was the place rendered up, and then it was a heap of ruins. During this terrific siege, there were fired 11,000 shot and 27,000 shells, a number of the bullets being red-hot. Of the unhappy inhabitants who escaped destruction, large numbers were guillotined, and many were put to death by being enfiladed in rows with cannon-shot.

A scene equally characteristic of war is referred to, as follows, by Charles Sumner in his much-admired Peace Oration (Boston, 1845):—"In the autumn of 1799, the armies of the French republic, which had dominated over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled, with shrunk forces, under Massena, to seek shelter within the walls of Genoa. After various efforts by the Austrian general on the land, aided by a bombardment from the British fleet in the harbour, to force the strong defences by assault, the city is invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country is cut off on the one side, while the harbour is closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Within the beleaguered and unfortunate city are the peaceful inhabitants, more than those of Boston in number, besides the French troops. Provisions soon become scarce, scarcity sharpens into want, till fell famine, bringing blindness and madness in her

train, rages like an Erinnyes. Picture to yourself this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noonday—the daughter by the side of the mother, the husband by the side of the wife. When grain and rice fail, flax-seed, millet, cocoas, and almonds are ground by hand-mills into flour; and even bran, baked with honey, is eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger. During the siege, but before the last extremities, a pound of horse flesh is sold for 32 cents [1s. 4d.]; a pound of bran for 30 cents [1s. 3d.]; a pound of flour, 1 dollar 75 cents [about 6s. 6d.]. A single bean is soon sold for 4 cents [2d.]; and a biscuit of three ounces for 2 dollars 25 cents [about 10s. 6d.]; and finally none are to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which are eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still, from hunger accompanied by delirious fancies. Recourse is now had to herbs—monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, seek on the slope of the mountain, enclosed within the defences, those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts. A little cheese, and a few vegetables, are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded—those sacred stipendiaries upon human charity. Men and women, in the last anguish of despair, now fill the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, gasping their last breath on the un pitying stones of the streets. Alas! not more un pitying than man. Children, whom a dying mother's arms had ceased to protect—the orphans of an hour—with piercing cries seek in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; but none pity or aid them. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, the more impetuous rush out of the gates, and impale themselves on the Austrian bayonets, while others precipitate themselves into the sea. Others still (pardon the dire recital!) are driven to eat their shoes, and devour the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh has so far abated, that numbers feed, like cannibals, on the bodies of the dead. At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called 'the honours of war;' but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the war, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over the captured Genoa but a brief space of time; for Bonaparte had already descended, like an eagle, from the Alps, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, on the vast plains of Marengo, shattered, as with an iron mace, the Austrian empire in Italy."

SCENES IN EGYPT.

Napoleon's ambitious and disastrous attempt to conquer Egypt was productive of great sufferings among the unfortunate inhabitants of that interesting country, as well as among the invading forces. Speaking of the appearance of the country after an engagement with the Egyptian soldiery or Mamelukes, Miot observes—"I rode through the midst of 3000 slaughtered Mamelukes. My horse trembled under me while I fixed my eyes on those poor victims of ambition and vanity, and said to myself, We cross the sea; we brave the English fleet; we disembark in a country which never thought of us; we plunder their villages, and slay or ruin their inhabitants; we wantonly run the hazard of dying with hunger and thirst; we are every one of us on the point of being assassinated; *and all this for what?*" Proceeding onwards—"The whole way was tracked with the bones and bodies of men and animals that had perished in those dreadful wastes. If the eagles and vultures had arrived in time, bones only were left to bleach upon the burning sands; otherwise the carcase was presently dried up till it resembled a mummy. There was but one single tree to be seen along the whole journey; and to warm themselves at night (for the cold was so severe, that sleep would otherwise have been dangerous), they gathered together these dry bones and bodies of the dead, and it was by a fire composed of this fuel that Bonaparte lay down to sleep in the desert! The imagination of Dante could not have conceived a more emblematic situation for this incarnate Moloch."

Denon presents similar accounts of this disastrous campaign:—"The large village of Bintan," says he, "was deserted at the approach of the French. Woful experience having taught the people the necessity of flying from their invaders, whenever they were apprised of their coming, they stripped their houses even to the door and window-frames; and a village thus deserted had the appearance of a ruin a century old. Here, when the French had ransacked the walls to the very foundation, a soldier came out of a cave dragging a she-goat which he had found there. He was followed by an old man, carrying two young infants in his arms; he laid these helpless babes upon the ground, fell on his knees, and without uttering a word, but weeping all the while, pointed to the children and to the goat; for if they were deprived of her milk, they must perish. The goat was killed: and another Frenchman having picked up a third child, whose mother had dropt it in her flight, laid it down beside the other two, not reflecting, while he performed an act of intended kindness, that the three must now perish together!

"During the whole expedition a flock of kites and vultures followed the army, hastening to their prey whenever the sound of cannon ceased, and always joined company with the army

whenever it halted, being sure that something would always be left for their share. At the island of Philoe we saw mothers drowning their children, whom they could not carry away, and mutilating the girls, to save them from the violence of the soldiers.

"One of the magazines blew up, and the flames extended in every direction. The Mohammedans were without water, but they were seen extinguishing the fire with their feet and hands, and even rolling upon it in hope of smothering it with their bodies. Black and naked, they were seen running through the flames, and resembling so many fiends. During this tremendous scene there were intervals of tranquillity, and then a solitary voice was heard; it was that of their sheik, who was wholly employed in prayer, and exhorting them to fight for their faith; and these Mohammedans, amid their torments, answered him with hymns and shouts, and then rushed out against the enemy. During the night the French kept up two blazing fires against the walls, as a safer expedient than storming them; and in the morning they entered and put to the sword those who, notwithstanding they were half roasted alive, still offered resistance!"

SCENE AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The sea engagement off Trafalgar, in which Lord Nelson was unhappily killed, is usually spoken of as having been a particularly glorious victory. The British had destroyed the French fleet, and great were the rejoicings accordingly. Surely much of the joy on this occasion was out of place, for it is not exactly conformable to the principles of Christianity to rejoice over the fallen, to delight in the vengeful defeat of an enemy? Perhaps this heedless spirit of gratulation would have been somewhat tempered, had the people at large seen the actual effects of the victory on the bosom of the ocean. These are described by Mr Semple, who was at the time voyaging on the coast of Spain, near Cadiz.

"As the wind," says he, "was contrary to our crossing over, the boat was obliged to make several tacks. In one of these we approached so near the shore, that we plainly discerned two dead bodies, which the sea had thrown up. Presently one of a number of men on horseback, who for this sole purpose patrolled the beach, came up, and having observed the bodies, made a signal to others on foot among the bushes. Several of them came down, and immediately began to dig a hole in the sand, into which they dragged the dead."

"All this possessed something of the terrible; but in Cadiz the consequences, though equally apparent, were of a very different nature. Ten days after the battle, they were still employed in bringing ashore the wounded; and spectacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs, and through the streets, sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and

human sufferings. When, by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry, which pierced the soul, arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion; yet, as they were finely dressed, it had something of the appearance of ostentation, if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up the steps to their litters; yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound.

"On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were carrying away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile their companions who escaped unhurt walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, whilst women sat on heaps of arms, broken furniture, and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and the convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder.

"On leaving the harbour, I passed through the town to the Point, and still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the isthmus bordering on the Atlantic was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others, I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the *Swiftsure*, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered, the Spaniards still continuing to affirm that they had lost their chief admiral and half their fleet.

"While surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld, at a great distance, several masts and portions of the wreck still floating about. As the sea was almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. Though portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts, yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such were the apprehensions which still filled their minds of the enemy."

SIEGES IN SPAIN—SARAGOSSA.

The effort—thankless and useless, as far as the wellbeing of Spain is concerned—made by the British to drive the French armies out of the peninsula, was attended with some of the most distressing events which can occur in a state of warfare. To

secure possession of the country, a number of fortified towns required to be captured, and these were exposed to the alternate assaults of both parties.

Saragossa, a strongly-fortified town on the Ebro, containing 50,000 inhabitants, and defended by a large body of Spanish soldiers, was exposed to a fierce siege by the French troops in August 1808. After much fighting and bombarding, and considerable loss on both sides, the siege commenced in earnest on the 3d of August. The breaching batteries played against two quarters of the town from within pistol-shot, and at the same time the mortar batteries threw shells into the midst of the houses. The first conspicuous effect produced was the blowing up of a powder magazine in the Cosso—a wide street or public walk in the city, extending in a long curve, like a bent bow, along the line of the old Moorish walls, with its two extremities terminating in the river. By this explosion many of the adjoining houses were shattered, and their inhabitants blown into the air. The besieged still rejecting all conditions of surrender, the murderous discharge of shells and balls was continued. On the 4th of August a breach was made through a convent upon which the batteries had been made to bear, and the French rushing in, took the guns there stationed, and forced their way through a street which ended in the Cosso. The scene was now terrible: bands of Spaniards fighting madly in the streets with the Frenchmen, who were pouring in masses into the Cosso; others betaking themselves to the houses, from which they fired down upon the French soldiers; others, again, hurrying by the nearest ways to the opposite side of the town, where, in the attempt to reach the country, they were sure to be cut down by the French cavalry, who were scouring the vicinity. The engagement was most bloody at the point where the street of St Eugracia, by which the French had entered, joins the Cosso. The two corner buildings there were a convent and a general hospital, which served both as an infirmary and a lunatic asylum. The tide of battle gathering round these buildings, and the French soldiers having set fire to them, their inmates threw themselves out of the windows into the *mêlée* beneath, and it was a hideous spectacle to see the wretched lunatics from the hospital mixing among the combatants in the street, some dancing, singing, and shouting, as if glad to see such a number of people in the same state of mind as themselves; others going about, moping and drivelling, looking unmeaningly on what was passing, or cowering away in terror. Some of these poor wretches were killed, and some, it is said, were carried away as prisoners to Monte Torrero, and afterwards, when it was discovered that they were lunatics, sent back to take their chance in the siege. The battle in the streets raged all day; the French here gaining ground, there repulsed by some desperate onset of the inhabitants. When night came on, the French had overrun nearly half the

city, and were in possession of one side of the Cosso, while the Aragonese retained the other.

From this time the unfortunate town was a scene of constant and pitiless slaughter, and the streets were strewn with bodies, which could with difficulty be collected for burial. This horrible state of affairs continued for a whole week, the French endeavouring, by blowing down houses, and making desperate onsets along the streets, to gain possession of that part of the city which lay between the Cosso and the river; the Aragonese standing firm, and beating them back. At length it became evident that Verdier's force was too small for the work of capturing a city so vigorously defended; and the fortunes of war in other parts of the peninsula requiring his presence elsewhere, he obeyed orders which reached him on the 10th of August, and withdrew, leaving Saragossa untaken, but half in ruins. And so ended the first siege of Saragossa.

Too important to be let alone, this unfortunate city was again exposed to assault in December 1808, when there appeared before it a French army of 35,000 men, commanded by Marshals Moncey and Mortier. The city was on this occasion much better prepared for a defence than it had been at the time of the former siege. Not only had the citizens the recollection of the result of that siege to inspire them, and the experience acquired during it to direct them, but fortifications of various kinds had been constructed under able superintendence, and the population of the city had been organised and drilled, so as to become, as it were, one vast garrison. Monte Torrero had been fortified; the four fronts of the main city, where it was not protected by the river, were strengthened in every possible way by ramparts, ditches, palisades, and batteries, the straggling houses in the outskirts having been pulled down, and many trees felled to supply materials; and within the city itself, everything had been sacrificed for the sake of strength and military convenience. The citizens mingling with the peasants, who had flocked in for security, and with the regular forces which were in the place, forsook all their ordinary occupations, and placed themselves, their time, their property, their lives, at the disposal of the military leaders. The doors and windows of the houses were built up with brick and mortar, and instead of them, holes were made suitable for firing from; the party-walls between distinct houses were broken through, so as to open up a communication between all the houses of each isolated group or square; and the streets were dug and trenched in all directions—here a pit, there a mound. Add to this an abundant supply of ammunition and all necessaries. The artillery, indeed, was defective, there being only sixty guns above twelve-pounders; but of small arms there was a large supply. To prevent the chance of an explosion, the gunpowder was to be made as occasion required; and for this purpose the workmen were brought in from the neighbouring

powder-mills, to manufacture the murderous dust as fast as their fellow-townsmen blew it away. A stock of six months' provisions had been laid up in the public magazines; the convents were well stored; and the citizens had also accumulated a stock sufficient for several months' consumption. Finally, the courage of the inhabitants was kept up by the strongest persuasive means. Never was a mass of men so prepared to resist an enemy.

The first operations of the besiegers were directed against Monte Torrero, and the suburb on the left side of the river. They were successful in their attack upon the former, but were beaten back from the latter with the loss of 400 men. This took place on the 21st of December; and during the remainder of that month, and the whole of January, the attack on the main town was conducted in the usual manner, approaches being made, and batteries erected, by the besiegers, which were occasionally assailed by sallies from the town. The bombardment commenced on the 10th of January, and on the 22d, Marshal Lasnes having arrived to take the supreme command, the proceedings of the besiegers began to exhibit greater alacrity. Breaches were made in the walls in several places; and on the 29th, four columns rushing out of their trenches, burst through the ruins of the convent of St Eufracia, and amid the explosion of mines beneath their feet, and the discharge of volleys of grape-shot and musket-balls from the houses, succeeded in gaining possession of part of the city within the ramparts. "The walls of Zaragoza," says Colonel Napier, "thus went to the ground, but Zaragoza herself remained erect; and as the broken girdle fell from the heroic city, the besiegers started at the view of her naked strength. The regular defences had indeed crumbled before the skill of the assailants, but the popular resistance was immediately called, with all its terrors, into action. The members of the junta, become more powerful from the cessation of regular warfare, with redoubled activity and energy urged the defence, but increased the horrors of the siege by a ferocity pushed to the very verge of frenzy. Every person, without regard to rank or age, who excited the suspicions of these ferocious men, or of those immediately about them, was instantly put to death; and, amidst the bulwarks of war, a horrid array of gibbets was to be seen, on which crowds of wretches were suspended each night, because their courage had sunk beneath the accumulating dangers of their situation, or because some doubtful expression or gesture of distress had been misconstrued by the barbarous chiefs."

Perceiving the total hopelessness of encountering a population so roused and infuriated in open battle, Marshal Lasnes resolved, says Colonel Napier, "to proceed by the slow but certain process of the mattock and the mine. The crossing of the large streets divided the town into small districts or islands of houses. To gain possession of these, it was necessary not only to mine, but to fight for each house; and each house was defended by a garrison

that, generally speaking, had only the option of repelling the enemy in front, or dying on the gibbet erected behind." So they continued for several days, the French blowing up house by house, and fighting with the inmates who tried to oppose their progress; the Spaniards pouring shot upon them from their elevated positions, and sometimes also countermining them. Generally, the advance of the French only exposed them to a more destructive fire; because the explosions with which they dislodged the Spaniards from their houses were strong enough to topple down the walls too, and thus leave them without that shelter which they might have had if the walls had been left standing. To remedy this, the French engineers lessened their charges of powder, so as that the explosion might gut the houses of their woodwork and partitions, without destroying the exterior walls. "Hereupon," says Napier, "the Spaniards, with ready ingenuity, saturated the timbers and planks of the houses with rosin and pitch, and setting fire to those which could no longer be maintained, interposed a burning barrier, which often delayed the assailants for two days, and always prevented them from pushing their successes during the confusion that necessarily followed the bursting of the mines." The fighting was, however, incessant; and on the 7th of February the French had worked their way as far as the Cosso, so celebrated in the former siege. But here was but a new beginning, as it were, of their perilous work. The best part of the city remained untaken; and before any considerable impression could be made upon it, new mines must be dug, new assaults made, and thousands more must be the victims—some, their white skins pierced with the small blue bullet mark; others, their bodies torn and gashed into fleshy shreds by the dragging gunshot; and others, their shrivelled corpses upheaved from underground, with paving-stones and pickaxes, by the explosion of whole barrels of gunpowder in mines running beneath those which they themselves had been digging.

To make their situation worse, the supplies of the besiegers began to fail. Murmurs of discontent and despair arose. "An army of 20,000 men to besiege 50,000"—this, they said, was contrary to all rule, to all military history. It required all the exertions of Marshal Lasnes to rouse their flagging spirits. At length one or two felicitous explosions, if the phrase may be allowed, one of which blew up the university (the charge in this case being 3000 pounds of gunpowder), laid open important parts of the city, and it became evident that the hour was approaching when the besieged must surrender. Proposals were indeed made by Palafox, but on such terms as Lasnes refused to grant. The bloody work was therefore continued; fifty pieces of artillery, stationed on the left bank of the river, belching their fiery contents against the quay opposite, and mortars incessantly throwing shells into the part of the city still unsubdued, while the main body

of the French army, still burning their way as formerly into the centre of the city, were waiting eagerly for the completion of six enormous mines, which the engineers were preparing underneath the Cosso, and the explosion of which, it was thought, would be decisive. The condition of the besieged was now fearful. "The bombardment," says Colonel Napier, "which had never ceased since the 10th of January, had forced the women and children to take refuge in the vaults with which the city abounded. There the constant combustion of oil, the closeness of the atmosphere, unusual diet, and fear and restlessness of mind, had combined to produce a pestilence, which soon spread to the garrison. The strong and the weak, the daring soldier and the shrinking child, fell before it alike; and such was the state of the atmosphere, and the predisposition to disease, that the slightest wound gangrened, and became incurable. In the beginning of February the deaths were from 400 to 500 daily; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of carcases, scattered about the streets and courtyards, or piled in heaps at the doors of the churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption, or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses, as the defence became contracted. The suburb, the greatest part of the walls, and one-fourth of the houses, were in the hands of the French; 16,000 shells thrown during the bombardment, and the explosion of 45,000 pounds of powder in the mines, had shaken the city to its foundations; and the bones of more than 40,000 persons, of every age and both sexes, bore dreadful testimony to the constancy of the besieged." Having lost all hope of holding out the place any longer, the surrender took place on the 21st of February 1809; the siege, one of the most cruel on record, having thus lasted two months.

FIRST BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

Wellington having driven the French out of Portugal (1810), resolved to lay siege to Badajoz, a town situated on the Portuguese frontier, on the left bank of the Guadiana, and which, although not of the first class in point of population, was of great strength, and of much importance in a military point of view. It was much easier, however, for Wellington to plan than to execute a siege. Hitherto the British army had not been trained to this species of warfare; they knew little of military engineering, and were left to oppose great talent by mere extempore sagacity and reckless bloodshed.

Besides the want of nearly all requisite enginery, there was a serious difficulty arising from the limited time which Lord Wellington had at his disposal. Within sixteen days, it was calculated, Marshal Soult would arrive with a force to relieve the place; therefore a plan of attack behoved to be devised, requiring no more than sixteen days of open trenches. As all the regular methods of attack that could be thought of required more than

the allotted time, a less regular but more compendious method was proposed. Badajoz stands on a tongue of land formed by the influx of a small stream called the Rivillas, into the large river Guadiana, the breadth of which is about five hundred yards. At the spot where the two streams meet is a rock about 120 feet high, on the top of which is an old castle, and from this rock "the town spreads out like a fan, as the land opens between the rivers." On the land side, where the town is not protected by the rivers and castle, it is secured by eight regular and well-built fronts. To attack one of these would have been the formal method of reducing the place; but as there was not sufficient time for such a mode of attack, it was resolved to direct the assault first against the fort of San Christoval, situated on a hill immediately opposite the castle, on the other side of the Guadiana. From this fort, once taken, the British could direct powerful batteries against the castle; and it being once carried, the town lying below it, and not separated in any way, could make no resistance. Such ideas being entertained, instructions in conformity with them were issued by Lord Wellington on the 23d of April 1811; and on the 4th of May the place was invested. The besieging corps consisted of a brigade of British, two battalions of Portuguese, and one of militia, amounting to about 4000 men in all.

With all this preparation, not a single step of any consequence was gained. From the 5th to the 13th of May the siege continued, the utmost exertions being used to obtain possession of San Christoval, on the capture of which all depended. From the night of the 8th till the 10th, the men laboured to erect a battery against the fort, exposed, in the meantime, to a heavy shower of musket-balls from the fort, and gunshot and shells from the town opposite. On the 10th, 400 of the British were killed repelling a sortie; and thus, says Colonel Napier, "five engineers and 700 officers and soldiers of the line were already on the long and bloody list of victims offered to this Moloch, and yet only one small battery against a small outwork was completed." Even this was of no use, for four or five of its guns were soon disabled by the fire from the fort, and many more of the besiegers killed. Ere a single advantage could be gained to compensate for such losses, intelligence was received that Marshal Soult was advancing, and a stop was put to all the operations; the first siege of Badajoz having thus turned out a total failure—a pool of misspent blood.

BATTLE OF ALBUERA, AND SECOND SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

We have another melancholy instance of the waste of human life in the battle of Albuera, fought on the 16th of May 1811, between the British forces under Marshal Beresford and the French under Soult. Albuera is a village about twelve miles to the south-east of Badajoz. In this terrible battle the British

performed prodigies of—folly; bravery thrown away on a most worthless object. They succeeded in keeping their ground, but at an expense of 7000 men, while of the French 8000 perished. Fifteen thousand corpses lay scattered about in masses on one hill-side; and yet, according to the judgment of Colonel Napier, there was no necessity on the part of the British general for fighting the battle at all, inasmuch as it was risking nearly certain defeat for the sake of nothing. Sad satire upon war, when, owing to a general's incapacity, the poor dead fellows on the field of battle may have not even the consolation of knowing that they were obliged to be dead by unavoidable circumstances! Strange thought! that the hastiness of a general's temper, his deficiency in some particular faculty, or even a casual headache from having drunk too much wine, may be the cause of an unnecessary battle, and so of hurrying a few thousand men out of the world, who might have remained in it with perfect convenience even to the general himself!

A few days after the battle of Albuera, Badajoz was reinvested. Phillipon, the governor of the town, had employed the interval of repose in strengthening the works and taking in provisions. The besiegers commenced their operations on the 25th of May; and on the 2d of June batteries were completed against both the castle and San Christoval, twenty guns being pointed against the former, and twenty-three against the latter. The guns being for the most part of soft brass, and ill-constructed, many of them soon became unserviceable; yet, by assiduous firing, considerable damage was done both to the fort and the castle, although not without loss of men. An apparently practicable breach having been made in the fort, a storming party of 180 men, the forlorn-hope, led by a young lieutenant, advanced to attempt an entrance on the night between the 6th and 7th of June. The forlorn-hope reached the glacis about midnight without being perceived, jumped into the ditch, but found that, in consequence of the rubbish having been cleared away since dusk, they had still seven feet of perpendicular wall to climb, with carts, spikes, and jagged beams of wood placed above it to prevent ingress. Unable to overcome these obstacles, they were retiring, when the main body of the storming party came leaping into the ditch under a fire from the fort, bringing ladders fifteen feet long, with which to scale the walls at other points. The ladders, however, were too short; and after persevering for an hour amid shells, handgrenades, shot, stones, &c. poured down upon them by the garrison, the party were obliged to retire with the loss of 100 men. A second attack of a similar nature was made by a party of 200 men on the night between the 9th and 10th, which proved an equal failure. As the men jumped into the ditch with hurrahs, the French on the walls invited them with mock politeness to come on, seconding their invitation with barrels of gunpowder, shot, and shells. The ladders were now of

sufficient length; but as soon as they were planted, they were overturned by the garrison, or those who mounted them were bayoneted on the top, and flung into the ditch. After 140 men had fallen, the party retired, and as Soult was again advancing, the siege was raised next day—the allies having lost in this second siege of Badajoz 400 men by “proceedings contrary to all rules.”

SIEGE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

It having been considered necessary to capture Ciudad Rodrigo, a town built on a rising ground on the right bank of the Agueda, a tributary of the Douro, Wellington laid siege to it in January 1812. After the usual preliminary operations and precautions, the breaching batteries were opened against the walls of the town on the 14th of January, just as evening set in. “Then,” says Colonel Napier, “was beheld a spectacle at once fearful and sublime. The enemy replied to the assailants’ fire with more than fifty pieces; the bellowing of eighty large guns shook the ground far and wide; the smoke rested in heavy columns on the battlements of the place, or curled in light wreaths about the numerous spires; the shells, hissing through the air, seemed fiery serpents leaping from the darkness; the walls crashed to the stroke of the bullet; and the distant mountains, faintly returning the sound, seemed to moan over the falling city. And when night put an end to this turmoil, the quick clatter of musketry was heard like the pattering of rain after a peal of thunder.” For five days the batteries continued to play; and on the 19th there were two breaches in the walls reported practicable. Accordingly, on that day the stern order was issued by Lord Wellington—“Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o’clock.” As few of our readers may be able to attach any but the most vague idea to this terrible word *assault*, we will attempt to give as precise a description of the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo as can be given by an untechnical person in untechnical language.

Conceive, then, a town built on a rising ground, and surrounded by two walls—the inner of old masonry, and about thirty feet high; the outer built farther down the slope of the hill, and not higher than twelve feet; affording, therefore, little cover to the other. Running along the base of this outer wall, or *fausse braie*, as it is called, is a ditch or excavation, about twelve feet deep, and thirty or forty yards wide, so that to cross it would require some time, especially in the face of a discharge of grape. The ditch being about twelve feet deep, and the *fausse braie* about twelve feet high, the total height of the *fausse braie* from the bottom of the ditch would be about twenty-four feet. Conceive an army of upwards of 30,000 men stationed round this town, among woods, and near convents and other suburban buildings outside the walls; not all lying in a mass

together, but a few thousand men here, and a few thousand men there, so as to face the town on all sides. Conceive further, that by the incessant firing of cannon-balls against two particular spots not far distant from each other on one side of the town, gaps have been made in both the walls, laying open two narrow rubbish-blocked ways into the heart of the town. To carry the town by assault, meant to force an entrance into it through either or both of these gaps, in spite of all that the besieged could do to prevent it. The plan laid down by Lord Wellington was as follows. At ten minutes before seven o'clock, a body of men, stationed on the opposite side of the river Agueda, which runs past one side of the town, were to cross a bridge, provided with six ladders twelve feet long. Marching up to a particular outwork or projecting fortification not far from the end of the bridge, and to which the ditch did not extend, they were to climb it by means of their ladders, overpower the artillerymen, and destroy two guns, which were so stationed as to command the point where the *counterscarp* (the side of the ditch nearest the open country) terminated against the main wall. This was the special duty of party No. 1. Exactly at the same time, however, another party were to advance from another direction, provided with twelve axes, and twelve scaling-ladders twenty-five feet long each. These were to march up to the point above referred to—the junction of the counterscarp, or outer side of the ditch with the main wall; and as it was supposed that ere this the two guns from which danger was to be apprehended would have been secured by the exertions of party No. 1, they would immediately cut down with their axes the gate opening into the ditch; then entering the ditch, they would scale the *fausse braie* by means of their ladders. Having mounted the *fausse braie*, they would turn to the left, and proceed along it, sweeping off all the enemy's posts intervening between them and the great breach. Such was the work prescribed for party No. 2. In the meantime, a third party, issuing from nearly the same quarter as the last, were to march up to a point of the ditch somewhat to the left of the former point, and nearer the great breach. They were to carry six ladders twelve feet long each, by which they were to descend into the ditch; and then they were to hasten along the ditch to the great breach, having ten axes to clear away palisades, or any other obstacles which might be in their way. Such was the part assigned to party No. 3. While these three parties were engaged in their several duties, a fourth party were to be doing their daring work on the great breach itself. There were to march up to the lip of the ditch, directly in front of the breach, 180 sappers, carrying bags of hay, which were to be thrown into the ditch to form a footing by which the fighting men might descend. As soon as the sappers, protected by a fire kept up against the besieged by a regiment stationed on purpose, had accomplished their task, the storming party of 500

men, who had advanced at the sappers' heels, were to jump upon the bags, gain the bottom of the ditch, dash across it, a forlorn-hope of some thirty men first, reach the gap in the *fausse braie*, fight, clamber, and struggle through the rubbish, scaling if necessary with their twelve-foot ladders, and cleaving obstacles with their axes. In the meantime a fifth party, issuing from a different quarter, were to perform a duty exactly analogous to that of party No. 3; with this difference, that instead of entering the ditch, as that party were to do, at a point on the right of the great breach, they were to enter it at a point about as far to the left, turning to the right when they were in the ditch, and clearing their way along it till they reached the great breach. Meanwhile, with all this tending of parties to the great breach, the smaller breach, which lay to the left of the great one, was not to remain unattacked. A sixth body of men, unconnected with the others, were to enter the ditch at a point near the small breach, to which they were to cut their way, storming first the gap in the *fausse braie*; after which they were to break up into two detachments, the one turning to the right, and scouring the *fausse braie* on from the smaller to the greater breach, thus performing a part exactly analogous to party No. 2, only on the other side of the great breach; the other, pushing on from the gap in the *fausse braie* to the gap in the inner wall, storming it also; then having entered the city, to turn to the right, so as to form a junction with the troops who ere this would have forced their entrance by the great breach. The forces having thus effected their entrance into the city, were to be left to their own discretion, or rather to the inspiration of their own fury, for their subsequent procedure; only they were to endeavour, as soon as possible, to open one of the gates of the city called the Gate of Salamanca.

Such, omitting the various arrangements adopted for the support of the parties mainly engaged by other parts of the army, was the order for the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo on the 19th of January 1812. The execution of the assault did not deviate from the order. The evening was calm and chill; and in the faint light of a first-quarter moon, the bastions of the town stood out, gaunt and black, over the gloomy ditch. Not a whisper was heard in the British trenches; but many a heart was beating quick. In the breast of many a youth who that morning had leaped at the thought of the coming glory, strange memories were now stirring; softening, not unmanning. Home, mothers, sisters, old firesides, the village school, the parish church, the river bank, the dear island far away! Down, down ye twining thoughts, and hark that signal! Tenderest hearts be now the maddest! Death or triumph! Up from the trenches start the men in waiting, and in the space in front of the ditch between the two breaches all is in motion. The garrison is roused; the rampart guns vomit their iron rage against the advancing crowd.

In vain. Already the sappers have thrown down their burden into the ditch opposite the great breach; the storming party, led by their forlorn-hope, have jumped the counterscarp, and are dashing on to the gap in the *fausse braie* through balls and bullets. Nor are they the first to reach it. Already the parties who were to scour the *fausse braie* and the ditch to the right have done their work, and are choking up the throat of the breach with their bodies. Madly the three parties thus united toil on from the gap in the *fausse braie* to that of the inner rampart; while upon their dense and heaving mass the besieged, from their intrenchments, and from the adjoining houses, pour down shells, shot, and blazing timbers. Meanwhile, at the smaller breach, the same desperate fight was going on. Not waiting for the hay-bags, the stormers had jumped the ditch, and pushed on to the *fausse braie* under a smashing fire. The breach was so narrow, that a gun placed lengthwise almost blocked it up. Trying to squeeze itself through this opening, the mass was staggered by the terrible fire from above. With gnashing teeth they threw their muskets simultaneously to their shoulders, and, goaded by the instinct of revenge, snapped the locks, although not one piece was loaded. The commander of the storming party, Major Napier, fell wounded by a grape shot, calling to the men to trust to their bayonets. Every officer in the party now sprang to the front, and with one terrible hurra the gap was carried. Then, according to orders, breaking up into two detachments, one party pushed on for the inside of the town, the other turned to the right, and swept along the *fausse braie* to the great breach. They came just in time. The French lost hope as they appeared, and the mass of stormers, enlarged by their addition, burst through the inner rampart. At this moment, however, the explosion of three small mines blew many of the bravest of them into the air; among whom was the commander, General M'Kinnon. Both breaches having now been carried, the fighting soon ceased, and the town was won. The whole army now plunged in, some from one quarter, some from another. Fury and brutality succeeded; and the men, their throats parched and their eyes blood-shot with the battle-fever, rushed through the streets to drench themselves in intoxication and excess. Churches were ransacked, doors split open, wine and liquor casks torn from shops and cellars, and many houses were set fire to. In vain the officers ran hither and thither to stop the frenzy; the men, on other occasions amenable to discipline, and even many of them respectable and well-behaved, threatened their officers, and shot each other. At last the uproar increased to absolute lunacy; a fire was lighted in the great powder magazine, which would have blown the whole town, besiegers and besieged, to atoms, had it not been extinguished by a few men who kept their senses.

Such was the awful storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, in which about 1600 men fell; 300 of the besieged, and 1300 of the besiegers.

ASSAULT OF BADAJOZ.

No sooner was Ciudad Rodrigo in the possession of the allies, than Lord Wellington prepared to besiege Badajoz for the third, and, as it proved, for the last time. Accordingly, he quitted Ciudad Rodrigo on the 5th of March, and on the 16th Badajoz was invested. The brave and able governor, Phillipon, had provisioned the place for several months, and made incredible exertions so as to render its capture as difficult as possible. A different mode of attack was adopted from what had been pursued on the two former occasions. Without describing this mode of attack, suffice it to say that, after great loss on the part of the besiegers, the breaching batteries did their work in the walls, and it was resolved to carry the town by assault on the night of the 6th of April. Never were soldiers so eager for their desperate work; and never did general, with such cool resoluteness, issue orders of such astounding tenor. "The fort of Badajoz is to be attacked at ten o'clock this night. The attack must be made on three points—the castle, the face of the bastion of La Trinidad, and the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria. The attack of the castle to be by escalade; that of the two bastions by the storm of the breaches." Such were the first three paragraphs of the order issued by Wellington for the direction of the assault: after which follow twenty-four other paragraphs, prescribing, with the most awful distinctness, all the details that were to be observed. Besides the three main points of attack above specified, several other points were to be assaulted, so as literally to encircle the town in a girdle of assailants.

The assault was to take place at ten o'clock. "The night," says Colonel Napier, "was dry, but clouded; the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers; the ramparts and the trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajoz." The accidental explosion of a bomb, by revealing the approach of one of the divisions to the besieged stationed in the castle, hastened the attack by half an hour. Picton's division—commanded first by General Kempt, and afterwards by Picton himself, who, made aware by the sound of firing that the combat had already commenced, rushed out of the camp to head it—made their way to the castle through a storm of bullets. Up against the lofty walls they placed their heavy escalading ladders; brave men ascending first, others swarming at the foot, eager to follow; while down, perpendicularly down, rained stones, crashing logs of wood, bars of iron, and bursting shells, the descending shower intersected slantwise by an iron sleet from the musketry of both flanks. Those who gained the top were thrust through with pikes and bayonets,

and flung down; some of the ladders were broken; and the shrieks and shouts of men mingled with the sounds of rasping stones, exploding bombs, and crashing timbers. The British were repulsed, and fell back a few paces. The French shouted. One moment, and back to the walls flew a young officer, Colonel Ridge of the 5th. "Follow me," he cried in a voice heard and obeyed; and again a ladder leant against the castle. Up flew the youth, his sword flashing above his head, and bayonets bristling on the ladder behind him, while at the same moment a second ladder was freighted with its eager load. A few seconds, and the summit was mounted by Lieutenant Canch of the same regiment. Ridge and others soon joined him. The French gave way astonished, retired into the town with a few parting volleys, and the castle was won—the battlements strewed with the corpses of the assailants, young Ridge amongst the number.

Meanwhile the attack had been made on the breaches in the bastions. The divisions approached the ditch unchecked. "Not a shot," says Mr Alison, "was fired on either side. Silently the hay-packs were let down, the ladders placed to the counterscarp, and the forlorn-hopes and storming parties descended into the fosse. Five hundred of the bravest were already down, and approaching the breaches, when a stream of fire shot upwards into the heavens, as if the earth had been rent asunder; instantly a crash louder than the bursting of a volcano was heard in the ditch, and the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder barrels blew the men to atoms. For a moment the light division, which was to follow them into the ditch, paused on the edge of the crater, then with a shout, which drowned even the roar of the artillery, they leaped down into the fiery gulf, while at the same moment the fourth division came running up, and poured over with the like fury." The preparation of the mine in the ditch was not the only device which the remorseless ingenuity of Phillipon had fallen upon for the defence of his charge against assault. A deep cut in the bottom of the ditch had been filled with water by inundation, and into this trap a great part of the first division fell; no fewer than 100 veterans, who had stood unscathed on the hill at Albuera, perishing by suffocation in the horrid pit. Not a moment were the rest checked by this disaster; without a word, and almost mechanically, they turned a little to the left, avoiding the pit themselves, but with no more appearance of alarm than if they had expected so many of their comrades to disappear about that spot. The ditch was now filled, the rear pressing on, and all cheering vehemently, making for the breach of La Trinidad. In the darkness there was some difficulty in finding it. "The enemy's shouts too," says Colonel Napier, "were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy

roll and horrid explosion of the powder barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din. Now a multitude bounded up the great breach, as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together, and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front, the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity; for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to the ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged."

In vain did the men, clambering over the treacherous planks, dash against the spiky barrier which guarded the breach. In vain did the rear, all other feelings annihilated in the rage of arrested onset, push on the front, blunting the spikes with the writhing and wriggling bodies of their own comrades; the barrier was immovable, and the fleshy sheath was useless. In vain did some try to squeeze their way through the spikes underneath—their heads were pounded to pieces by the butt-ends of French muskets. Thus was the mass gathered in the ditch, heaving idly to and fro—a roaring human swarm, from which gunpowder lightnings from above, and gunpowder explosions from beneath, were shredding off incessant ragged fragments. Never since the invention of gunpowder had its blasting terrors been so displayed. There, within a few acres of God's earth, chalked out of the darkness of night, were tongues of fire darting to and fro through the black air, each tongue winged by human hatred, and licking up its patch of human life! Ah! and in this Miltonic contest, which side was the angelic?

Two hours having been spent in vain efforts, "the soldiers," says Colonel Napier, "became convinced that the breach of La Trinidad was impregnable. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up at it with sullen desperation, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fireballs which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, '*Why they did not come into Badajoz?*'" In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal a sickening stench proceeding from the burnt flesh of the slain," an attempt was made to force an entrance into the other bastion, that of Santa Maria. This attempt likewise failed. It was now midnight. Two thousand men had fallen, and Badajoz was yet to

win. Wellington, during the two awful hours, had been listening to the roar of conflict from a height near some quarries. At midnight an officer came and reported to him the capture of the castle. "Who brings that intelligence?" said Wellington, looking up. "Lieutenant Tyler," was the reply. "Ah, Tyler! well, but are you sure, sir?" "I entered the castle with the troops; have but just left it, and left General Picton there." "With how many men?" "His whole division." "Well, return, sir, and bid General Picton maintain his position at all hazards." On receiving the welcome intelligence, Wellington sent orders to the surviving troops in the ditch to retire, and form again for a second assault, which he anticipated might be more successful than the first. Accordingly, the stormers retreated from the ditch; not, however, without additional carnage from the enemy's fire.

The fate of the town, however, already decided by the capture of the castle, was precipitated by the success of one of the other attacks, which, it had been arranged, should be made simultaneously with those on the castle and the bastions of Trinidad and Santa Maria. Quite at the other side of the town from the place at which the terrific contest which we have been describing had been raging, was a bastion called San Vincente, which Lord Wellington had directed to be escaladed. After crossing the ditch through the enemy's fire, the assailing party made the attempt; but the walls being thirty feet high, they found their ladders to be too short. A spot, however, was at length discovered where, in consequence of an embrasure, in which fortunately also there was no gun, the height was only about twenty feet; and as at that instant the defenders of the bastion were thinned by the departure of some of them to assist in retaking the castle, the assailants were able to place their ladders with less opposition. The ascent, however, was difficult; and the ladders were so much too short, that the first man had to be pushed up by those beneath him, and then to assist in pulling the others up. Still the bastion was entered; and after a desperate fight, and a panic occasioned by the cry that there was a mine beneath them, the troops forced their way into the town, and rushed through the streets in order to reach the breaches on the other side, where, coming upon the rear of the defenders, they would drive them off, and let their fellow-soldiers in. Guided by the distant sound at the breaches, they pushed on. The streets were deserted, and brilliantly lighted. No one sought to impede their march; only now and then a lattice was opened gently, as if some woman were peeping timidly out; and a sound of people whispering was heard inside the houses. Through this city of enchantment the troops advanced, their British bugles sounding, towards the roar and the crash on the ramparts. In their way they overtook some mules carrying ammunition to the breaches. A few combats took place as they approached the decisive spot; but the struggle was

soon over. The garrison dispersed through the streets, and the brave Phillipon escaped to San Christoval, where he surrendered next day. The bugles rung out their notes of triumph from castle and bastion, and Badajoz was conquered.

Alas! the whole is not yet told. "Now," says Colonel Napier, "commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All, indeed, were not alike—for hundreds risked, and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled!" A gallows was erected in the principal square of the town, on which, by Wellington's orders, several soldiers were hanged before order could be restored among the rest.

Such was the memorable assault of Badajoz on the night between the 6th and 7th of April 1812. In that night fell 3500 men; a number which, added to the losses sustained during the previous days of the siege, made the entire loss at Badajoz amount to 5000. Five generals were wounded in the assault, and an immense number of officers were among the killed. At the breaches alone, upwards of 2000 men were sacrificed. How awful must have been the havoc of that night, may be judged from the fact, that Wellington himself, with all his iron firmness, could not contain himself when the extent of the loss was reported to him, but gave way—we use the words of the narrator—to a burst of passionate grief!

CONCLUSION.

The preceding sketches, impressive in some respects as they are, afford, after all, but a faint idea of the miseries and losses incurred by a state of warfare. It has been calculated that in fifty battles fought by Cæsar, there were killed, one way and another, two millions of human beings; and if we assign an equal number to Alexander, and double the number to Napoleon, which we are fairly entitled to do, then to three military butchers may be ascribed the untimely and violent death of eight millions of the human family! To the many smaller actors, however, in the drama of war, an infinitely greater amount of slaughter may be ascribed, and with the same fruitless results. The insane love of military glory, thirst for acquiring territory, and vulgar tyranny and ambition, have unitedly destroyed more lives than it would be possible to reckon.

Between the years 1000 and 1815, there were twenty-four different wars between England and France, twelve between England and Scotland, eight between England and Spain, and seven with other countries—in all, fifty-one wars. The utter uselessness of most of these savage encounters, as respects any good end accomplished, and the enormous cost of lives and property at which they were conducted, are melancholy matters of history. During the eight centuries above specified, England did not enjoy one hundred years of peace. It was pretty nearly always fighting with one country or another; and justice compels us to say its wars were more generally caused by its own arrogant assumption of authority than by any aggression on its rights. Scotland, Holland, and France have been successively its butt. Ambitious, irascible, and jealous of power, it has never been long at peace with its neighbours. We are ashamed to mention the reasons for some of its declarations of war; yet it is important that the rising generation should be acquainted with the truth. In 1664, only four years after the restoration of Charles II., that monarch declared war against Holland—the country which had sheltered him in adversity—on pretences so frivolous, that we must ascribe the real cause of quarrel to a mean jealousy of the Dutch commercial prosperity. Two English ships had been taken by the Dutch; and though they offered to make a proper compensation, Charles would not accept it, but immediately proceeded to hostilities. After three years of war, during which great damage was mutually done, both sides were equally weary of the contest, and a peace was concluded at Breda in July 1667. The next great folly in which England was concerned, was a war got up by William III. against Louis XIV. in 1689, and for no other assignable reason than a wish to humble the pride of the French king. In 1697, after a bloody and expensive war of eight years, a peace was concluded at Ryswick, no object whatever having been gained. The pride of Louis XIV. had not been in the least degree humbled. This idiotic war cost England *twenty-one and a half millions of pounds*, and one hundred thousand men! The exportation of food to feed the army of William and his allies caused a dearth, which led to fearful sufferings among the people. In Scotland alone eighty thousand poor persons died of want.

When Queen Anne ascended the throne in 1702, she proceeded to prosecute the design which her predecessor had formed—to humble the pride of the Bourbon family, by depriving Philip of the crown of Spain, and compelling the French king to adhere to the second treaty of partition. Accordingly, war was declared against France in May 1702 by England, Holland, and Germany; and after it had been prosecuted eleven years, with various success, a peace was concluded, and signed at Utrecht, on the 11th of April 1713. But the grand object for which the war had been undertaken was finally aban-

doned. King Philip was left in quiet possession of the Spanish crown.

During this war, one of the most complete victories was obtained over the French that ever was recorded in history. Ten thousand French and Bavarians were slain in the field of battle; the greater part of thirty squadrons of dragoons were drowned in the Danube; 30,000 men were made prisoners of war, including 1200 officers; 100 pieces of cannon were taken, together with twenty-four mortars, 129 colours, 171 standards, 3600 tents, thirty-four coaches, 300 laden mules, two bridges of boats, fifteen boxes and eight casks of silver. But notwithstanding these signal acquisitions, the nation was a considerable loser; for the expense of the war, as stated by Sir John Sinclair, amounted to £43,360,003, which made a serious addition to the national debt, and to the taxes that were laid on the people to pay the interest of it.

During the reign of George II. a war was begun, in the latter end of 1739, between England on one side, and France and Spain on the other, which terminated in a peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, after a contest of nine years. The expenses of this war are stated at £46,418,689.

Notwithstanding the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (which concluded a war in which nothing was gained by any party but the experience of each other's strength and resources), peace was not of long continuance. The cessation of hostilities was only an interval of repose, in which the nation might recruit its strength to fight again. In 1754-5, a dispute arising between England and France concerning a tract of land in the back parts of America, each party charging the other as the aggressor, involved the two nations in an eight years' contest; when, as an eloquent writer observes, had the parties interested alone been consulted, a jury of twelve men might have settled the difference.

At length the resources of England were nearly exhausted; men could not be procured without great difficulty, and the enormous sums required to continue the war became oppressive upon the people. In plain terms, both sides were so weakened with the loss of blood and treasure, that they could fight no longer, and a peace was concluded in February 1763.

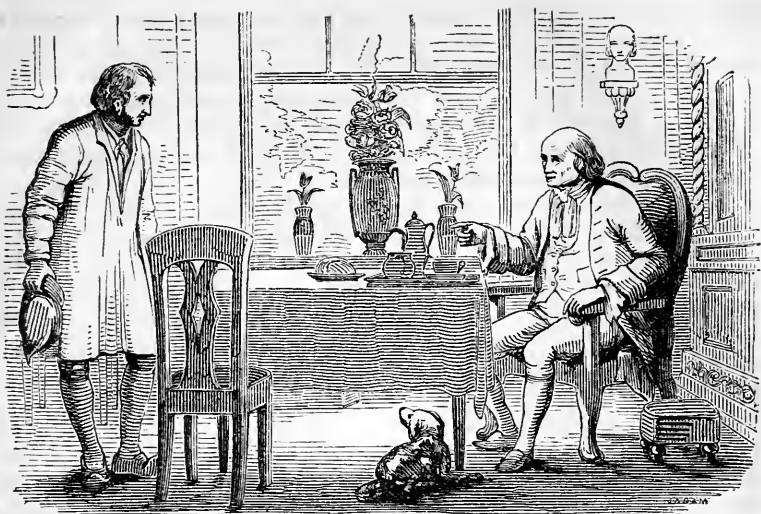
This war is said to have been the most fortunate in which England ever engaged; 100 ships of war were destroyed or taken from the enemy, and £12,000,000 sterling acquired in plunder, besides immense acquisitions on the continent of North America. But these victories and successes cost the nation £111,271,996 sterling, and two hundred and fifty thousand lives! Such was the indemnity which England obtained for the past!

England was not long permitted to enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity. In the course of recovering her natural strength and affluence, she was again interrupted by the un-

happy and calamitous contest with the American colonies, which broke out in 1775. After a struggle of seven or eight years, in which England lost 200,000 lives, and expended £139,171,876 sterling, peace was signed between the contending powers at Paris on the 3d of September 1783, by which Great Britain acknowledged the thirteen provinces of North America free, sovereign, and independent states.

Next came the war levied first against the French republic, and afterwards against Napoleon Bonaparte. In the early part of the century, it had been the great object of England to humble the French monarchy, and now that it was sufficiently humbled, the object was to reinstate it in power. The war began in 1793, and lasted till 1801; and recommencing in 1803, it continued till 1816. The expense incurred for this protracted, and, as it is now believed to have been, useless struggle, amounted to the enormous sum of *seventeen hundred millions of pounds*, which was raised partly by taxes, and partly by borrowed money! Without borrowing money, none of the wars could have been carried on. The debt thus incurred by the nation has consequently increased in exact proportion to the number and extent of the wars. At the revolution of 1688, the debt amounted to only £664,263; and at the peace of 1816, it was £864,822,461; the interest of which, to be paid annually out of the taxes, was £28,341,416. What embarrassments to trade, what privations and inconveniences, are caused by this inheritance of debt and taxation, need not be particularised; nor is it any consolation to remember that the greater number of the wars which led to so unpleasant an infliction were far from being unpopular at the time of their occurrence.

It would almost seem, from recent events, that war is no longer desired or maintained by *governments*, but by the *people*. No sovereign of any civilised state now seeks to promote war for the mere sake of conquest, or from any other vulgar motive. Knowing the fearful cost at which war is conducted, governments appear to be more anxious to allay than to foment differences. In many instances, however—as, for example, in the case of the war of the French in Algeria—the ruling power is a puppet in the hands of the people; and unless the people have the intelligence so to will it, the government cannot, with regard to its own safety, refuse to enter upon and sustain a warlike struggle. Let us hope that, by the progress of intelligence, the nation to which we belong may in future be saved from any acts so outrageous to common sense and humanity. Let us also soon see the prevalence of correct opinions on what is scarcely less objectionable than war itself—an *armed peace*, in which nations are kept in agitation through their mutual jealousies and unjustifiable alarms. That the principle of free commercial intercourse will, more than anything else, remove such jealousies and their consequences, is one of the most gratifying discoveries in political science.



STORIES OF AIMS AND ENDS.

FIRST STORY.

I.

THE scene of our story opens in a pretty country-house near a village in France. The master of the mansion, the venerable M. Grandville, has called in Jacque Denoyer, his gardener, with whom he desired to have some conversation.

"Please to sit down, Jacque; take a chair," said M. Grandville. "I want to have a little chat with you. Sit down, I tell you."

Jacque Denoyer seated himself near the door of the parlour where M. Grandville was breakfasting; he had a look of uneasiness, and a sudden blush gave a deeper colour to a face already embrowned by the sun.

"I am quite satisfied with you," continued M. Grandville. "If you go on the rest of the year as you have done this month of trial, I do not think we shall soon part with each other; as far at least as depends upon me. And now, Denoyer, are you quite satisfied here? Have you not too much to do? Can you manage both stable and garden?"

"Why not, sir?" replied Jacque Denoyer. "If I had ten times as much to do, I would not complain. Can I ever do enough for you, sir, who have saved from misery myself, my wife, and our three children?"

"One thing astonishes me, Jacque, and that is the extreme

poverty in which I found you and your wife; and now that I am better acquainted with you, I am still more astonished at it. At first I believed you to be indolent, or destitute of ability; but I find you intelligent, quick, willing, a good gardener, and an excellent groom. I have even perceived that you are not without industry; that you are ready to supply exigencies which often occur in a country place. Besides, you are not a bad mechanic, and you even know how to read and write. How comes it, then, that in a country like this, where there are rich proprietors, manufactures of all kinds, marble quarries, and forges, in which any one who has hands may get employment—how comes it, then, that at your age you were destitute?"

The embarrassment of Jacque Denoyer visibly increased; he twisted and twirled his hat in his hands, without daring to raise his eyes; and it might have easily been guessed that he would have preferred being anywhere else than in M. Grandville's breakfast parlour.

"Jacque Denoyer," said he, in a tone full of kindness, "it is not as a master, it is as a friend I ask you these questions—it is as a man well convinced that it is never too late to endeavour at least to correct a defect or a vice which compromises both our own well-being and that of those who depend on us. Yes, my friend, let us have but the will, and we may at any age eradicate evil inclinations or pernicious habits. Come, speak openly. Tell me how you, who seem to be so clever a man, should be so very poor a one?"

Thus encouraged and spoken to by his master—a thing not unusual in France—Jacque commenced his story.

"I am the son of a decent, well-doing man, who followed the profession of a stone-carver in the town of Troyes. When still young, my father taught me a few things, and was quite pleased with my quickness of learning. M. Imbert, who was acquainted with my family, and who was the best architect in the town of Troyes, desired to see me on my father's report of me; and he said to him before me, 'You must put this child to school; he will learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing; when he is thoroughly instructed in them, I will take him to my office, and if he continues to show talent, we will make a distinguished master mason of him, or else an architect, as I am.'

"You may suppose, sir, how delighted my father was and my mother also. I was the only one spared to them of ten children, and they caught eagerly at the thought of making a gentleman of me, like M. Imbert.

"After I had attended school for about a month, the master began to take notice of me. No sooner did I wish, than I learned. But I never gave myself any trouble, and I did as much business in ten minutes as the others did for the four hours of school. But when I knew that I was a genius, it was then indeed I took matters easy. Yes, sir, the master, the neighbours,

the gentlemen of the town who examined me, said so to my father; and the poor dear man did not know himself for joy at having a son a *genius*.

"Although I did not very clearly know what a genius was, I was a good deal puffed up with the idea of being one, and on that account took things easily at school, learning only now and then when in the humour, but in the main passing ahead of my schoolfellows. At the last public examination I went through before leaving school, I distinguished myself by my answering; and the master said to me, 'You will get on, however little you may work.'

"M. Imbert, who was present at the examination, took me home with him according to promise, and thus was I most advantageously placed for making my way in the world. I was at first delighted at the thought of becoming an architect, so much the more as M. Imbert was goodness itself, and took great interest in me: but at the end of a year I had got enough of it. I felt a great desire to try something else. M. Imbert began to see my indifference, or rather my unwillingness, to stick steadily to his business. He remonstrated and scolded in a way far from pleasant. 'Jacque,' said he, 'I am afraid you will never do any good—Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none.' Tired of this sort of dog-life, and with a mind to be a soldier, I was more than half-pleased when I was drawn by the conscription. My parents, as you may well believe, were greatly grieved at it; but so was not I. Ah, sir, at that time the uniform was so handsome! and I, a youngster, already saw myself a captain, colonel, general, and what not beside. I seemed as if I had nothing to do but to put my foot in the stirrup. There were a great many raw recruits like myself, but then I had received a better education than most of them."

"Well, I hope you did your duty as a soldier?" observed M. Grandville.

II.

"You shall hear," proceeded Denoyer. "On entering the army, I soon found that all is not gold that glitters. It is one thing to idle about the streets in a gaudy uniform, and another to endure fatigue, wounds, and starvation. The Russian campaign was destined to give me a trial of soldiering. I passed three months with the *dépôt* of the regiment, which was quartered in the environs of Mayence, on this side of the Rhine. I was one of five or six hundred recruits who were drilled every day, and all day long. I knew my business as well in a fortnight as the oldest veteran; and our officers took notice of me already, and predicted that I should have epaulettes at the end of the campaign. As I wrote a good hand, and spelt well, my sergeant-major intrusted me with his business, which I per-

formed whilst he was amusing himself at Baden, on the other side of the Rhine; and that obtained me some kindnesses on his part.

"At this time my passion for books was stronger than ever. As one was never out of my hand, I passed for a very learned man, which did not at all make me a favourite with my comrades, or even with our officers. For then, sir, people did not think so much of men of education as they do now. What is more, the emperor himself, great man as he was, did not much like his soldiers to be readers. All he wanted was, to see them do his bidding; and he was furious at the notion of any one thinking for himself. Well, the order arrived for us to repair to Hamburg, to rejoin the Maréchal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl. Then we went through Prussia and Poland, and stood fire for the first time at Mohilow. Look, sir, one who has not seen a battle, and a battle like that, where nine of our cavalry regiments were cut in pieces, can scarcely estimate the truth of the Spanish proverb, 'War is the feast of death.' Surely it is the feast of wolves. I felt that day my blood boiling in my veins, and yet my courage was more in exercise in subsequent battles than on that day of Mohilow. Then I was like one drunk or mad, but afterwards I knew the danger.

"I will say nothing, sir, of our horrible retreat, nor of the passage of the Berezina. It has been related by others in their books much better than I could do it. Surely the horrors of that time were sufficient to open the eyes of those who think that to turn the earth into a slaughter-house, and men into butchers of each other, is heroism? If in every war the Chinese saying comes true—I long ago met with it in a book, when I didn't believe it; now I do—'The most brilliant victory is only the light of a conflagration, which the tears of suffering humanity slakes into a smoke, the faithful emblem of its miscalled glory'—if this be true of every war, what must be said of the horrors of this disastrous epoch, in which we had to contend at once with men, the elements—earth and heaven? There are still times, sir, when I start up in my sleep, when in my dreams I am again in the midst of these terrors. No words could place before you the sufferings, physical and moral, then endured. All social ties were broken. Hunger, devouring hunger, reduced us to the brutal instinct of self-preservation; while, like savages, the strongest despoiled the weakest. They rushed round the dying, and frequently waited not for their last breath; and if some preserved enough of good in them to consult their own safety without injuring others, yet their virtue, save in some few rare instances, went no farther. Leader or comrade fell by our side, and we passed by him without moving a step out of our way, for fear of prolonging our journey, or even turning our head; for our beard and our hair were stiffened by the ice, and every motion was pain. Often have I seen real tears of blood flowing from

eyes inflamed by the continual sight of the snow and the smoke of the bivouacs; and then the poor creatures fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands—their heads moved for a little alternately to the right and left—some faint cries of agony escaped from their open mouth—at last they fell on the snow, and died. I saw, but even did not pity them; for what had they lost by dying?

“At Youpranoiii, the same village where the emperor only missed by an hour being taken by the Russian partisan Leslawin, the soldiers burnt the houses completely as they stood, merely to warm themselves for a few minutes. The light of these fires attracted some of these miserable wretches, whom the excessive severity of the cold and their sufferings had rendered delirious; they ran in like madmen, and gnashing their teeth, and laughing like demons, threw themselves into these furnaces, where they perished in the most horrible convulsions. Their famished companions regarded them undismayed; there was even some who drew out these bodies from the flames, and it is but too true that they ventured to pollute their mouths with this loathsome food! But I must not talk any more of that dreadful time.

“Only a few thousands, as you know, lived to come back to France. I was one of them; but I was worn out, and having been badly wounded, I got my discharge. It was some time before I was like my former self, and had quite enough of military affairs. Instead of returning to Troyes a great general, I crawled into it a beggar. The hopes of returning to the house of my poor dear father had very much helped to keep me alive; and what, therefore, was my distress of mind when I found that the good man was dead! M. Imbert, my former master, had left the country. My poor old mother, almost blind, was living in loneliness and poverty; she who had always been so comfortably off. My return to her, sir, was truly a scene. We spent the first day weeping for our country, my father, and ourselves. The next day we began to try what I could do to earn bread; but, alas! everywhere an apprenticeship was necessary, even for six months; and my mother had almost nothing more to sell, and there were two to be maintained now.

“For the thousandth time I was sorry for having been a genius. I wished I had been a plain blockhead, with only as much sense as could have learned a handicraft; for now I should have been above starvation. I considered myself the most unlucky dog in existence; I felt, as it were, that my education had been my ruin.”

“Stop, Jacque, I cannot agree to your reasoning,” said M. Grandville. “Nothing is wanting to him who has a determined purpose, who applies all the energy of his will, and steadily perseveres in the same object; that is to say, he has an end, a single end, to which his every action, his every thought, refers.”

“Well, sir, I had one. All my actions, and all my thoughts,

were occupied with my mother. I wished with all my heart to deliver her from poverty, and to make some provision for her old age, and I could hardly succeed in keeping her from absolute want. The rich, sir, little know how hard it is for poor people to gain a livelihood."

"I know it, and that better than most people, Jacque Denoyer. If I now enjoy a competence, I only owe it to my perseverance in the profession my father obliged me to embrace against my will, and from which all my tastes revolted. But, like you, I had an aged and infirm mother, with no other support but myself; and, more than you, I had a sister also to provide for. My mother lived to a great age, surrounded with all the comforts of life. She had seen my sister and myself well settled, and she died in the midst of her grandchildren, blessing us with the fondest affection."

Jacque Denoyer made a motion as if going to rise; he appeared greatly moved; but remained in his place.

"Sir," said he, after a moment's pause, "my mother blessed me also! Notwithstanding, she died with great grief at heart; she knew not what would become of me; and in fact I knew not myself. I wished much to leave the town; for in Troyes our equals had seen us well off and well clothed, and I was then so wretched. M. Deschamps, a solicitor, whom I knew by name, was at this time in want of a trustworthy man to carry money to Bar-upon-Seine. Some one mentioned me to him. He would only pay my expenses there, but not back. I did not care for that, as I did not intend returning to the town. I knew that my mother had a brother who was living in the environs of Bar-upon-Seine, so I resolved to go to him. I knew of no other relation in the world, and so I set out. Ah, sir, my heart failed me when leaving Troyes! I had nobody belonging to me but this uncle, and if he did not devise some plan, what was to become of me?

"An excellent man, sir, was my uncle; every one knew Father Mercier, for so he was styled, for the circuit of ten leagues round. He was considered a very learned man, having studied with the view of becoming a priest before the great Revolution; and so much the more, as he had been professor of the French tongue at Bar-upon-Seine for some time. But for ten years he had lived quietly at Landreville, where he had opened a little school for children. He had no children, and his wife was dead; but Toinette Lerouge, his stepdaughter, lived with him.

"I was received like a son, sir; and at the end of a week my uncle said to me, 'If you will marry Toinette, I will make you my heir. The house and garden are not very large, but they are entirely my own. You know enough to keep school and Toinette also, for she takes my place when I go to the mayoralty to copy deeds. The mayor is fond of us; for my sake he

will employ you when I am unable to work; and if, my children, you do but put your minds to the work, things will go on well.' To say the truth, Toinette pleased me greatly; she was neat and pretty, active at her work, and always in good-humour. The only thing I have never repented of in my life is having taken her for a wife. Yes, sir, if it was to do over again, I would do it again. I say so to her every day; and I have said so to her at a time when we were so unhappy, that the greatest favour the good God would have done us would have been to take us out of this world.

"We were now married. I became a schoolmaster, and filled my uncle's place at the mayoralty. It appeared to me most strange at first, being obliged to bear so patiently with this little noisy set; I who had been in the habit of seeing such strict discipline. I felt greatly displeased at it. There was one point upon which my uncle and I never could agree—it was upon education. He maintained that knowledge should be diffused as much as possible; that we French were in this respect behind every other civilised nation; that it was shameful to find so few knowing either how to read or write; and that the ignorance of the people was in a great measure the cause of their wretched condition. But, sir, I maintained the contrary. My uncle tried to persuade me that my arguments came from a spirit of contradiction; that though I had lost my time, and was ready for everything, but good for nothing, the fault lay not in my reading and writing, but in my character—my love of change, and want of steady application, and many other things which I do not remember. Nor was my employer the mayor behind-hand in his arguments on the same subject.

"One day in particular, after having read me a lecture of an hour long, he said to me—'Listen, Denoyer; I will put a case to you which you will understand, since you have read scientific books, and have been in chemical laboratories. Let us suppose that you, an ignorant man, wished to make use of instruments which you have seen produce marvellous things in the hands of chemists and natural philosophers—what would happen? Not knowing how to make use of them, you would burst the retorts; you would break the instruments; you would hurt yourself, and indignantly exclaim, "All this is good for nothing but to waste time and maim people." But if you have lost your time and maimed yourself, is it the fault of the instruments or of those who make them work wonders, or rather yours, who do not know how to use them?'

"That was a famous argument, sir," said Jacque Denoyer.

"And what answer did you make to the mayor?" demanded M. Grandville, smiling.

"I do not remember, sir. I was more ready with an answer then than I am now. But the mayor, without yielding an inch of ground, said to me, 'Well, Denoyer, both at school

and at M. Imbert's you were given instruments which you did not know how to make use of, because you did not wish to do so. Knowing how to read, write, cipher, and draw, would have enabled you, with the advice of M. Imbert, to become a distinguished man, no matter in what career, if you had been resolved to work; but you were not so resolved. Then M. Imbert was glad to get rid of you, and let you go off as a soldier. In the regiment, your knowledge was of some little use to you; but you did not try to increase it—to extend it—the only means of rendering it profitable. On your return, if you had not known how to read or write, you would not have been able to support your mother, not having any trade at your fingers' ends; for with your head, if even you had not known how to read or write, for all that you would not have been a stone-cutter, like your father, and you would not now be a schoolmaster. Your knowledge, however slight it may be, has been of some use to you in the regiment, at Troyes, and here; it is not that, therefore, which has injured you, but your not knowing how to make use of it—your carelessness, and the changeableness of your disposition, which you have never endeavoured to overcome.' This was very hard to hear, sir," continued Jacque Denoyer. "Happily, the mayor only spoke thus to me when we were alone together. I felt at times that he was right, but I asked myself afterwards—Who will answer for it, but that many of my pupils will be like myself? Instead of following a good trade, they will employ their time now at one thing and now at another; and that in the end they also will only arrive at being ready for everything, and good for nothing. And then scruples of conscience arose, and I felt that, by instructing them, I was not well employed, because I was not at all persuaded of the utility of the instruction that I was giving them. However, sir, things went on pretty well till the death of my uncle; then my disgust increased so very much, that I wandered all day like a troubled spirit. Toinette anxiously inquired what was the matter with me. Ah! Toinette is a woman of sense, and of a kind heart. She entered into my scruples, and said to me, 'Jacque, you must not follow a profession which troubles your conscience. See what you would like to undertake. Even if you should wish to quit the country, I am ready to go with you.' She spoke to the mayor, who was kind enough to write to some person of his acquaintance at Bar-upon-Seine. This person procured me a place as overseer in the paper factory of M. Bonchamp. We bade adieu to Landreville, after having sold our house and garden; and I went to reside with Toinette and Pierre, our first-born, at M. Bonchamp's, at Bar-upon-Seine.

"I should only tire you were I to tell you how from M. Bonchamp I went to M. Laville, from M. Laville to M. Blanche, from M. Blanche to M. Lafond, and from that to I know not how many places. I could not stay long anywhere."

"How came that?" asked M. Grandville, who had listened to Jacque Denoyer with much interest.

"I do not know, sir; if it was not that, continually thinking, in spite of myself, of what the mayor had said to me, I wished to make up for lost time, and laboured to increase my knowledge, so as to render me decidedly good for something. But I was discouraged at seeing how many things I had to learn; and I thought that it was henceforth too late to become a really well-informed or good workman. Once discouraged, I neglected my duty, and thus got myself discharged.

"At first every one was good enough to be astonished at the quantity of things I knew; at my finding a remedy for everything; at my being able to supply, by my own invention, anything wanting in the workshops and in the house. But astonishment and praise were soon succeeded by their getting tired of the interruptions thus occasioned to that part of the business committed to me. They first became exacting, and then unjust. Ah, sir! why did I learn to read and write? Why was I not all my life a good workman, like my father? An excellent man he was! He never opened a book in his life, nor my mother either."

"And does Toinette know how to read and write?" inquired M. Grandville.

"Yes, sir, and to write also very nicely. At one time that, finding nothing to do, I left Bar-upon-Seine as a carrier, she took it into her head to open a class for little girls. During the two years I was absent, she earned enough to be enabled to show me, on my return, my three children comfortably clothed, and some articles of furniture in the house which was not there when I went away."

"Was it you that prevented her from continuing it?"

"No, sir; it was the government. Toinette had no diploma, and you must have one to keep a school; and she was not learned enough to pass an examination."

"If you had remained at Landreville," said M. Grandville, "could you have succeeded your uncle as schoolmaster?"

"Yes, sir; thanks to the patronage of the mayor, who would have given me a diploma."

"And would Toinette have been able to keep the class in your absence?"

"Without the least difficulty, sir."

"Jacque Denoyer," said M. Grandville in a serious tone, "reflect, I beg of you, on all you have just been telling me; then decide yourself whose fault it has been if your lot, and that of your wife and children, have been marked by misfortune. By your own avowal Toinette is almost as well educated as yourself, and her knowledge, far from being injurious to her, has been useful both to herself and young family. How comes it, then, that what has, as you say, been utterly useless to you, has been to her a means of livelihood?"

Jacque Denoyer regarded M. Grandville with an air of astonishment, as he answered, "I cannot tell, sir, and I have never thought of this difference."

"Do think of it, I beg of you," said M. Grandville, rising. "When you have found out the cause of this difference, we will have another talk about it."

Jacque Denoyer rose with his master, and bowing respectfully, returned to the garden.

III.

On entering the garden, Jacque found that his children were employed with their mother in weeding the borders. He passed by them without speaking, and taking his ladder and pruning-knife, went to tie up and dress the vine, which was beginning to shoot. As he worked, the mind of Jacque Denoyer was occupied with more serious reflections than he had ever had in his life. For a moment a blush overspread his countenance, as he felt how inferior he was in all points to his courageous Toinette, who had never desponded as he had done, and who had contrived, with the little knowledge she possessed, to give bread to her children, and even to her husband.

How was it that, endowed with many advantages, and aided by almost every one he met, he had all his life remained in obscurity and even in indigence, whilst many of his old companions, much less gifted by nature, and less favoured by circumstances, had contrived to gain, if not a competence, at least a livelihood? How was it that he always found himself ready for everything, and good for nothing?

But it was in vain that Jacque Denoyer put these questions to himself for nearly two hours that day; he could not solve the enigma.

In the evening, when the children were in bed, Jacque Denoyer and Toinette found themselves alone together, as they usually were at the close of each day. Living happily together, they sat up a little late at night, either to converse, or because Jacque had some interesting book to read to Toinette whilst she was at her work.

"What is the matter with you this evening?" inquired Toinette of her husband, seeing him dull and absent. "Are you already dissatisfied with this place?" added she with inquietude.

"If I were dissatisfied here," replied Jacque, continuing to straighten the teeth of his rake, "I should be unworthy of so good a master—a master who gives one such good advices."

"What has he said to you?"

"Said! Nothing at all. He wants me to tell him the reason of something, and I cannot find out the reason."

"The reason of what?"

"The reason why I am ready for everything, and good for nothing. I have been torturing my brain the whole day. Sometimes I think I have the reason, and then I say, No, it is not that. It certainly was not self-conceit; for though everybody told me I was a genius, I never believed it; nor did I ever refuse any work that was offered to me, no matter of what kind. Nor was it ambition; for, on the contrary, I have always regretted not having learned my father's trade; and I never aspired to more than to be able to support thee, Toinette, and to bring up our children properly; and surely that was but my duty?"

"Did you tell him your story?"

"He obliged me to do so; and now he cannot be made to believe that it was having learned to read and write that made me ready for everything, and good for nothing, as the mayor used to say; and these words, which he repeated over and over again, seem to me ever flashing before me."

There was a few moments' silence.

"Did M. Grandville say anything about our children?" said Toinette.

"Very little; but I foresee that very soon he will be urging me to send them to school."

"Well, and what will you do?" inquired Toinette, after a little hesitation.

"Listen to me, Toinette," replied Jacques Denoyer. "I have continually in my mind a thought of Rousseau, which struck me as so beautiful, that I have learned it by heart, and I repeat it to myself twenty times a-day:—'Ignorance never does harm: error alone is fatal: and we do not go astray because we do not know, but because we fancy we know.'"

"I am not learned enough," replied Toinette, "to explain to you what seems to me absurd in this thought, apparently so beautiful. There is something in it which I cannot get down. After all, it is a false position; for surely he who does not know the road from this to Troyes will go astray as soon as he who thinks he knows it, yet does not know it."

"Yes, Toinette; but he who does not know the road will ask it, and be told: he who fancies he knows it will not ask, and will go astray."

"That is all very fine, Jacques; but there is something not quite clear in it. It seems to me like something that looks true at first, but is not at all so in the end. I grant that only to know things by halves, and to believe that we know them, may lead us to commit folly; but to know nothing at all——"

"Is much better," cried Jacques Denoyer, "because then one will inquire."

"I have my doubts of that. Ignorant people are the worst off. They doubt nothing, and they go straight before them, without disturbing themselves about where they are going."

"As for me, I am not of your opinion, Toinette. If I had not

fancied I knew, I should not have missed my way as I have done, but should have arrived at something; and lest my children should do the same, I am determined that they shall remain in ignorance."

"And become drunkards, and bad characters; for what else can they then be?" exclaimed Toinette warmly. "Ah, Jacque, Jacque! when my poor stepfather reproached you for having a spirit of contradiction, was he far from wrong? Whose is the fault, yours or your masters', if the instruction which they have given you has not been of any use to you?"

"Come, here you are, like M. Grandville, demanding the why of the thing."

"Not only do I ask you," continued Toinette, "but I will tell you, if you like."

"Oh, indeed you would do me a great service."

"Well," cried Toinette, becoming more and more animated, "I will only repeat what Father Mercier, worthy man, has said to me hundreds and hundreds of times with regard to you—'When a man goes through life without an aim, he travels far, and never arrives.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jacque Denoyer, "there is, nevertheless, a place at which we all arrive, and that is the grave."

"Yes, undoubtedly," replied Toinette; "but we arrive there more or less creditably according as we have ill or well discharged our duties in this world; and it is the duty of every one so to conduct himself as to be useful to himself and others."

"So then you mean to say that all that was wanting to me to succeed was a steady purpose?"

"I only say," replied Toinette, "that we poor people, whose only wealth is in our labour, must have a trade."

"Is not that the very thing I say?"

"Have a moment's patience. It is true we must have a trade. But during those years in which we are not able to do much, it is well for our parents to have schools to send us to. Here we acquire, whilst young, the love and the habit of industry; we obtain the means of employing hereafter our leisure hours in acquiring, without leaving our trade, knowledge relative to that trade, which will enable us to distinguish ourselves afterwards from workmen of the same kind——"

"Unless, indeed," added Jacque Denoyer, "that our only object is to amuse ourselves, and that we read simply for the pleasure of reading, like some one we know. You guess whom I mean?"

Toinette was silent, and hung down her head over her work.

Jacque Denoyer was silent also. What his wife had just been saying gave him much food for thought. In spite of himself, he felt not only that she *might* be right, but that she *was* right.

Jacque Denoyer passed for a very learned man in the village of Juilly le Chatel, only about a mile distant from the house of

M. Grandville; and to say the truth, he knew a great variety of things, but, as has been seen, it did not make him wiser or richer, simply because in his youth, in spite of the advice of M. Imbert, who would gladly have pushed him on in the world, he had neither a determined aim nor perseverance enough to follow it.

The day after his conversation with Toinette, Jacques Denoyer went to the orchard of old Thomas for some grafts, and as he went along, he thought of what his wife had said to him the evening before.

"Well, I really believe my wife has found out the answer to this droll sort of enigma," said he to himself. "I see the thing which is meant. It is to have some distinct aim or end in view, and to bring the will to bear on it, so as not to fall through by the way. A very good idea this, no doubt; but what can a poor fellow like me have to do with an aim or a will?" And that inward voice, which seldom deceives us, answered—"Every man, having a will, may give himself an aim, and, by the persevering exertion of that will, he may reach it sooner or later." Jacques Denoyer at this moment arrived at old Thomas's door, and immediately entered the house.

"You have come just in the nick of time," said he. "Look! here is a packet of papers which I have just received, and which I cannot read, for I am not more learned to-day, as far as reading goes, than I was in my cradle. Ah, if there had been a school in the village in my time, as there is now! Decipher that for me, if you please. Well, I am determined nothing shall be spared in the education of my boy. I have charged the schoolmaster to give him extra lessons if necessary. I wish him to know how to read and write like a notary, even though I may have nothing to put by at the end of the year. Yes, Master Denoyer, not to know how to read or write is to be at the mercy of everybody—of the bad as well as the good, and there are but too many of the former. Education is a real treasure—it is useful everywhere, and at every age."

Amongst the papers that Jacques Denoyer was given to read, there were letters which gave great pleasure to old Thomas. "Why do I not know how to write!" cried he; "I would myself answer my old masters, who are so kind to our children."

"I will answer for you, if you like," said Jacques Denoyer.

"Ah, that is delightful! You will do me a great service."

When the answers were finished, Jacques Denoyer read them out to old Thomas, who appeared at once pleased and dissatisfied. "It is very well said," exclaimed he; "much better than I could say it myself; and yet, after all, Master Denoyer, it is not what I feel here"—and he laid his hand upon his heart—"no, nor exactly what I am thinking of here"—and he touched his forehead. "It seems to me like another language; but for all that, I am just as much obliged to you."

Returning home, Jacques Denoyer could not help thinking of

what Thomas had just been saying, and for the first time it occurred to him that persons who did not know how to read or write were much to be pitied, that they were in the hands of others, and that, even with the best possible intentions, no one, when answering for them, could make them speak as they themselves would speak.

To this thought succeeded many others. At last Jacque Denoyer asked himself if he would wish to deprive his children of a knowledge the value of which he himself had felt so many times?—if he could condemn them to remain all their life in ignorance?—if, in short, he would not be delivering them, bound hand and foot, to be imposed on by every quack, knave, and impostor, at a time when means of instruction were held out on every side—at a time when men of intellect, the friends of human nature, were endeavouring, like the genial light of heaven, to dispel the clouds of ignorance, looking upon them as charged with every evil which can afflict mankind? “Yes; but, but——” said Jacque Denoyer, remembering the use he had made of his natural and acquired powers. For a moment he was ready to reproach his parents, his masters, and M. Imbert, for not having been more strict with him; but then he felt that he could blame no one but himself for not having become what he might have been. He had got enough of warning. “We shall see,” said he, opening the little garden gate. Some minutes after, he was at his work, and, with all the address of a first-rate gardener, was ingrafting what he had brought from his old friend’s orchard.

IV.

“Sir,” said Jacque Denoyer to his master, who had stopped to look at his work, “surely no one would be in want if, as you and my wife Toinette wish to persuade me, it were enough to have an aim and a will; for, after all, sir, the aim of every one is to gain a livelihood, and to live as well as possible.”

“Undoubtedly,” replied M. Grandville. “But if a man’s will is less determined after the first few steps; if he wavers at the first obstacles, and then turns aside to some path that appears to him more easy, and then again to another, and so on to the end; that is to say, till he is no longer able to put one leg before the other, he will certainly have travelled far, but without arriving anywhere; and this is the history of more than three-fourths of mankind. The man, on the contrary, who has a determined aim and a firm will, does every day what ought to be done to attain this end: it is the one object of his thoughts. He does not permit circumstances, which have more or less influence over his lot, to discourage him. The path he has taken is the one which will conduct him to his end. He follows it obstinately, or rather perseveringly. The strength of his will sustains him. He closes

his ear to indolence as to the instigations of self-love. He makes use of his acquired knowledge to smooth the difficulties which he meets, and, distrustful of himself, keeps strict guard over himself. If circumstances not to be controlled oblige him to change his path, he still carries with him, into his new career, the same courage, the same perseverance, till the end—which man, born to labour and to suffer, ought to place before him—is attained; that is, till he arrives at the end of his career, without having been burdensome to any one, and after having been useful to those depending on him.”

“It is quite true,” said Jacque Denoyer, shaking his head; “I must grant that; but it is very difficult, sir, especially when one is young.”

“Jacque Denoyer, it is as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. It is in youth man receives those impressions, and that happy or unfortunate direction, the impress and feeling of which he preserves all his life. We ought constantly to repeat to the child an aim and a will, and constantly point out to him that, without an aim and without a will, man is nothing, does nothing, and will attain to nothing. The trade, profession, or calling, is but the means of arriving at an end. But these means are all-powerful, if we perseveringly use them—if we endeavour to carry them out to the utmost extent. You must not fancy, Jacque, that after a certain age it is not possible to acquire this will, in which consists all our strength. In youth, in order to form a will, we must obey. In riper age, in order to give ourselves a will, we need only will. You, for example, Jacque, have lost the season of your youth, and many opportunities which were presented to you; now you can take warning by your past errors. Know how to will, and you and your family will enjoy the only true happiness which exists here below. Have a firm will, and you will employ your already-acquired knowledge in acquiring more. Books will give you new ideas on gardening. Books will place before you all that refers to the care required by that most noble and useful of animals—the horse. You will learn to improve my fruit and kitchen gardens. You will multiply the horses of the Norman breed that I have just got. By increasing your master’s revenue, you will enable him to do much more for you than his present fortune would permit. Your children will be brought up in the house. They will choose a trade; they shall be assisted in their apprentice fee, and aided in their establishment when they arrive at a proper age. Toinette and you, grown old in my service, will find protectors for your old age, and friends for your boys, in my children when I am no more. Behold the end, Jacque! Now your own will is all that is wanting.”

As he pronounced these words, M. Grandville went away and continued his walk.

“The worthy man!” said Jacque Denoyer, gazing after him for some time; then drying his moistened eyelids with the back

of his hand, began to cut the tree which he had just grafted. "If every one would speak in that way," added Jacques Denoyer, "we should know the reason of things, and then they would become easy. Come, courage! The end is there, as M. Grandville said; now only the will is wanting, and, with God's help, it shall not be long so."

M. Grandville was kind enough often to converse with his gardener. Their conversation always turned upon serious subjects—such, for instance, as the direction to be given to that early education which commences, if we may so speak, from the cradle; and upon the profit which men may derive from the happy and unhappy circumstances which mark the course of a long life.

"In whatever condition our lot may be cast," said M. Grandville one day, "we shall always be able to get on if we have an aim and a will; and we shall always be respectable if we respect ourselves, and if the seeds of a pure morality have been developed in our heart. Yes, Denoyer, I am, as you have been told, the son of a peasant; and, thank God, I have never been foolish enough to be ashamed of it. A kind patron did for me what M. Imbert wished to do for you. Like you, I distinguished myself at the school where he had placed me. He was a notary at Bar-upon-Seine. He brought me home with him, and made me work in his study, which did not please me at all. He perceived my repugnance, and said to me, 'Grandville, now that you have received a certain education, and acquired a taste for a higher grade of life, you will find it hard to resign yourself to merely following the plough. If the profession of the law does not suit you, look well around you, and see what you would wish to embrace; but once having decided, let nothing induce you to change. Your father cannot leave you anything; your mother is getting old; you have a sister. If I am pleased with you, I will do more for you than you hope. Reflect, consider; consult your father, and decide.'

"I consulted my father; I reflected; I weighed the matter," continued M. Grandville; "and courageously I laid aside those books of science which had made me so happy, and surrounded myself only with law books. At my hours of recreation only I studied botany and natural history, of which I was passionately fond, and I often said to myself, How happy the rich must be! They can read whatever they like, and have cabinets full of curiosities out of the three kingdoms of nature. Then I little suspected that books and knowledge are less valued by the rich than might be expected. But I knew by experience that books and scientific pursuits ought only to be used as a recreation by him who must have a profession, and that his daily studies ought to have reference only to that profession. At the time of the Revolution of 1789, for I date very far back," continued M. Grandville, smiling, "I was the head clerk of M. Delaroche. This good old man perished in a riot, on account of the high price of corn. All France was fearfully convulsed. The notaries, with whom were

deposited the title-deeds of the nobility and the principal inhabitants of the provinces, ran great risks. Mademoiselle Delaroche, whom I was to marry, was obliged to take refuge with her relations; and I, after having by her desire collected all the most valuable papers which were in the study, retired to my father's; and my first care on arriving there was to bury the title-deeds which I had saved under the floor of our cabin. The horrible tempest, in which so many families and properties were wrecked, ceased at last; order was beginning to be re-established; peace and calm again returned; and there were no more proscriptions. Some even dared to claim their rights, and regain their properties; and the head clerk of M. Delaroche, upheld by public esteem, became a notary in his turn. Then it was that I felt happy at having overcome my youthful repugnance to the profession. I was able to offer a home to my aged parents and my sister. The comforts by which they were surrounded were all the fruit of my labour. Soon after, Heaven blessed my union with Adelaide; my sister married a rich farmer of Buseuil; and at last the moment arrived when, without neglecting my business, and without extravagance, I could have a library composed of my favourite books. I also had a cabinet of specimens of natural history; a hortus siccus, shells, birds stuffed by my own hands; and, to my great happiness, I soon was in correspondence with learned men, who condescended to think me worthy of sharing the pleasure of their discoveries. My son has as little taste as myself for the profession of the law. My fortune enabling me to allow him to choose, he became a physician; and, residing at Paris, he has distinguished himself amongst the learned men of that great city. He is a member of several learned societies, and will one day perhaps be in the Academy. But, like his father, his daily studies have reference to the profession he has embraced; so that his name is already celebrated in the annals of medicine. I can only repeat to you, Denoyer—an aim and a will! With these you may attain to anything."

"Yes, sir, when one is young," replied the gardener sighing; "but at my age, and when one has wasted time and fair opportunities——"

"The loss of time and fair opportunities is irreparable, is irremediable," replied M. Grandville. "You have now no other resource but to resign yourself to the obscure path which you have chalked out for yourself; but you may still, as I have already told you, render yourself useful to your master, and labour for your children's future good. It alone depends on you, Denoyer, not to be an ordinary gardener or groom. Study! Give but very little, indeed, of your time to books of mere amusement, that your children, guided by your example, may early wish to have an aim—may early feel the power of perseverance. If they are destined only for labourers, you will have at least the certainty that they will be good workmen, good characters, and happy

men. Good conduct always carries its reward with it; and the well-merited esteem of honest people lighten, even to the very poorest, the burden of each day. You will find it in your turn, Denoyer. You will then understand that in every rank general esteem may be obtained; and you will find that this general esteem is, to the man who possesses it, the best earthly source of innocent pleasure and moral strength."

How far Jacques Denoyer profited by the lessons of M. Grandville may be judged of by his words to his son. "I was nearly forty years old when I entered his service; and at forty I was fit for everything, and good for nothing; and so true is this, that had not M. Grandville taken pity on us, and received us into his house, we should have all died of hunger. His kindness did not stop there; he made me examine my past conduct—he showed me that to change one's mind at every moment, if we may so speak, and to have no decided opinion, is the defect of persons who suffer themselves to be governed by passion rather than by reason; a defect which leaves them all their lives like so many grown children, and which proceeds from the want of the habit of reflecting upon what they see, and upon what they ought to do. It is in youth that this habit must be acquired; and then it becomes a safeguard against the commission of folly at an age when folly is inexcusable. Thus he taught me to reflect before I acted; and only from this day out was I a man. My son, an aim and a will, never forget that it is this which makes the man, which prevents him from being burdensome to any one, and which renders him useful to himself and to those who depend on him. You may one day be a father in your turn. Let your children learn from you what you now learn from me—that in order to attain the desired end, you must not wander from the path opened to you by your parents or friends; but that, on the contrary, you must concentrate on this one point all your faculties and all your powers: you must *will one thing*, and will it perseveringly."

STORIES OF AIMS AND ENDS.

SECOND STORY.

I.

IN the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, a district in the east of France, bordering on Germany, some time ago lived Hans Keller, a German by birth, who, after having spent some part of his life as a pedler, settled, with his wife Theresa, and his little daughter Florence. The family was obscure, and had few friends, but those who knew them respected them for their industry. By many they would have been considered poor; but *poor* is a wrong

term to apply to persons who work for their living, and owe no man anything.

When Hans first settled in Nancy, he was doubtful of what means he should resort to for a living, and he unfortunately, from the effects of rheumatism, was unable to undertake any very active pursuit. Where, however, there is a will, there is a way; and those who maintain a good character have seldom any difficulty in getting some one to help them forward. Hans could sew well, and so could his wife Theresa; to this accomplishment, therefore, they resolved, after some consideration, to look for subsistence. Making his desires known to a merchant with whom he formerly had dealings, he was recommended to a tailor as being an honest man, and from this person he and Theresa received employment. They were not, to be sure, intrusted with the principal articles of attire; but although they confined themselves to the sewing of vests, and other light articles, they found in that a means of decent livelihood.

Hans, as a German, knew the value of education, and he accordingly took care, even by pinching himself of comforts, to give his daughter Florence a little schooling. When we say that, with this good *end* in view, he actually gave up smoking—a great sacrifice for a German—any one can judge of his anxiety to get his daughter forward. “Who knows,” said he to his wife, “but Florence may one day be a credit to us. At all events, if she is not educated, she must be a drudge all the days of her existence, and I am determined to give her a chance of being something better than I am. Nothing like looking a little upward. Those who look down, run their head into the mire.”

Theresa, a lively Frenchwoman, had an immense reverence for Hans’s understanding, and cordially agreed in these wise observations. Hans, accordingly, had his daughter taught reading and writing at school, and he himself took pains to instruct her in arithmetic. He also spoke to her in German, so that, when only eight years of age, Florence spoke and read German and French with equal fluency.

Florence was a promising child, and took so readily to learning, that it was a pleasure to instruct her. Many a happy day did the father pass at his work, with his child by his side, conversing with her; telling her some of his old-world stories, or sounding the depths of her arithmetic lore, or trying to astonish her with the exhibition of his, by asking her to write for him in figures eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven. The little girl tried till her father’s smile told her she had succeeded. She had learned to sew, and thus was able to help her parents in their work; and by degrees occupations grew upon her, for, gentle and obliging, all her neighbours came to her to write letters for them to their friends, and in the evening she taught some children to read whom employment in the day prevented attending school. Every spare moment she had, she gave to any books she could

borrow from a neighbour, or buy for the very few pence it ever was her lot to possess.

II.

The time at length came when Florence required to go out into the world, and the question was debated what she should be. She was quite ready to do anything that her parents suggested. "I'll tell you what you must be," said Hans to her one day; "you must go as an apprentice to a mantuamaker. That is a respectable business; and if you conduct yourself well, and show good taste, there is no fear of you." Florence was delighted. She was apprenticed to a lady; but it was only as an out-door apprentice, and she still lived at home.

The duties of this situation were irksome; but what line of life has not its petty troubles? And the mind which shrinks from facing these troubles is good for very little. One of Florence's troubles was the poverty of her attire: the other apprentices affected to keep aloof from her on account of her not being so genteel as they were. Florence was fortunately able to disregard this silliness, and by her obliging and mild disposition made herself friends. Besides, she did not care much for keeping company with the giddy girls, her fellow-apprentices. Her resources for recreation were happily confined to a quiet walk with her parents, and a book. Had she had but a guide or encouragement—any one to put useful books into her hands—how profitable might have been her love for books! Nevertheless, under any circumstances, that love is a benefit. But whatever might have been the extent of the cultivation of her mental faculties, her affections had been fully developed; for in her home, poor as it was, reigned love, and peace, and family harmony. Poverty was not rendered doubly bitter by that which makes the stalled ox a far worse portion than the dinner of herbs where love is. Florence had not to witness the mutual reproach, the angry taunt, that is too often the salutation or the welcome of the endurers of the same hardships. She had never to crouch beneath the rude rough blow, too often the only mode known to the poor man of disciplining his child—a mode debasing alike to both. Her principles, too, were gradually forming. From earliest childhood she had seen temperance, persevering industry, and strict honesty, and knew that the sure ground, the strong motive, was the fear of God. She had seen suggestions to unlawful gain quietly and simply put away, as if such things were not to be dwelt upon for a moment. Such education as this is within the power, within the reach, of every parent. Let each try, as far as in him lies, to surround his child with an atmosphere of honesty, industry, truth, and love. Some parents speak of beginning the education of their children; who can tell how early it has been begun by circumstances? It has been well said

that "insensible education is to the intellectual and moral system the most important, as insensible perspiration is the most important to the physical system."

We have said that Florence's course of reading was too desultory to suffer her to make much progress in actual knowledge, but still her mind was more or less brought into play; and there was an intelligence in the expression of her countenance that drew from a lady, who saw her pass, the remark, "Would you not say that girl thinks?" The girl did indeed think. At that moment her thoughts were serious enough, for that morning she had found that her father's failing sight wholly incapacitated him from his usual work, and that her mother, weakened by illness, the consequence of daily increasing privation and anxiety, could no longer labour as formerly. She felt that she must now be their sole support. She had just completed her term of apprenticeship, and her employers were not very numerous, and the wages for a whole day's work was but eightpence; and as she left them for that day's work, her heart was heavy within her, and, with a feeling of utter despondence hitherto unknown to her, she cried, "Is there nothing but misery in the world?" She tried to dispel the thought by gazing after some young companions who passed her in gay laughter over some merry-meeting of the evening before, and the effort was successful. The happiness of her companions seemed like a hope for her. We are mistaken when we say "Look beneath thee, and thou wilt deem thyself happy." No: more true consolation is in that belief in the existence of happiness which arises from seeing that there are more prosperous lots than our own. Florence felt what has been expressed in the old lines —

"But though I am sad, not so cold is my sorrow,
That nature can't waken a smile in my eye;
And this still warm heart a pure pleasure can borrow,
From seeing another more happy than I."

Certain it is she was always sadder when she beheld any one more wretched than herself.

But Florence's beau ideal of happiness was not the merry-meetings of the young people of her own class. No: it lay rather in being able to learn everything that was in the books she daily saw in the hands of the pupils of a neighbouring school. If she had but money, she too might learn; but there was less hope of this every day, for every day things were growing rather worse. For one month she could get no work, and her mother was weighed down under the pressure of a debt unavoidably contracted during that month. One morning, as she passed by a hairdresser's shop, while pondering how she could relieve her mother from this burden, the idea occurred to her of selling her hair, of which she had a profusion. She entered the shop, but the owner did not want hair. However, he proposed

her coming, on two evenings in the week, for his pupils to practise on her long black hair, which she might thus preserve, while her object would be equally attained by the compensation for each sitting. The girl hesitated; but the thought of handing to her mother even this small sum decided her, and the proposal was accepted. Twice every week did she lend her dark hair and pale face to have tried upon her all the gay ball head-dresses. Theresa's debt was paid, and the little household again went on in its usual course. Florence, however, suffered from her plan: she got violent headaches, and her hair began to fall off in such quantities, that at last even this slender resource failed her.

One evening, while reading that verse of the New Testament, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God," she was interrupted by a milk-woman of the next village, who wanted a letter written to her daughter. As she entered, the good woman displayed, with great delight, a little red shawl. "See," said she, too eager to wait for the customary salutations; "look here! It was my daughter who sent me this beautiful handkerchief. You must write a fine answer for me, Florence, and tell her that I was in great want of the money she sent. Indeed I do not know how I could live, only for her," added the poor woman, as she turned to Theresa, who looked at Florence, and made no answer.

"What employment has your daughter, Dame Charlot?" asked Florence.

"She is a lady's-maid at Lyons," answered the mother exultingly; "and has fifteen pounds a-year wages, not counting perquisites."

Florence neither stirred nor spoke; but her eye had, in turn, sought that of her mother. They understood each other entirely, even before Florence had uttered the words—"I, too, will be a lady's-maid!"

Theresa now laid her hand upon her daughter's head, and whispered, with tearful eyes, "You are right; you may go, my child."

All being thus tacitly arranged, hope was once more an inmate of Florence's heart. Her parents' poverty constrained them to catch at as a hope what nothing else could have induced them to sanction—her leaving them. They eagerly grasped at the idea that she might not be obliged to go out of the town in which they lived, when they heard from a neighbour that Madame Hebert wanted a servant. Florence, dressing herself as neatly as her wardrobe would permit, and lifting up her heart in prayer, set off to look for the place.

Her heart beat audibly as she rang the house-bell; and when the door opened, she was so pale, that the servant held out her hand to support her. She asked to see Madame Hebert; and being shown in, soon told the object of her visit. The lady had

often heard of Florence Keller from an old servant for whom she had written letters.

"You read a great deal, I believe?" said she to Florence.

"I like to read sometimes, madame."

"You know how to write?"

"A little, madame."

"Is it not you who write all Claudine's letters for her?"

"Yes, madame."

"And how much does she pay you for doing so?"

Florence blushed, and answered in a low but steady voice, "She does not pay me anything, madame. The poor do not sell their little services to each other; they have so little to give."

Madame Hebert now put some questions as to her knowledge of needlework, and whether she had done the whole work of the house at home. There was no possible good reason for declining to employ her; and, nevertheless, Madame Hebert did not wish to take Florence into her service. She felt that the young girl had more than ordinary intelligence and refinement, and she dreaded lest she should be above her business. Was she right or wrong? Are the most humble household offices, the greatest minutiae of feminine duty, inconsistent with everything that is elevated, everything that is intellectual? Florence's subsequent history must answer the question.

Madame Hebert hoped that disagreement about wages would furnish a pretext; but Florence was quite willing to leave them to be fixed by her employer, when a short trial should enable her to estimate the worth of her services. At last the truth came out. "I must confess, my good girl, that I should be afraid of your spending your time reading, and neglecting your business."

Florence looked as if she did not quite understand. "Does madame mean to say that I would wrong her?"

"Oh no, no," replied Madame Hebert quickly. "Oh no."

"And yet, madame, I should consider I was robbing you if I employed my time in anything that could occasion the neglect of that which you paid me for doing."

"I am glad you think so rightly; but I assure you I have had servants who had no scruples in that way."

"Believe me, madame," said Florence respectfully, but firmly, "it was because they did not read enough, or read to no purpose."

"Well, my good girl, I will let you know when I make up my mind." And Florence curtsied, and withdrew.

On her return home she tried to look cheerful, but her attempt at a smile made her mother weep. "I see, my child, that you have not succeeded."

"Not to-day; but to-morrow, who knows what may happen."

"Come, cheer up! God is where he was," said Keller. "Cheer up! Whilst the good man rests, the fine weather comes back."

Better luck after supper perhaps. The soup and potatoes are ready, and excellent they are; it was I who boiled them. But, wife," added he, "Dame Philippa has been selling wood all day about the town, and could get nothing ready; a drop of this warm soup will do the old soul good. Go and call her." Theresa ran off with the invitation, while Florence laid another plate, and soon Dame Philippa took her place at the poor man's table.

"It is scarcely fair I should take from you," said their neighbour as she sat down.

"All quite fair, all quite right," said Keller. "When there is enough for three, there is enough for four. And, besides, if we are not the richer by it, depend upon it we shall not be poorer."

They now fell into conversation, and Theresa related Florence's failure in her attempt to get a situation.

"Ah," said the old guest, "they think your daughter is too fond of you; and depend upon it she will never get a place here, even if she did not know how to read."

"Why not?" said Florence, who had no idea what she could mean.

"Oh, just because they would suspect you of taking things out of the house to your parents. My niece Josephine could not get a place here, though she does not know A from B; but they knew that she did her best to help her mother. So, as she had no chance here, she went to Paris, where she is now in a very good place. Ah, Florence, people are very suspicious. If they trusted us more, it might be better; but too many of us have given them cause for distrust. But Josephine writes to me that a lady was inquiring of her about a waiting-maid. What would you say to setting off to Paris, Florence? I warn you that you will never get a good place here. Josephine says the wages are thirteen pounds."

Keller heard of Paris, and put his plate away: his dinner was spoiled for that day. But he said—"After all, it is but reasonable. If I had a boy, it must have come to his turn to serve in the army, and he might have to leave me for the other end of the world: and then, too, we are old; my sight is failing, and my work too; and what can this poor child do for three with only her own two hands? Come, there is no help for it. Who knows but this is an opening of Providence for our good?"

Florence evinced neither pleasure nor grief: her whole mind was full of the one thought—"how could she get to Paris?"

Dame Philippa was thinking of the very same thing. "You must have somewhat more than two pounds for the journey, and you must have something to live upon while you are looking for the place. Josephine has a friend, a workwoman, who will give you a lodging. Now, I think I have found a way of managing the matter. My niece sent me money to take me to see her; you

shall go in my place, and tell her that I cannot go to her for three months to come. Before that time you will be able to return the money, and then I can go."

Grateful, indeed, was Theresa; Florence could only press the good woman's hand. Keller turned to his wife—"I told you how it would be; what we give at the door comes in again by the window! If we had not thought of Dame Philippa this evening, where would the money for the journey be got? A little kindness is often not ill spent."

The preparations for Florence's departure were not long in making. Some calico chemises were put into a small trunk, and a few pair of stockings, knit by a poor widow to whom Theresa daily ministered of her poverty, by taking her a little dinner. This is what Keller called "God's tithe." How much do the struggling classes everywhere contribute of this tithe to neighbours! When Florence took leave of the poor widow, tears were shed by both. "Good-by, good-by, Florence; God will bless you," were the last words the young maiden heard as she departed from the door of her humble acquaintance.

If we dwell on these details, it is because we know how much surrounding circumstances contribute to form the mind. The affectionate union between Keller and Theresa, their readiness to share with their poor neighbours their scanty store, their own cheerful resignation—all this accounts for the development of Florence's mental faculties and affections; for her being so devoid of selfishness, and for her practical good sense.

Two days before her departure, all her relatives and friends flocked to bid her farewell; and, with the tact which affection gives, every one had a story to tell; and it was always of some young girl who, having left her native village from poverty, had returned rich and happy—a kind of indirect prediction, for the fulfilment of which they trusted to time and to the good providence of God. The young girl was sorry to part with these kind, good people; she had often felt that there were thoughts which it would have been useless to have expressed to almost any amongst them; but there was not one affectionate feeling that had not its echo.

III.

Florence had arrived in Paris, and had gone direct to the house of Josephine's friend. That very night Dame Philippa's niece paid them a visit, and it was agreed that the next day should be devoted to showing the lions of Paris to the young provincialist.

Florence was not so much surprised as she expected to be. This is easily accounted for. When we leave our own little town, we know it all by heart—its whole extent—its every street is in our mind's-eye at once; whereas, of the large city into which we are for the first time introduced, we see now one street, then another,

but only one at a time, and in succession, as we walk along ; so that, comparing it with the little town which we have taken in as a whole, it is very natural that we should not at first think the large city quite so large. Six months after, when we can view it also as a whole, it is a different matter.

The next day came, and she was shown the way to Madame Duhamel's house. She was ushered into a room, and the lady began her inquiries.

"How old are you, my good girl?"

"I am twenty, madame," said Florence with a curtsy.

"You can do needlework, and iron, and do up linen?"

Florence replied in the affirmative.

"Can you read?"

At this question Florence turned pale, and seemed in evident embarrassment.

The lady believed her agitation to arise from the shame of ignorance.

"It is no matter," said she to the young girl ; "you will suit me very well. I shall be quite satisfied if you can remember any message I may send by you."

"I can read, madame."

"Oh, very well. You know the wages I give?"

"Yes, madame."

"What is your name?"

"Florence Keller."

The appearance of Florence made a favourable impression ; her open brow, her black eyes sparkling with intelligence, and her demeanour—which, without the slightest degree of servility, was as respectful as possible—had already won the good graces of her new mistress.

"Your occupation will be altogether about myself," said she. "The whole business of the household is divided between five servants, and any spare time you may have is at your own disposal ; with this restriction, however, that you are not to go out without my permission."

Florence drew a long breath. From past failure, she was almost afraid that the confession of her knowing how to read would have been the signal for the breaking off the negotiation. She congratulated herself, however, that she was asked no question that would have drawn out the information of her being letter-and-petition-writer-general for her own little district at home. Had it been known, would she have been rejected ? We cannot tell. These were days—may we hope that they are altogether bygone days—when the education of the poor had to contend with the active prejudices, as it still has with the supine indifference, of the upper classes.

Florence was now installed as lady's-maid. Her fellow-servants were four in number. A cook, who seemed to be of somewhat hasty temper, but, on the whole, good-natured ; a footman ;

a coachman; and the nursery-maid. Rose could not always manage the three children, so that the two elder ones were very often with Florence. Eugene was thirteen, Frances eleven, and little Clemence two years old.

Madame Duhamel pleased at first sight, so expressive was her countenance of kindness and benevolence. Her husband, somewhat older than she was, and very well informed, undertook the education of his children himself.

It is no great proof of the general kindliness of human nature, that a new arrival at a college or a boarding-school is usually regarded with some degree of prejudice. It is the same with a new servant in a house, and consequently Florence met but cold looks at first from the inmates of the kitchen. However, she was so polite at table, and made herself so agreeable by the many nice stories she had read, and was so obliging to them all, that she soon became a general favourite, notwithstanding what they called her fine lady look, and her really white hands.

Florence's room was near the drawing-room, and when in the evening there was music, the young girl thought of her dear father, who used to be so fond of it. "My poor father," said she, "how happy you would be here!" Then she thought that she might one day be able to send for her parents, to live near her in Paris; and the idea dispelled her sadness. Florence was in utter ignorance of the subjects in which the children were instructed. She had read much, but, as we have said, without either guide or system. Yet nothing had been lost upon her heart, which, at once softened and enlarged by the education of love and tenderness she had received in her home, learned something even from the most desultory reading. Mind was developed in the developing of affection.

Already had the young domestic been able to repay Dame Philippa the money she had lent for her journey, and even to send something to her parents. Madame Duhamel, who made the remittances for her, showed her growing approval of her by allowing her daughter frequently to study by her side. Frances was quick and intelligent, she liked reading aloud, and Florence liked to listen. Frances repeated to her the lessons in grammar and history; this was improving to both parties. Madame Duhamel had the kindness and good sense to be pleased with this profitable intercourse. She not only chose books for them, but was often present at the readings, making Florence bring her work into her room, and sit with her. Florence felt at first a little constraint in her presence; but when she saw that it was esteem for her character that induced her mistress thus to condescend, she soon began to love Madame Duhamel as a friend, nay, almost as a mother. How did she long for an opportunity to show her she was not ungrateful, by doing something that would indeed contribute to her happiness! And she sighed as

she thought how little prospect such a poor creature as she was had of ever having it in her power.

IV.

Opportunities of well-doing occur in every situation of life. Florence, we have said, was desirous of showing her gratitude to her mistress, and an opportunity was at hand. Madame Duhamel was not one of those mistresses who take a pleasure in tormenting servants with work, neither did she like to interfere with their ordinary arrangements. She wished to make those about her dutiful by the mildness of her government; but this generosity was not reciprocated in a remarkable manner. Her kindness was taken for simplicity, and was accordingly imposed upon. Florence was distressed at perceiving the many little tricks which were employed to overreach her indulgent mistress; and there was also much waste that ought not to have taken place. It was no easy task for a young girl to awaken conscientious feelings in the minds of the domestics; yet, by the mere force of gentle persuasion, and by performing some good offices, she actually abated much of the dilapidation in the family, without incurring any enmity for her pains.

One thing struck her with respect to her fellow-servants, and that was, their general want of any aim. They seemed contented to be in the same circumstances all their days—did not appear to entertain any idea of what they should do when too aged for their present situations. Here was food for thought to Florence. She had read somewhere that domestic servitude might be to the poor a school of morality—a place for acquiring good manners, good language, and something of the intellectual superiority of the rich; that it might be made a link between the two classes placed at the greatest relative distance on the social ladder. “But,” she said, “if these servants save nothing, and know nothing out of the routine of their present duties, their fate in the end must be very dismal.”

These thoughts may seem rather grave for so young a girl, but she had early learned to think. They did not, however, make her gloomy; she sang and laughed as merrily as any one in the house. One day she entered the kitchen with a newspaper, which she seemed to peruse diligently.

“What is that you are reading so intently,” asked the cook.

“An account of the lodgment of monies in the Caisse d’Epargne [Savings’ Bank] for the last year, with a list of the classes of persons who have been depositors; and you will not imagine who has lodged the most?”

“Why, shopkeepers to be sure; they make lots of money.”

“Not at all; the class who lodge the largest sums are waiters

and house-servants. I, too, will become a depositor. Let us all make a trial. What say you?"

The notion of saving anything was new to all the servants, and they laughed heartily at Florence's proposition. Florence laughed too; but after laughing, she again talked of beginning to deposit a trifle.

"Come, let us reckon up," said she, "how much we can muster as a commencement. I have got nine francs and a half, and will deposit six; and will also take the trouble, without commission, of entering all your names; that is to say, if you will trust me."

As much from the drollery of the thing, as with any serious idea of saving, each gave Florence a few francs to deposit in the Caisse d'Epargne, and that day she completed the transaction by entering all the names, and getting a small book for each. She likewise, on all occasions afterwards, carried small sums to be added to the different accounts; and thus, by a little management, she put her fellow-servants in the way of accumulating something for their future use.

Nor was this all that Florence did to render those about her happy. Let us follow her into the garden, where she has gone with a botanical book, examining the flowers whose history she is studying with Eugene and Frances. Ambrose is there too; not botanising, indeed, but loosening the earth about some shrubs, and thinning some beds of vegetables.

"You are fond of gardening, Ambrose?" asked Florence.

"Oh yes; while I was in the country, I used to work at it with my whole heart."

Florence put her hand to her forehead, as if a bright idea had occurred to her.

"Well," said she, "why not learn every day something of gardening? At your leisure time you could keep the flower-knots in order."

Ambrose rubbed his brow, and seemed to hesitate a little.

"I did not bargain for that, Florence: it is not my business. When I have dusted the sitting-rooms, and polished the furniture, my time is my own—at least when there is no company."

"And it is for that very reason, because the time is your own, that I am anxious you should turn it to profit; and in learning a trade, you would be working for yourself, and making a provision for the future. I have heard my master often say that he thought it his duty to allow his servants some time that they might call their own, and I am sure he would be much gratified to see it well employed."

"Well, indeed—perhaps you are not so much in the wrong after all."

"Listen to me, Ambrose. My master is going away for a month. I will ask him to leave out some books on gardening, and we can read them together. You know how fond he is of

flowers : let him find, on his return, his garden in better order, and you more learned."

"I will try, at all events," said Ambrose.

And he set to work, and was soon bidding fair to be a good gardener. And Florence contrived to find occupation for Bernard also. He did not care about gardening ; but a basketmaker, a friend of his, came to settle in the neighbourhood, and Bernard was soon able to exhibit a straw-basket, his own handiwork. Florence was delighted. No more gambling, no more visits to the tavern, no more lounging and losing of time. Even Rose at last, seeing every one occupied, got tired of having no object ; and one fine day she came with a petition to Florence to teach her to read. This was a great and unexpected conquest.

M. Duhamel was not slow in perceiving the reform in his household. When he came into the garden with his children, he was glad to praise the labours of Ambrose, and to question him about the culture of particular plants. Ambrose showed both intelligence and considerable knowledge in his answers. Once M. Duhamel began grafting a tree under the direction of Ambrose, and he was not a little proud of being thus a more learned man, on at least one point, than his master.

But we must return to the special duties to which Florence devoted herself. She began as lady's-maid, and for some time had little to do with the children, further than being a companion to the elder. An incident occurred which tended materially to alter her position.

Eugene, less studious than his sister, was at times a cause of great uneasiness to his father. He was very inattentive at his lessons ; he was quite tired of studying by himself, and wished for some companion with whom he might talk of the Cæsars of Rome and the gods of Greece. Above all, he utterly disliked learning languages—he saw no use in it ; and it was only at the positive command of his father that he ever took a lesson. His absurd reasoning on this point, and his indolence, led to irritation in his father, the expression of which did but increase the boy's distaste to study. All this was great grief to Madame Duhamel. "His father and I wish him to learn Latin, and German, and English. No man can be a gentleman, or rise to distinction in France, without these languages." This she said one day in Florence's hearing.

"Pardon, madame," modestly observed Florence ; "if you like, I shall try to teach Eugene German ; for I speak that language the same as French ; it is the language of my father."

Madame Duhamel was delighted. "By all means, good Florence, begin to teach Eugene German ; speak to him as much as possible in that tongue."

Here by an accident—and is human life not full of such accidents?—Florence again found herself in a position to be useful. And never did poor girl exert herself with more patience or more

ingenuity. Eugene was one of those brisk boys who would not settle to regular study. Florence, therefore, did not at first trouble him with books; she told him stories, excited his imagination, and gradually inspired him with a taste for learning. Constantly speaking to him in German, he soon learned that language, scarcely knowing how; and, delighted with his new accomplishment, he fell to other languages with avidity.

V.

The Duhamels could not remain unconscious of the great service which Florence had done them; and for this, we are glad to say, they were not ungrateful. Florence was no longer treated as the humble attendant. She had shown herself to be fit for being a permanent companion and governess of the children; and to this honourable post she was accordingly promoted. In this new capacity Florence had many opportunities of improvement; and these, with her usual good sense, she did not let slip. She acquired a moderate proficiency in music; and, from being present at the lessons of the English master, she learned to speak and read English—an accomplishment valuable for its rarity among French nursery governesses.

Step by step as Florence rose in the esteem of her employers, receiving from them at the same time solid tokens of their approbation, so was she the more able to show kindness to her parents, with whom she constantly corresponded. "How happy, my dear child, are we to hear of your advancement," wrote old Hans to her; "and how still more happy to know that your heart is uncontaminated with the frivolities which beset you. Go on in the path of duty. Put your trust in God, and he will continue to bless you."

It would be a long story to tell how Florence rose in the world. There was nothing startling or surprising in any of her movements, taking them singly. And it is pretty much the same with every one in like circumstances, and with similar aims. One thing leads to another very tranquilly and naturally.

"Mademoiselle Keller," said Madame Duhamel one day—for Florence had now got the length of mademoiselle or miss—"would you like to go to Angleterre?"

The idea of going to England almost took away Florence's breath.

"Yes, madame: but no—my father and mother; what would come of them? Ah! I cannot leave my father and mother; they have nobody in the world but me."

"True; but you need not do the less for your parents by being in England; you may indeed do a great deal more. Listen. M. Tremonille is appointed to fill a high official situation in connexion with the embassy to the British court. His family, who

are young, and go with him, require a governess who speaks English. Madame Tremonille has just been writing a note to me on the subject. If you like, I shall recommend you?"

Florence's bursting heart and panting bosom could not, for a moment, permit her to speak her thanks. She was overwhelmed with the magnificence of the offer, and the prospects it opened up; and when she was able to speak, it was to pour out her gratitude, and state her fears of not being competent for the duties of this new and brilliant situation.

Madame Duhamel, however, allayed these feelings, and interested herself so effectually, that Florence was accepted by Madame Tremonille.

In a short time Florence left France with the Tremonilles; and London, like a new world, burst on her senses.

Kind reader, you will not be able to guess where and who Florence now is; and I fear I must not satisfy your very reasonable curiosity. The once poor girl of Nancy, by the force of her simple yet energetic character, rose to be the wife of a learned professor in one of our northern universities; and no lady is more esteemed or admired in the circle in which she has been received. Her parents, I believe, are still living in France, supported in comfort by her munificence; and old Hans is repeatedly heard to say, that although all cannot rise in the world as his dear Florence has done, it may be generally observed that those who *aim well end well*.





ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES.

THE strange race of people, of whom we propose to give an account in the following Tract, are found scattered to the number, it is believed, of about 700,000 souls in all over the whole of Europe, and are distinguished by different names in different countries. In Great Britain they are called *Gipsies*, from the idea of their Egyptian origin, for the same reason the Spaniards call them *Gitanos*; in France they were long termed *Bohemians*, because the first European country in which they appeared was Bohemia; in Russia they are styled *Zigani*; in Turkey *Zingarri*; and in Germany *Zigeuner*—words conceived to be derived from the term *Zincali*, by which the gipsies sometimes designate themselves, and which is understood to signify “The Black men of Zend or Ind.” The characteristic name, however, applied by the gipsies to their own race and language, is said by Mr Borrow to be *Rommani*, a word of Sanscrit origin, which means “The Husbands.”

ORIGIN OF THE GIPSIES—THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN EUROPE.

Although, in all countries, native outcasts and criminals have adopted the habits and occupations of gipsies, and have been even known to associate with them, yet it is established beyond a doubt that the real gipsies constitute a single race, distinct from any other in Europe, and using a language peculiar to themselves.

Thus far all are agreed; but when we come to inquire what

ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES.

that stock is from which the gipsies have all sprung, we find different opinions entertained by different authorities. Some Spanish writers have asserted them to be the relics of the Moors who once inhabited Spain; others have believed them to be of Tartar origin; others, again, have endeavoured to prove them to be Persians; while there have not been wanting persons to maintain that they arose in some eastern part of Europe, and thence branched off into the western nations. None of these opinions, however, gained so wide credence as that which supposed the original country of the gipsies to be Egypt. This idea, which was propagated, and firmly believed, on the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and which is still held by the gipsies of the present day, is proved, however, to be quite untenable. Not only is the gipsy language different from the Coptic, and the gipsy manners different from those of the natives of Egypt, but, what is still more decisive, gipsies are found wandering through Egypt as through other countries, and are there treated as foreigners, just as with us. On the whole, the supposition which is supported by the greatest amount of evidence, and which, indeed, has already displaced all others, is that which assigns an Indian or Hindoo origin to the gipsies. Of the many proofs adduced in favour of this view, the most convincing is that derived from the wonderful similarity between the gipsy language and the Sanscrit or the Hindoostanee. For a long time it was believed that the gipsy language was a mere jargon or slang, resembling the cant language of thieves, and invented for similar purposes. This, however, is a mistake, as could be very conclusively shown. By the industry of various inquirers, a vocabulary has been drawn up of several hundreds of gipsy words; and the number of these which have been found to be pure Hindoostanee, is perfectly decisive as to the Indian origin of the gipsies. The following table may serve to illustrate this, as well as to exhibit the similarity of all the European dialects of the gipsy language :—

English.	German Gipsy.	English Gipsy.	Hungarian Gipsy.	Spanish Gipsy.	Hindoostanee.
One	Ick or Ek	Yake	Jek	Yeque	Ek
Two	Duj	Duee	Dui	Dui	Du
Three	Trin	Trin	Trun	Trin	Trin
Four	Schtar	Stor	Schtar	Estar	Tschar
Five	Pantsch	Pan	Pansch	Pansche	Pansch
Ten	Desch	Dyche	Dösch	Deque	Des
Gold	Sonnikey	Sonnekar	Sonkay	Sonacai	Suna
Eye	Aok	Yock	Jakh	Aquia	Awk
Nose	Nak	Nack	Nakh	Naqui	Nakk
House	Ker	Kare	Ker	Quer	Gur
Water	Panj	Parnee	Pani	Pani	Panj

The conclusion of the Indian origin of the gipsies, to which we are led by a consideration of their language, is remarkably

corroborated by the similarity of character, customs, and occupations which the gipsies exhibit with certain existing tribes or castes among the Hindoos, particularly the Nuls or Bazegurs, a wandering race in Hindoostan, of very low repute among the other Hindoos, and speaking a dialect apparently as different from the pure Hindoostanee as the gipsy is. Accordingly, with the supposition in our minds that the gipsies are the relics of a wandering race expelled from Hindoostan, let us see how far this supposition accords with what we know of their history.

The earliest mention made of the gipsies in Europe refers to the year 1414, when they are said to have appeared in the Hessian territories; and, in the course of a few years from that date, they were to be found in most parts of Germany. "They travelled in hordes, each having its leader, sometimes called *Count*; others had the title of Dukes or Lords of Lesser Egypt. In 1418 they were found in Switzerland, and in 1422 they made their appearance in Italy. The 'Bologna Chronicle' states that the horde, which arrived in that city on the 18th of July 1422, consisted of about one hundred men, the name of whose leader, or Duke, as they termed him, was Andreas. They travelled from Bologna to Ferli, intending to pay the pope a visit at Rome."* Their appearance in France bears the date of 1427. "On August 17, 1427," says an old French Chronicle, "came to Paris twelve Penitents, as they called themselves—namely, a duke, an earl, and ten men—all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of being put to death. Some time after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them again to renounce Christianity." Such had been the account they gave of themselves in Germany, Poland, and other countries where they first appeared. The story seems to have produced considerable sensation; "for," continues the Chronicle, "when the emperor of Germany, the king of Poland, and other Christian princes heard it, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit their country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance, to wander over the world without lying in a bed." Having thus contrived to obtain the pope's sanction, they were able, with the assistance of safe conducts, granted to them, in their character of pilgrims, by various sovereigns and princes, to roam about as they pleased without molestation. "They had been wandering five years," proceeds the Chronicle, "when they came to Paris; first, the principal people, twelve in number, as above narrated, and soon after the commonalty, about one hundred, or one hundred and twenty, reduced from one thousand or twelve hundred, which was their number when they set out

from home, the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police out of the city at Chapel St Denis. Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and one or two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, all their faces scarred, their hair black; their only clothes a large old shaggy garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord sash, and under it a poor petticoat. In short, they were the poorest miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women, who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes; and, what was worse, they picked people's pockets of their money."

It is probable, from these and other accounts, that the gipsies had spread themselves over all the countries of the continent before the middle of the fifteenth century; they did not, however, arrive in Great Britain till the beginning of the sixteenth. Wherever they went they appear to have told the same story regarding their origin and purposes, and so to have procured a degree of toleration which they could not have experienced in any other character than that of religious pilgrims. The manner of their appearance, however, only increases the mystery of their origin. With a view to solve the riddle, let us assume the theory of their Hindoo origin, and glance at the state of Hindoostan at the period corresponding to the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and see whether any occurrence in Indian history can be discovered which will stand to the appearance of the gipsies among the western nations in the relation of cause to effect.

The conquest of India by the Mohammedans, though begun about the year 1000, may be said to have extended over several centuries. One of the most fanatical of the later Mohammedan conquerors of Hindoostan was Timour Beg, who, in 1408 and 1409, ravaged India, for the purpose of disseminating in it the religion of the prophet. "Not only," says Mr Hoyland, "was every one who made any resistance destroyed, and such as fell into the enemies' hands, though quite defenceless, made slaves, but in a short time those very slaves, to the number of one hundred thousand, were put to death." The inference is, that great masses of the population fled from the conqueror, the greater proportion of them finding refuge, probably, in the safer parts of the peninsula; but some, and these probably of the lowest or *Sudra* caste of Hindoos, being obliged to quit the peninsula altogether. Whatever likelihood there may be in this supposition, the theory of the origin of the gipsies now generally adopted is, that they are the relics of a mass of Hindoos, of a very low caste, who were expelled from India during the war of Timour Beg.

Quitting India, we can suppose these wandering outcasts, speaking a dialect of Hindoostanee tinged with Persian, to have slowly pursued their route westward towards Europe; at first, perhaps,

in a compact body, but afterwards in straggling bands. Proceeding along the south of the Caspian, or the north of the Persian Gulf, they would pass into Europe through Asiatic Turkey, some of their number, possibly enough, penetrating first into Egypt. Once arrived in Europe, their route most naturally would coincide with that which the Crusading armies had pursued in a reverse direction, when marching into Asia several centuries before; and this would account for their early appearance in Hungary, Wallachia, and the Slavonic parts of Europe. The rest may be expressed in the words of Mr Borrow. "If," says he, "the Rommani trusted in any God at the period of their Exodus from India, they must have speedily forgotten him. Coming from Ind, as they most assuredly did, they must have been followers (if they followed any) of Buddh or Brahma; yet they are now ignorant of such names. They brought with them no Indian idols, as far as we are able to judge at the present time, nor, indeed, Indian rites or observances, for no traces of such are to be discovered amongst them." The inference is, that even in the East they must have been a contemned and outcast sect, without any of those religious ideas and traditions which the Hindoos, in general, or at least those of respectable caste, were acquainted with. As to the story of their Egyptian origin, it is probable that its authors were the European ecclesiastics, who, surprised at so strange an apparition as these wanderers must have been, and building on some hint that they had come from Egypt, imagined that they saw in them the fulfilment of the prophecy of Ezekiel—"I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate; and her cities among the cities that are laid waste, shall be desolate for forty years; and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries."

At all events, the idea, once started, accorded with the spirit and mode of thinking of the age. The gipsies themselves, cunning by nature, and without the slightest scruple arising from any belief of their own, seem to have accepted with thankfulness the theory of their own origin which the clergy had invented for them, finding in it a passport from place to place, and a protection from the ill treatment which their gipsy habits might have otherwise drawn down upon them, as well as a great recommendation to them in their trade of telling fortunes, Egypt being the reputed land of magic. Conforming to all that was required of them, suffering their children to be baptised, and styling their leaders "Lords and Dukes of Little Egypt,"* they roved about in bands,

* An epitaph in a convent at Stainbach records that, on the eve of St Sebastian, in 1445, "Died the Lord Panuel, Duke in Little Egypt, and Baron of Hirschhom, in the same land;" and one at Pfovz, announces the death, in 1498, of the "high-born Lord John, Earl of Little Egypt, to whose soul God be gracious and merciful." These must have been leaders of gipsy gangs.

absolute heathens in intelligence and heart, astonishing the inhabitants of the towns and villages they visited by the strange spectacle of pilgrim-Christians atoning for their sins by penance, and yet robbing hen-roosts, and practising uncouth arts as they went along.

LAWS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES REGARDING THE GIPSIES.

It was not long before the true character of the gipsies began to be known, and they were looked upon in all countries as a pest and nuisance. Accordingly, we find that, in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enactments were passed for their suppression in all the principal states of the continent. In Spain, an edict for their extermination was passed during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492; and this not proving effectual, similar edicts were issued by Charles V. and his successor Philip II. These severities, however, did not produce the effect intended; and equally ineffectual were the numerous laws passed against the gipsies in France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Germany. Slinking into hiding while the fit of persecution lasted, the black children of Ind always emerged again, wandering hither and thither in gangs, tinkering pots and kettles, stealing, and telling fortunes.

In England the gipsies seem to have made their appearance about a century after their first arrival in Europe, or about the year 1512; and ten years after that date we find a statute of Henry VIII. directed against them. So little effect had this and other acts, that it is calculated that the gipsies in England amounted, in the reign of Elizabeth, to upwards of ten thousand. In this queen's reign very sanguinary statutes were passed against them, which remained in force till the reign of George III., although latterly they had fallen into desuetude, and the gipsies had come to be treated as mere rogues and vagabonds, punishable under the vagrant act.

It is not probable that long time elapsed between the arrival of the gipsies in England and their appearance on the north side of the Tweed. The first mention of them, however, in Scottish history refers to the year 1540, when the following singular document was issued in favour of one of their number. "Writ of privy-seal in favour of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, granted by King James V., February 15, 1540." This writ directs all sheriffs and magistrates to assist John Faa in apprehending "Sebastian Lalowe, Egyptian, ane of the said John's company," with his eleven "complices and part-takers," who have rebelled against him, and "removed out of his company, and taken frae him divers sums of money, jewels, claiths, and other goods, to the quantity of ane great sum of money; and on nae wise will pass hame with him; howbeit he has bidden and remained of lang time upon them [waited for them long], and is bounden and obliged to bring hame with him all them of his

company that are alive, and ane testimonial of them that are dead." The document then goes on to express the king's sorrow that John Faa cannot get his people to take them home to "their own country, after the tenour of his said bond, to his heavy damage and skaith [hurt], and in great peril of tynsel [loss] of his heritage, and express against justice." Then follows an order to all sheriffs, &c. to lend John Faa their prisons, stocks, and fetters, and whatever may be necessary for reducing his refractory subjects to order; with a charge to all the king's lieges not to molest John Faa, or his company, in their lawful business within the realm in their passing, remaining, or "away-ganging furth of the same;" and a special order to masters of vessels and mariners to receive John Faa and his company when they shall be ready to go "furth of the realm to the parts beyond the sea."

From this curious document it appears that the gipsies, with a view to avoid the persecution in Scotland which they had been subjected to in other countries, had recourse to a stratagem, by which the authorities were completely deceived. Entering Scotland with his gang, John Faa had given out the usual story that he was a Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, come to visit this remote country; and so well had he managed matters, as to obtain a recognition from the king of his jurisdiction within his own band, "according to the laws of Egypt," thus saving the gipsies from the fangs of the Scottish law. A short experience of the character of their visitors had probably made the Scotch anxious to get rid of them; and to avoid forcible expulsion, either a pretended schism had taken place among the gipsies, and Sebastian Lalowe had seceded from the general gang with eleven followers; or, if the schism was real, John Faa contrived to make it serve his purpose.

The government seem to have been completely imposed upon; and John Faa and his company remained in Scotland for a long time unmolested. For twenty or thirty years they appear to have gone about in many districts of Scotland, pursuing their trade of tinkering and fortune-telling with impunity, but becoming every day more intolerable. To such a height did the nuisance increase during the reign of Queen Mary, that the government was at length roused to the necessity of taking active measures for the suppression of the gipsies; and in 1579 a comprehensive statute was passed against vagrancy of all sorts. This statute provides that "such as makes themselves fools, *and are bards*, or other such-like runners about, being apprehended, shall be put in the king's ward and irons sae lang as they have ony goods of their own to live on; and when they have not whereupon to live of their own, that their ears be nailed to the tron, or to another tree, and their ears cuttit off, and banished the country; and if thereafter they be found again, that they be hangit." In this act are specially included "the people calling

themselves Egyptians, and others that feign knowledge of prophecy." This was the first of a series of acts directed against the gipsies through a period of nearly two centuries, all of them of a sanguinary description. A long list of gipsies might be given who were victims to their severity. In July 1611, four Faas were hanged as Egyptians, notwithstanding that they pleaded the possession of a special license to remain in Scotland; in July 1616, three gipsies, two of them Faas, the other a Baillie, were hanged in the same circumstances; in January 1624, Captain John Faa, and seven other gipsies of his gang, five of whom likewise bore the name of Faa, suffered the same fate; and a few days after their execution, Helen Faa, the wife of the captain, and ten other gipsy women, were drowned. To give an idea of the summary manner in which these poor wretches were disposed of, we may quote the words of an act of privy-council, dated Edinburgh, 10th November 1636, respecting a number of gipsies who had been apprehended and lodged in Haddington jail. Having been detained there a month, it was declared by the council that "whereas the keeping of them longer within the said tolbooth is troublesome and burdenable to the town of Haddington, and fosters the said thieves in an opinion of impunity to the encouraging of the rest of that infamous byke [hive] of lawless limmers to continue in their thievish trade; therefore the Lords of Secret Council ordain the sheriff of Haddington or his deputes, to pronounce doom and sentence of death against so many of these thieves as are men, and against so many of the women as wants children; ordaining the men to be hangit and the women to be drowned; and that such of the women as has children be scourged through the burgh of Haddington, and burnt in the cheek." Notwithstanding these severities the gipsies continued to infest Scotland, particularly such districts as Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Tweeddale, where they formed regular clans or colonies, and are still known. We shall return to these Scottish gipsies; in the meantime, however, we shall collect and present in a condensed form such information as can be procured respecting the character, customs, and modes of thinking of the gipsies in general.

CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE GIPSIES.

Of this strange people, scattered, it is believed, over nearly the whole habitable world, whose tents, according to Mr Borrow, "are pitched alike on the heaths of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalayan hills, and whose language is heard at Moscow and Madrid, in the streets of London, and in those of Stamboul," it must be confessed that we shall never know much if we confound them with the common vagrants whose habits bear an external resemblance to theirs. The wild habits of the gipsies are all to be traced up to an inveterate peculiarity of race, of organisation, distinguishing them from the mere vagabonds which every

generation produces for itself, and not to be extirpated by the ordinary means which may be found effectual in the case of such.

The following is Mr Borrow's description of the features and physical appearance of the gitanos or Spanish gipsies; and it applies with little variation to their brethren of other countries. "They are for the most part," he says, "of the middle size, and the proportions of their frames convey a powerful idea of strength and activity united: a deformed or weakly object is rarely found amongst them in persons of either sex; such probably perish in infancy, unable to support the hardships and privations to which the race is still subjected from its great poverty; and these same privations have given, and still give, a coarseness and harshness to their features, which are all strongly marked and expressive. Their complexion is by no means uniform, save that it is invariably darker than the general olive hue of the Spaniards: not unfrequently countenances as dark as those of Mulattoes present themselves, and, in some few instances, of almost negro blackness. Like most people of savage ancestry, their teeth are white and strong; their mouths are not badly formed; but it is the eye, more than in any other feature, that they differ from other human beings. There is something remarkable in the eye of the gitano. Should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of Old Castile; were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior—still would the gitano be detected by his eye, should *it* continue unchanged. It is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in shape from eyes of the common cast. Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression—which, to be understood, must be seen—and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light."

The dress of the gipsies varies in different countries, but is generally ragged and peculiar. In Spain, the gipsy women "wear not the large red cloaks and immense bonnets of coarse beaver which distinguish their sisters of England; they have no other head-gear than a handkerchief, which is occasionally resorted to as a defence against the severity of the weather; their hair is sometimes confined by a comb, but more frequently permitted to stray dishevelled down the shoulders; they are fond of large earrings, whether of gold or silver. Inattention to cleanliness," continues Mr Borrow, "is a characteristic of the gipsies in all parts of the world. They are almost equally disgusting in this respect in Hungary, England, and Spain. The floors of their hovels are unswept, and abound with filth and mud; and in their persons they are scarcely less vile."

Wherever gipsies are found there is a striking similarity in their pursuits and occupations. "Everywhere," says Mr Borrow, "they seem to exhibit the same tendencies, and to hunt for their

bread by the same means, as if they were not of the human, but rather of the animal species. In no part of the world are they found engaged in the cultivation of the earth, or in the service of a regular master; but in all lands they are jockeys, or thieves, or cheats; and if ever they devote themselves to any toil or trade, it is assuredly in every material point one and the same." Mr Hoyland, in his "Historical Survey of the Gipsies," gives the following account of their habits. "Some gipsies," he says, "are stationary, and have regular habitations according to their situation in life. To this class belong those who keep public-houses in Spain; and others in Transylvania and Hungary who follow some regular business and live in miserable huts. But by far the greater number of these people lead a very different kind of life: they rove about from one district to another in hordes, having no habitation but tents, holes in the rocks, or caves. Some live in their tents during both summer and winter. In Hungary, those who have discontinued their rambling way of life, and built houses for themselves, seldom let a spring pass without taking advantage of the first settled weather to set up a tent for their summer residence. The wandering gipsy in Hungary and Transylvania endeavours to procure a horse; in Turkey, an ass serves to carry his wife and a couple of children, with his tent. When he arrives at a place he likes, near a village or a city, he unpacks, pitches his tent, ties his animal to a stake to graze, and remains some weeks there. His furniture seldom consists of more than an earthen pot, an iron pan, a spoon, a jug, and a knife, with sometimes the addition of a dish. These serve for the whole family. Working in iron is the most usual occupation of the gipsies. In Hungary this profession is so common, that there is a proverb there, 'So many gipsies, so many smiths.' But the gipsies of our time are not willing to work heavy works; they seldom go beyond a pair of light horse-shoes. In general, they confine themselves to the making of small articles, such as rings and nails; they mend old pots and kettles; make knives, seals, and needles; and sometimes they work in tin and brass. Their materials, tools, and apparatus are of a very inferior kind. The anvil is a stone; the other implements are a pair of hand-bellows, a hammer, a pincers, a vice, and a file. In favourable weather the work is carried on in the open air; when it is stormy, within the tent. The gipsy does not stand, but sits on the ground cross-legged at his work. He is generally dexterous and quick, notwithstanding the bad tools he works with. Another occupation much followed by gipsies is horse-dealing, to which they have been attached from the earliest period of their history. In those parts of Hungary where the climate is so mild that horses may lie out all the year, the gipsies avail themselves of this circumstance to breed, as well as to deal in horses; by which means they sometimes grow rich. Instances have been known on the continent of gipsies keeping from fifty to seventy horses each,

some of which they let out for hire, others they exchange or sell. But these are not numerous."

The two employments of tinkering and horse-dealing have been the apparent means by which the male gipsies, at all times and in all places, have earned their livelihood. "The English gipsies," says Mr Borrow, "are constant attendants at the race-course; what jockey is not? Perhaps jockeyism originated with them, and even racing, at least in England. Jockeyism properly implies the *management of the whip*; and the word *jockey* is neither more nor less than the term, slightly modified, by which they designate the formidable whips which they usually carry. They are likewise fond of resorting to the prize-ring, and have occasionally attained some eminence in those brutalising exhibitions called pugilistic combats." Theft and robbery have always furnished the gipsy with a large proportion of what was necessary for his support; and in all countries the gipsies have made a conspicuous figure in the records of crime and violence. House-breaking and highway robbery, horse and cattle stealing, and less adventurous pilfering, seem, until a late period, when the improvement of police has made impunity in such crimes less easy, to have been universal among them. Their trade of jockeys, too, has always enabled them to obtain money by cheating in a variety of ways. Altering, by the dexterous use of the scissors and paint, the appearance of the horses which they or some of their companions have previously stolen, they have been known to palm them off again in the way of sale on their original proprietors. They are accused also, especially in Spain, of poisoning and maiming cattle, with a view to obtain either the carcasses or the cattle themselves at a low price; and it is probably from this that the story of their disgusting preference of carrion for food has taken its rise. "It would be wrong," says Mr Borrow, "to conclude that the gipsies are habitual devourers of carrion. Many of the carcasses are not, in reality, the carrion which they appear, but are the bodies of animals which the gipsies themselves have killed by poison, in hope that the flesh might be abandoned to them." Besides the eating of carrion, the gipsies have not escaped, in credulous countries, the more horrible imputation of cannibalism. The charge of kidnapping children is better authenticated. In Spain, children appear sometimes to have been carried away by gipsies, and sold as slaves to the Moors in Africa; and it is well known that Adam Smith, the author of the "Wealth of Nations," was carried off when a child of three years of age by a gang of gipsies in Fifeshire, from whom he was recovered by his uncle, who rode after them in pursuit.

The gipsies did not monopolise the trade of fortune-telling on their first appearance in Europe, for that took place at a time when sorcerers abounded, and necromancy was an art believed in by many of the learned. Probably their natural cunning

taught them that this was the most profitable employment in which they could engage; and the story of their coming out of Egypt must have co-operated with the general wildness of their demeanour, and the unearthly expression of their eye, in placing them, in the popular estimation, at the head of their profession. Now, the gipsy women, especially the old and ugly ones, are in special request in all countries among those who wish to pry into futurity, and ascertain their marriage fate. The servant-maids of London pay their sixpences and shillings to gipsy women, who come to the low areas early in the morning, to tell them their fortunes, before the families are up; half-tipsy young men do the same thing in a frolic at fairs, where gipsies are usually to be found; in Spain, ladies of rank have been known to consult these swarthy seeresses; and even in our own country, educated young ladies are said to go in pairs and parties to have interviews with some keen-eyed hag relative to their matrimonial prospects.

Among the tricks practised by gipsy women on the continent, besides that of express fortune-telling, or *La Bahi*, as the gipsies themselves call it, are the *Hokkano Baro*, or Great Trick, which consists in persuading some credulous person to deposit money or precious articles in some place underground, with a view to obtain five or six times the quantity when they are again dug up; and the *Ustilar Patesas*, which consists in abstracting money by sleight-of-hand. While thus practising on other people's credulity, the gipsies do not appear to have any superstitious beliefs of their own, unless it be in the *evil eye*, or power of injuring people and making them sick by a glance, a belief founded on a physical fact; and in the loadstone, which the Spanish gipsies believe to be gifted with some miraculous qualities. Yet Mr Borrow, while he speaks of this exemption of the gipsies from belief in prophecy, relates the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which he vouches. While in Madrid, in the spring of 1838, he was thrown into prison for distributing Bibles; and here he was attended by his Basque servant, Francisco, a good-humoured fellow, of immense strength. In ten days they were released, and returned to their lodgings. Here they were visited by a man who had forced himself upon Mr Borrow's acquaintance some time before his imprisonment, and in consequence of his ferocious habits of speech, and his incessant demands for wine, had become exceedingly disagreeable. According to his own account, he was a gipsy by the mother's side; his name was Chaleco, and he was a captain on half-pay in the service of Donna Isabel, whose uniform he wore. He had received a shot through the lungs, as he said himself, which occasioned him the most horrible fits of coughing; and his whole manner was incoherent and insane. "In age he was about fifty, with thin flaxen hair covering the sides of his head, which at the top was entirely bald. His eyes were small, and, like ferrets',

red and fiery; his complexion like a brick, a dull red, chequered with spots of purple." Such was the person who called on Mr Borrow after his release from prison. He sat the whole evening smoking and drinking wine, which he ordered from a tavern on Mr Borrow's account; and when the last bottle was exhausted, he asked for more. "I told him in a gentle manner," says Mr Borrow, "he had drunk enough. He looked on the ground for some time, then slowly, and somewhat hesitatingly, drew his sword, and laid it on the table. It was become dark. I was not afraid of the fellow, but I wished to avoid anything unpleasant. I called to Francisco to bring lights, and, obeying a sign which I made him, he sat down at the table. The gipsy glared fiercely upon him; Francisco laughed, and began with great glee to talk in Basque, of which the gipsy understood not a word. The gipsy was incensed, and forgetting the language in which, for the last hour, he had himself been speaking, complained to Francisco of his rudeness in speaking any tongue but Castilian. The Basque replied with a loud carcajada, and slightly touched the gipsy on the knee. The latter sprang up, seized his sword, and retreating a few steps, made a desperate lunge at Francisco. The Basques, next to the Pasiegos, are the best cudgel-players in Spain, and in the world. Francisco held in his hand part of a broomstick, which he had broken in the stable, whence he had just ascended. With the swiftness of lightning he foiled the stroke of Chaleco, and in another moment, with a dexterous blow, struck the sword out of his hand, and sent it ringing against the wall. The gipsy resumed his seat and his cigar. He occasionally looked at the Basque. His glances were at first atrocious, but presently changed their expression, and appeared to me to become prying and eagerly curious. He at last arose, picked up his sword, sheathed it, and walked slowly to the door; there he stopped, turned round, advanced close to Francisco, and looked him steadfastly in the face. 'My good fellow,' said he, 'I am a gipsy, and can read *baji*. Do you know where you will be at this time to-morrow?' Then, laughing like a hyena, he departed, and I never saw him again. At that time on the morrow Francisco was on his deathbed. He had caught the jail fever, which had long raged in the *Carcel de la Corte* where I was imprisoned."

So far as has been ascertained, the gipsies have no system of religious belief, properly so called, and are quite indifferent to all religious subjects. In Spain, Mr Borrow found them as nearly absolute atheists as he could conceive mortals to be, the only doctrine that they appeared ever to have seriously held being that of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. Mr Borrow frequently attempted to interest them in religion, by translating to them simple portions of the gospels, as, for instance, the parable of the prodigal son, accompanying the reading with a comment suited to their capacities; he found, however, that although some

of them, particularly the women, listened with attention, and expressed their delight, it was rather because they were gratified to find that the gipsy jargon could be written and read, than that they were impressed by the matter of the narrative. Persevering in the labour of translating parts of Scripture into the gipsy tongue, Mr Borrow was in the habit of holding little congregations of gipsies in Madrid, with a view both to instruct them, and to practise himself in the art of rendering the ideas of Christianity into so uncommon a dialect. The attachment of the gipsies to his person, and the pleasure they took in singing little gipsy hymns which he wrote for them, generally procured him a respectable attendance; but he mentions that no dependence was to be placed on their behaviour, they were always so disposed to the grotesque. One day he held a congregation, at which a gipsy jockey, whom he had offended, was present; the rest of the congregation consisted of about seventeen women. "I spoke," he says, "for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the gitanos in Spain. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer, and Apostle's Creed, in Rommani. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the jest, squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies."

In England and Scotland the gipsies appear to exhibit the same carelessness regarding religion as their Spanish brethren; they seem, however, to be more alive to superstitious impressions. Thus, in Scotland, the gipsies almost universally apply to the clergyman of the parish where they take up their head-quarters to have their children baptised, not from any intelligence of what the rite signifies, but because they think it unlucky to have an unchristened child in a family, a notion which they have borrowed from the people of the country. They sometimes attend divine service, but principally with a view to retain such a hold of the church as may entitle them to have their children baptised. "I have ever understood," says a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," speaking of a tribe of Scottish gipsies, "that they are extremely superstitious—carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *soughing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, on meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect. They also burn the clothes of their dead from a superstitious motive. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment; and conceive that 'the deil tinkles at the lyke-wake' of those who felt in their *dead-thraw* the agonies of remorse." These, however, are mere superstitious no-

tions with which they have been infected by their Scottish neighbours; and the gipsies of Scotland seem essentially to be as near to heathens as Mr Borrow states the Spanish gipsies to be.

With regard to the *morality* of the gipsies, little more can be said than that they have a strong attachment to each other, which, however, does not prevent them from fighting and quarrelling among themselves; and that they treat, as their natural enemies, the *Busnees* or Gentiles. Yet, though revengeful and remorseless in their conduct towards people who have insulted them, the gipsies yet show themselves capable of gratitude for favours, and are known to respect the property of such as have been kind to them. All are agreed that the marriage contract among the gipsies is lightly entered into; and, among the Scottish gipsies at least, polygamy has been known to exist; but, according to Mr Borrow, the assertions respecting the licentiousness of the gipsy women are founded on a mistake. "Nothing," he says, "is more sacred among the gipsies than the fidelity of the gipsy wife to the husband of her own race."

ANECDOTES OF THE SCOTTISH GIPSIES.

One of the earliest anecdotes of the Scottish gipsies is that of "Johnnie Faa, the Gipsy Laddie," who eloped with the lady of the Earl of Cassilis. This story rests on tradition, and on an old ballad; the facts, so far as they can be gathered, are thus related in the "Picture of Scotland." "John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that he would never permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage, and the best fortune of his time. The match seems to have been dictated by policy; and it is not likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, she had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tynningham, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl of Cassilis was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower, on the banks of the Doon. He was disguised as a gipsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. The countess consented to elope with her lover. Ere they had proceeded very far, however, the earl came home, and immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party at a ford over the Doon, still called the 'Gipsies' Steps,' a few miles from the castle. He brought them back to Cassilis, and there hanged all the gipsies, including the hapless

Sir John, upon 'the Dule Tree,' a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes on a mound, in front of the castle gate, and which was his gallows in ordinary, as the name testifies—

'And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie;
And we were a' put down for ane—
A fair young wanton lady.'

The countess was taken by her husband to a window in front of the castle, and there compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death—and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called 'The Countess's Room.' After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted up for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting staircase, upon which were carved heads, representing those of her lover and his band; and she was removed thither, and confined for the rest of her life—the earl, in the meantime, marrying another wife. One of her daughters was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. The effigies of the gipsies on the staircase at Maybole are very minute; the head of Johnnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, large, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features." Such is the story; but whether the hero, who is here called Sir John Faa of Dunbar, was himself of gipsy blood, as the ballad bears, and as tradition asserts, or whether he was merely in such intimacy with the gipsies as to obtain their aid in the adventure, cannot be decisively ascertained. It may be mentioned, however, that the colony of gipsies long established in Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, always claimed to be of the same stock with the Faws or Falls, a family of respectability settled in East-Lothian, and of which the hero of the ballad may have been a scion, holding some rank in Scottish society, and yet keeping up a connexion with his outcast kindred.

In the records of the family of Penicuik, in Edinburghshire, is preserved an account of an assault made by a band of gipsies on Penicuik House, late in the seventeenth century, illustrating the lawless habits of the Scottish gipsies at that time. The anecdote is thus given in an early number of "Blackwood's Magazine." "The gang broke into the house while the greater part of the family were at church. Sir John Clerk, the proprietor, barricadoed himself in his own apartment, where he sustained a sort of siege, firing from the window upon the robbers, who fired in return. By an odd accident, one of them, while they strayed through the house in quest of plate and other portable articles, began to ascend the stair of a very narrow turret. When he had got to some height, his foot slipped, and, to save

himself from falling, he caught hold of what was rather an ominous means of assistance—namely, a rope, which hung conveniently for the purpose. It proved to be the bell-rope, and the fellow's weight on falling set the alarm-bell a ringing, and startled the congregation who were assembled in the parish church. They instantly came to the rescue of the laird, and succeeded, it is said, in apprehending some of the gipsies, who were executed."

The records of the Courts of Justiciary exhibit many proofs of the savage and violent habits of the gipsies, in various parts of Scotland, during the eighteenth century. Many anecdotes of them are likewise preserved by tradition, particularly regarding the Yetholm gipsies, a gang which has produced some of the most celebrated specimens of the race.

The village of Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, famed as the seat of the largest gipsy colony in Scotland, lies embosomed among the Cheviot hills, about eight miles from Kelso, and is divided by a stream called the Bownmont into two portions—*Kirk Yetholm* and *Town Yetholm*—a broad level haugh intervening between them. The village called *Kirk Yetholm* is the haunt of the gipsies. "A mill and a churchyard rise from the brink of the water; the church itself is low, and covered with thatch; beyond which appear the straggling houses of the village, built in the old Scottish style, many of them with their gable ends, backs, or corners turned to the street or *town-gate*, and still farther up the *Tinkler Row*, with its low, unequal, straw-covered roofs, and chimneys bound with rushes and hay-ropes—men and women loitering at their doors, or lazily busied among the carts and panniers, and ragged children scrambling on the *midden-steeds*, in intimate and equal fellowship with pigs, poultry, dogs, and *cuddies*." Such is the description given of *Kirk Yetholm* by a writer in "*Blackwood's Magazine*" nearly thirty years ago. No one knows at what time the gipsies first selected *Kirk Yetholm* as a place of residence, or what reasons led them to prefer it. The *Faas* are believed to have settled in it at a very early period, probably a century and a half ago at least; the *Youngs*, *Gordons*, &c. followed. In the year 1797 the gipsy population of *Kirk Yetholm* amounted to fifty; and there is reason to think that, at no time during the eighteenth century, was it very much below that number.

The *Faas* seem to have been the hereditary monarchs of the gipsies of *Kirk Yetholm*, and some of them attained to great notoriety in their day. None, however, of the *Yetholm* gipsies possess so great claims on our attention as *Jean Gordon*, acknowledged by *Sir Walter Scott* to be the prototype of *Meg Merrilies*. One of the earliest notices of this heroine is in connexion with the trial, in the year 1727, of *Robert Johnstone*, a gipsy, for the murder of *Alexander Faa*, by stabbing him with a *graip* or three-pronged fork, such as is used about farm-offices. Tradition calls

the murdered man Geordie Faa, and makes him Jean Gordon's husband; the story then proceeds as follows:—Johnstone, the murderer, was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of June 1727, but managed to escape from prison. "But it was easier to escape from the grasp of justice than to elude gipsy vengeance. Jean Gordon traced the murderer like a bloodhound, followed him to Holland, and from thence to Ireland, where she got him seized, and brought back to Jedburgh; and she at length obtained the reward of her toils, and enjoyed the gratification of seeing him hanged on the Gallow-hill. Some time afterwards, Jean being up at Stourhope, a sheep-farm on Bowmont water, the goodman there said to her, 'Weel, Jean, ye hae got Rob Johnstone hanged at last, and out o' the way.' 'Ay, guidman,' replied Jean, lifting up her apron by the two corners, 'and a' that fu' o' gowd hasna done't.'" Not long after this Jean herself seems to have been in difficulties, for in May 1732 we find a petition presented to the circuit court at Jedburgh in behalf of "Jean Gordon, commonly called the Duchess," then prisoner in the tolbooth of Edinburgh. In this petition she states that she is now "become an old and infirm woman, having been long in prison;" and she offers, if released, "to take voluntar banishment upon herself, to depairt from Scotland never to return thereto." Jean, however, when released, still clung to her native haunts about Yetholm, as the following stories will show.

"My father," says Sir Walter Scott, "remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

"It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle, to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted, and lost his way.

"A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farmhouse to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure—for she was nearly six feet high—and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous sur-

prise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

"Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—'Eh, sirs! the winsome guidman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye maunna gang farther the night and a friend's house sae near.' The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

"Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

"This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scots call it, or bedclothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

'E'en the winsome guidman of Lochside, poor body!' replied Jean. 'He's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame, wi' a toom purse and a sair heart.'

'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or not; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemencé of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused, and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she

had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property; nor could his earnest intreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

"I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say, that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, '*Hang them a'!*' Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, 'The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!' Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was, in many respects, wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a stanch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals '*Charlie yet! Charlie yet!*' When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon."

A granddaughter of Jean Gordon, whom Sir Walter recollected having seen in his infancy, was Madge Gordon, who acted as queen of the Yetholm gipsies, and seems to have retained many of old Jean's qualities. She is described as having been "a remarkable personage, of very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes even in her old age, bushy hair, that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. When she spoke vehemently (for she had many complaints), she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrel while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number."

A particular account of the Yetholm gipsies was furnished in the year 1815 to Mr Hoyland, a member of the Society of Friends, who was collecting information respecting the gipsy race, by

Bailie Smith of Kelso, who had known them intimately for a period of forty or fifty years. At his first acquaintance with them, he said, "they were called the *Tinklers* of Yetholm, from the males being chiefly employed in mending pots and other culinary utensils. Sometimes they were called *Horners*, from their occupation in making and selling horn spoons, called *cutties*. Now (1815), their common appellation is that of *Mug-gers*, or, what pleases them better, *Potters*. They purchase at a cheap rate the cast or faulty articles at the different manufactories of earthenware, which they carry for sale all over the country, in groups of six, ten, and sometimes twelve or fourteen persons, male and female, young and old, provided with a horse and cart, besides shelties and asses. In the country they sleep in barns and byres, or other outhouses; and when they cannot find accommodation in such, they take the canvas covering from the pottery cart and squat themselves below it, like a covey of partridges in the snow. The residence of those who remain at home is in the *Tinkler Row* of Kirk Yetholm. Most of them there have leases of their houses granted for a term of nineteen times nineteen years, for payment of a small sum yearly. Most of these leases were granted by the family of the Bennets of Grubet, the last of whom was Sir David Bennet, who died about sixty years ago (1755). The late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton then succeeded to the estate, comprehending the baronies of Kirk Yetholm and Grubet. He died about the year 1783; and not long afterwards the property was acquired by the late Marquis of Tweeddale's trustees. Mr Nesbit was a great favourite with the gipsies; he used to call them his body-guards, and often gave them money. I remember," continues Mr Smith, "that, about forty-five years ago (1770), being then apprentice to a writer, who used to receive the rents as well as the small duties of Kirk Yetholm, he sent me there with a list of names and a statement of what was due, recommending me to apply to the landlord of the public-house in the village for any information or assistance which I might require. After waiting for a long time, and receiving payment from most of the feuars or rentallers, I observed to this landlord that none of the persons of the names of Faa, Young, Blythe, Fleckie, &c. who stood at the bottom of the list for small sums, had come to meet me, and proposed sending to require their immediate attendance. The landlord, with a grave face, inquired whether my master had desired me to ask money from those men. I said, 'Not particularly; but they stand on the list.' 'So I see,' replied he; 'but had your master been here himself he dared not ask money from them, either as rent or feu-duty. He knows that it is as sure as if it were in his pocket. They will pay when their own time comes, but do not like to pay at a set time with the rest of the barony, and still less to be craved.' I accordingly returned without the money, and reported progress. I found the landlord was right. My

master said with a smile that it was unnecessary to send to them after they had got notice from the baron officer; it was enough if I had received the money if offered. Their rent and feu-duty were brought to the office in a few weeks. I need scarcely add those persons were all gipsies."

When Mr Smith first knew the Yetholm gipsies, their king was old Will Faa, a contemporary, and probably a relative of Madge Gordon, Jean's granddaughter. Will never forgot his descent from the "Lords of Little Egypt," and was in the habit also, it is said, of paying an annual visit to the Messrs Falls of Dunbar, with whom, as has been already remarked, the gipsy Faas claimed kindred. Will seems to have been a great favourite in the district: he had twenty-four children, all of whom he had christened in great state, in the presence of his assembled clan and some of the neighbouring farmers, who humoured him. At these christenings Will always appeared dressed in his wedding-robos. He is said to have maintained his kingly sway with a very rigorous hand, negotiating, when he thought proper, for the restoration of property stolen by any of his tribe. "When old Will Faa," says Mr Smith, "was upwards of eighty years of age, he called on me at Kelso, in his way to Edinburgh, telling that he was going to see the laird, the late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton, as he understood that he was very unwell, and himself being now old, and not so stout as he had been, he wished to see him once more before he died. The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his common practice. Next market-day, some of the farmers informed me that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge (the South Bridge was not then built); that he was tossing about his old brown hat, and huzzaing with great vociferation that he had seen the laird before he died. Indeed Will himself had no time to lose, for having set his face homewards by the way of the sea-coast, to vary his route, as is the general custom of the gang, he only got the length of Coldingham, when he was taken ill, and died." His body was conveyed by his clan to Yetholm, where his obsequies were celebrated, after the gipsy fashion, with great feasting and uproar.

On the death of old Will Faa, we are informed, by another authority, the kingly dignity was usurped by a bold gipsy who had no right to it, and who ultimately, after a sort of civil war, was dethroned to make way for the true successor. This usurper was the leader of an inferior gang of gipsies, and a somewhat notable character in his day. He was once tried for stealing a sum of money at a market in Dalkeith. There was pretty strong proof of his guilt; but, somewhat to the surprise of the court, the jury returned a verdict of "not proven." The judge, in dismissing him from the bar, alluded to the weight of evidence against him, and told him that "he had rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows that morning," and had better take care in future; an advice

which the advocate who had acted as his counsel thought fit to repeat in a somewhat open manner. To the no small entertainment of the auditors, the gipsy resented the affront by saying, that "he was proven an innocent man, and naebody had ony right to use siccan language to him."

Among the more recent chiefs of the Yetholm gipsies was one designated "Gleid-neckit Will," alluding to some twist in the shape of his throat. Of this individual the following anecdote is related in the first volume of "Blackwood's Magazine." "The late Mr Leck, minister of Yetholm, happening to be riding home one evening from a visit to Northumberland, struck into a wild solitary track or drove-road across the Fells, by a place called *The Staw*. In one of the dense places through which the path led him, there stood an old deserted shepherd's house, which of course was reputed to be haunted. The minister, though little apt to be alarmed by such reports, was somewhat startled on observing, as he approached close to the cottage, a grim visage staring out past a *window-claith*, or sort of curtain, which had been fastened up to supply the place of a door, and also several dusky figures skulking among the bourtree bushes that had once sheltered the shepherd's garden. Without leaving him any time for speculation, however, the knight of the curtain bolted forth upon him, and seizing his horse by the bridle, demanded his money. Mr Leck, though it was now dusk, at once recognised the gruff voice and great black burly head of his next-door neighbour, Gleid-neckit Will, the gipsy chief.

'Dear me, William,' said the minister in his usual quiet manner, 'can this be you? Ye're surely no serious wi' me; ye wadna sae far wrang your character for a good neighbour for the bit trifle I hae to gie, William?'

'Saif us, Mr Leck,' said William, quitting the rein, and lifting his hat with great respect, 'whae wad hae thought o' meeting *you* out owre here-awa? Ye needna gripe ony siller for me; I wadna touch a plack o' your gear, nor a hair o' your head, for a' the gowd o' Tividale. I ken ye'll no do *us* an ill turn for this mistak; and I'll e'en see you through the Staw. It's no reckoned a very canny bit, mair ways than ane; but *ye'll* no be feared for the *dead*, and *I'll* take care o' the *living*.' Will, accordingly, gave his revered friend a convoy through the haunted pass, and notwithstanding this ugly mistake, continued ever after an inoffensive and obliging neighbour to the minister, who on his part observed a prudent secrecy on the subject of the rencounter during the lifetime of Gleid-neckit Will."

At the time when Mr Smith of Kelso contributed his information respecting the Yetholm gipsies (in 1815), they were one hundred and nine in number, and he thought them on the increase. According to the latest account—that given by the Rev. John Baird, minister of the parish of Yetholm in the year 1839

—the colony then consisted of twenty-six families, including in all one hundred and twenty-five individuals.

Although the Kirk Yetholm gipsies have attracted more attention than any other clan of the same race in Scotland, numerous stories are current respecting remarkable gipsy characters who have, at various times during the last century, figured in other parts of the country. We have already mentioned that the true prototype of Meg Merrilies, according to Sir Walter Scott's own admission, was the famous Jean Gordon of Yetholm; yet various other localities have put in their claims to the honour of having produced the original of this celebrated gipsy character. The following, from Sir Walter's own pen, occurs in the notes to "Guy Mannering:"—

"Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the *Caird* of Barullion, king of the gipsies of the western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice from the following peculiarities:—He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkcudbright, 23d November 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkcudbright church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two ram's horns, and two horn spoons.

"In his youth, he occasionally committed highway robbery. On one occasion the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally, at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognising the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge; and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the circuit court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court; Bargally swore that it was the identical article

worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in the court who knew well both who did, and who did not, commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looking the laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the court and crowded audience—"Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn, am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?"

"Bargally replied, in great astonishment, 'Yes! you are the very man.'

'You see what sort of memory this gentleman has,' said the volunteer pleader: 'he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington.' The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted, and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon.

"While the king of the gipsies was thus laudably occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the judge's gown; for which offence, combined with her presumptive guilt as a gipsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned."

Towards the end of last century a horde of gipsies, known by the name of the "Lochgellie band," from the designation of the town where they had then head-quarters, used to extend their peregrinations over the shires of Fife, Kinross, Perth, Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeen; and it appears that this band can boast of nearly as many heroes of the gipsy species, directly or collaterally connected with it, as the more celebrated Yetholm colony. The predominating surnames in this clan were Graham, Brown, Robison, and Young. Two of the most famous of those who went by the first of these surnames were called Old and Young Charlie Graham, who were successively chiefs of the tribe. Young Charlie Graham was hanged at Perth for horse-stealing about the year 1795. "His feet and hands," it is said, "were so small in proportion to the other parts of his athletic body, that neither irons nor handcuffs could be kept on his ankles and wrists without injuring them. He had a prepossessing countenance, an elegant figure, and was, notwithstanding his tricks, an extraordinary favourite with the public. He sometimes stole from wealthy individuals and gave the booty to the

indigent, although not gipsies; and so accustomed were the people in some places to his bloodless robberies, that some only put spurs to their horses, calling out as they passed him, 'Aha, Charlie, lad, ye've missed your mark the night!' In the morning of the day on which he was to suffer, he sent a message to one of the magistrates of Perth, requesting a razor to take off his beard, at the same time desiring the person to tell the magistrate, that 'unless his beard was shaven, he could neither appear before God nor man.' This extraordinary expression warrants the opinion that he imagined he would appear in his mortal frame before the Great Judge of the universe. A short while before he was taken out to the gallows, he was observed very pensive and thoughtful, leaning upon a seat. He started up all at once, and exclaimed in a mournful tone of voice, 'Oh! can any o' you read, sirs? Will some o' you read a psalm to me?' at the same time regretting much that he had not been taught to read. The fifty-first psalm was accordingly read to him by a gentleman present, which, he said, soothed his feelings exceedingly, and gave him much ease and comfort of mind. He was greatly agitated when he ascended the platform—his knees were knocking one against another; but just before he was cast off, his inveterate gipsy feelings returned. He kicked off both his shoes in sight of the spectators; and it was understood that this strange proceeding was intended to falsify some prophecy that he would die with his shoes on. A number of his band attended his execution, and when his body was returned to them, they all kissed it with great affection, and held the usual late-wake over it. His sweetheart or gipsy wife, I am not sure which, of the name of Wilson, his own cousin, put his corpse into hot lime, then buried it, and sat on his grave in a state of intoxication till the body was rendered unfit for dissection. This man boasted, while under sentence of death, of never having shed human blood."*

Sandie Brown was another noted gipsy belonging to the Lochgellie band. He sustained sometimes the part of the strolling gipsy, and sometimes that of the gentleman-highwayman. In the latter capacity "he wore, when in full dress, a hat richly ornamented and trimmed with beautiful gold-lace, then fashionable among the highest ranks of Scotland. His coat was made of superfine cloth, of a light-green colour, long in the tails, and having one row of buttons at the breast. His shirt, of the finest quality, was ruffled at the breast and hands; and he had a stock and buckle round his neck. He also wore a pair of handsome boots, with silver-plated spurs, all in the fashion of the day. Below his garments he carried a large knife, and in the shaft or butt-end a small spear or dagger was concealed. His brother-in-law, a gipsy called Wilson, wore a similar garb, and both

* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. ii.

rode the finest horses in the country." Both were favourites with the country people. In his capacity as a mere gipsy thief, Brown was as expert as he was dashing in his other capacity of highwayman. Once, being in want of butcher-meat for his tribe, he resolved to steal a bullock which he had observed grazing in a field in the county of Linlithgow, and which, by some accident, had lost about three-fourths of its tail. "He purchased from a tanner the tail of a skin of the same colour as this bullock, and in an ingenious manner made it fast to the remaining part of the tail of the living animal. He then drove off the booty. As he was shipping the beast at Queensferry on his way north, a servant, who had been despatched in quest of the depredator, overtook him. An altercation immediately commenced; the servant said he could swear to the ox in his possession, were it not for its long tail, and was accordingly proceeding to examine it narrowly to satisfy himself in this particular, when the ready-witted gipsy took his knife out of his pocket, and in view of all present, cut the false tail from the animal, taking a part of the real tail along with it, which drew blood instantly. 'Swear to the ox now, you scoundrel!' said he, throwing the tail into the sea."

At length, after several hair's-breadth escapes, Brown and his brother-in-law, Wilson, came within the swoop of the law. They were hanged together in Edinburgh; and, horrible to relate, "while these two wretches were shivering in the winds in the convulsive throes of death, Martha, the mother of the former, and the mother-in-law of the latter, was apprehended on the spot, in the act of stealing a pair of sheets. They were, in all probability, intended for the winding-sheets of her unfortunate sons, who were just suffering in her presence."

We shall conclude this string of anecdotes by a notice of the famous Aberdeenshire gipsy, Peter Young, who was related, it is said, both to the Yetholm and the Lochgellie band; indeed, according to the expression made use of by one of the tribe, "the gipsies are a' sib [all kin]." Peter had a brother, John, about twelve years younger than himself. Their father had enlisted during the American war; but at the peace of 1783 he returned to Scotland, and resumed his old occupation, that of a travelling tinker. Peter succeeded him, and was captain of a band well known in the north of Scotland, where his exploits are told to this day. Possessed of great strength of body, and very uncommon abilities, Peter was a fine specimen of his race, though he retained all their lawless propensities. He was proud, passionate, revengeful, a great poacher, and an absolute despot, although a tolerably just one, over his gang, maintaining his authority with an oak stick, the principal sufferers from which were his numerous wives.

"Peter esteemed himself to be a very honourable man, and the keepers of the different public-houses in the country seem to

have thought that, to a certain extent, he was so. He never asked for *trust* as long as he had a halfpenny in his pocket. At the different inns which he used to frequent, he was seldom or never denied anything. If he pledged his word that he would pay his bill the next time he came that way, he punctually performed his promise. Peter's work was of a very miscellaneous nature. It comprehended the professions of a blacksmith in all its varieties, a tinsmith, and brazier. His original business was to mend pots, pans, kettles, &c. of every description, and this he did with great neatness and ingenuity. Having an uncommon turn for mechanics, he at last cleaned and repaired clocks and watches. He also could engrave on wood or metal; so also could his brother John; but where they learned any of these arts I never heard. Peter was very handy about all sorts of carpenter work, and occasionally amused himself, when the fancy seized him, in executing some pieces of curious cabinet-work that required neatness of hand. He was particularly famous in making fishing-rods, and in the art of fishing he was surpassed by few. Placed in advantageous circumstances, what might this man not have become? As the case was, he was continually committing depredations on society; and no pains being taken to improve his habits, he came out of prison worse than he went in. At length he committed a capital crime, and was condemned to be hanged at Aberdeen.

"During the few weeks which were permitted to elapse between sentence and execution, Peter appeared to be very penitent, and perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him. Having been heard to complain of the coldness of his feet, different articles of clothing were sent to him by humane people to keep him warm. The practice in Aberdeen at that time was for the jail to be finally shut at four o'clock p.m. Public executions always took place upon the Friday, being the market-day. Upon the previous Wednesday, when the jailor came to inquire if he wanted anything for the night, Peter sprung upon him like a tiger, took the keys from him, and said if he would remain quiet, he would not touch a hair of his head. He had been for some time at freedom from his irons, having sawed them through with the mainspring of a watch. He commanded the jailor to lie down upon his back, and, with dreadful imprecations, swore that if he moved a finger or a toe, and especially if he looked out at the window, he would murder him on the spot. The jailor was well aware of the kind of man he had to deal with, and was therefore very compliant. After thus settling matters with the jailor, which occupied five or six hours, at a time of night when everything appeared to be quiet, Peter went down stairs and informed his fellow-prisoners what he was about. It so happened that there were a great number then in the prison at Aberdeen. He had all the keys, and showing these was sufficient hush-money. When he thought everything was prepared, at one o'clock he went himself

ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES.

to unlock the outer door; but, unfortunately for him, it was bolted on the outside. This for a moment staggered him; but no time was to be lost—no exertion spared. In a state of fearful agony and desperation, he threw his immense strength upon the door, and it yielded to the impulse, and flew open. In the old prison of Aberdeen there was always a soldier on guard. Peter seized his firelock, and made him accompany him, until he set every prisoner at liberty. He was the last that went out himself. Having locked the door, and left the key in the lock, he delivered the firelock to the sentinel, and ran off.

“There was at that time a great deal of snow upon the ground. Peter was well acquainted with every devious path in the county; he needed nobody to pilot him. According to his own account, he tore off the skirts of his coat immediately upon leaving the prison, and made all the speed he could to the hilly country, or what is called the head of Aberdeenshire. He had travelled about twenty-four miles, and, being quite exhausted, lay down to sleep. Sir Edward Bannerman and some other gentlemen were out on a sporting expedition, and their dogs made a dead set at Peter, who was lying on the snow fast asleep. Sir Edward knew Peter perfectly, and, according to the statement of some, had been one of the jury that condemned him. They bound Peter, and sent an express to Aberdeen. The magistrates ordered that he should be sent to town under a strong guard.

“By this time it was Friday morning; the gallows was erected, and everything prepared for the execution; but, in going up the Shiprow, attended by a great mob, some person called out, ‘Peter, deny that you are the man!’ The provost, council, &c. examined him. Peter said he knew nothing about such a man as Peter Young; he never heard of him; his own name was John Anderson; and he wondered what they meant by making such a *wark* about him. Though he was as well known in Aberdeen as the provost himself, yet none could be found to identify him. He therefore escaped being hanged at this time, and was sent to Edinburgh, where, after a short delay, and the necessary examinations, the unfortunate man was executed. John Young, his brother, was hanged at Aberdeen for the murder of a gipsy cousin in 1801; the whole family, indeed, consisting of seven brothers, became victims of their own unregulated passions, and of the law of capital punishment.”

We now conclude with a more pleasing department of inquiry, namely, the prospect of the

CIVILISATION OF THE GIPSIES.

The foregoing sketches afford a melancholy picture of human degradation and neglect. According to the barbarous policy of a past age, no attempt was made to reclaim the gipsies to the

usages of civilised life; they were left to wander at large, exposed to every species of temptation to crime, and when caught, they were punished with all the usual vengeance of the law. In recent times, in consequence of that wise and more philanthropic mode of dealing with the criminal classes in society, which has been gaining ground, some attempts have been made to call attention to the condition of the gipsies, with a view to their instruction and civilisation. This has been particularly the case in Great Britain, where the gipsies are supposed to be about eighteen thousand in number—a large proportion of the population to be left abandoned to a lawless course of life. The attempts which have been made, although by no means so energetically or extensively supported as they ought to have been, have been sufficient at least to demonstrate the practicability, with the assistance of time, of civilising and domesticating this unfortunate race.

The most remarkable, and perhaps the most successful attempt to reclaim the gipsies, is that begun a few years ago at Yetholm in Roxburghshire. Here, as already mentioned, a tribe has been many years located, but, in the course of time, it has become so mingled with the general population of the country, that few traits of the original gipsy character remain. Among these, unfortunately, is the tendency to vagrancy. Bands sally forth at certain seasons to carry on small tinkering or huckstering occupations, and, as formerly, either encamp by the waysides, or find a shelter among the farmers or peasantry, to whom they are professionally serviceable. No doubt the establishment of a rural police, and also the general enclosing of the country, have considerably limited the disposition to roam, but it still exists. The effort to suppress it, and to cultivate habits of civilisation, has been mainly conducted by the Rev. John Baird, minister of Yetholm, who thus speaks of the aptitude of his gipsy parishioners in learning. "Most of the tribe are able to read, though very indifferently. They seem alive to the advantages of education, and speak of it as the only legacy which a poor man can leave to his children; but the migratory habits of the people prevent their children from remaining long enough at school ever to make much progress. The children are generally remarked as clever. One large family of children have been taught to read by their mother at home; and I have known a father (when he was able) who gave a lesson every day to his two children in the course of their migrations. I may mention, as a proof of the anxiety of parents on this subject, that most of them have again and again professed their willingness to leave their children at home throughout the year for instruction, could they only afford it. Of late, the greater number of the tribe have attended church occasionally, and some with exemplary regularity. Their ideas on the subject of religion, however, are extremely limited and erroneous. Nor can they well be otherwise, consi-

dering their unsettled way of life and their defective education. Yet they profess a general respect for religion, and, when absent from church, excuse themselves on the ground that they have no suitable or decent clothing. I have not been able to ascertain whether they entertain any peculiar sentiments on the subject of religion. Like most ignorant persons, they are very superstitious. All of them profess to belong to the established church, and there are no dissenters among them. Eight or nine of them are communicants. Most of them possess Bibles, which have been purchased, however, rather for the use of their children when at school than for any other purpose. Those who have not Bibles would purchase them, they say, could they afford it."

The effort at reclamation began in 1839, by the establishment of a society in Edinburgh, and the collection of voluntary contributions and subscriptions. This society still exists,* and affords encouragement to Mr Baird in his benevolent labours. The plan carried out by the society, with its results, will be learned from the following extracts from a communication with which Mr Baird has favoured us (Nov. 1846).

"Our plan is simply this—To keep the children at home during the excursions of their parents (who are absent usually about ten months out of the twelve), to give them a useful education, and afterwards to find situations for them as servants or apprentices. In this we have succeeded to some extent. Eight girls have been hired as servants, several of whom, however, are at home at present; two from bad health; and one is required, in the absence of her parents, to take care of her brothers and sisters attending school. All of them have conducted themselves well. Nearly as many lads have been hired or apprenticed, or are otherwise employed in ordinary agricultural operations. Two unmarried men, not educated at our expense, and three married men with wives and families, are also now employed as industrious day-labourers. Several of the younger men have been working on the railways. Including the children of these families, there are now between thirty and forty who, for the present, have been withdrawn from the vagabond life of their tribe, and are now in the fair way, we trust, of becoming useful members of society.

"At the commencement of our operations, and indeed all along, we have had difficulties to contend with. I remember well (when there appeared a probability of funds being obtained, and it seemed necessary to make a beginning) of calling first on the gipsy families to explain our intentions, and afterwards on some individuals who appeared to be suitable persons with whom to intrust the care of the children left at home. From the former I had fair promises; they expressed a great desire for the education of their children, much apparent gratitude for

* W. R. Baillie, Esq. secretary and treasurer, 19 Broughton Place, by whom subscriptions will be received.

what was proposed to be done, and I left them in the belief that the plan met their entire approval." From the latter, Mr Baird goes on to say he was met by several objections; and for a short time, he adds, "I doubted if a commencement would be made at all. I was not, however, kept long in suspense. One family at length announced their intention of leaving their children—two little girls of nine and ten years of age. They proposed taking their departure on the following day, and begged to know with whom their children should be left. I assured them their children should be taken care of, but requested them to delay their departure only another day, to give me time to make arrangements. Up to this time I had failed in inducing a single individual to receive a gipsy child as a boarder on almost any terms. I now made one last attempt, which proved as unsuccessful as the former. The morning came when the gipsy family should depart; the mother soon arrived, with her inquiry where the children were to be left. I said, 'Leave them with me,' and with me they were left. A comfortable apartment and bed were provided them; and from the manse they went daily to school. Here they remained a week or ten days. In little more than half of that time, however, I received one application after another from some of those who had formerly refused to receive them, offering them accommodation; and from that time, for several years after, I had no difficulty in getting all the children that were left at home comfortably accommodated. And as for the gipsy parents, they soon went from one extreme to another, and would have left all their children but their infants; but we refused to take any below six years of age.

"Occasionally since then, we have had the same difficulty to contend with. The parents would leave their children only with certain individuals, who could not perhaps receive them; and all along, it has been a difficult matter to get proper persons to take charge of them. Now, they are frequently left in their parents' houses, under the care of an older sister or other relative, such as a grandmother. We allow no money, but a certain proportion of meal for each child; the school fees are paid, and clothing occasionally is provided, chiefly for the girls. For some years past we have had from thirty to forty, sometimes upwards of forty, children at school; and the teacher reports favourably of their conduct and progress."

We have here the most conclusive evidence of the improbability of the gipsies: their better faculties only require to be developed, and those of an evil tendency suppressed in youth, in order that they may assume their proper place among the ordinary population of the country. It is to be trusted that the meritorious effort at reclamation will not be suffered to languish for lack of means, and that its example will lead to similar attempts for civilising and bettering the condition of the gipsies in England and other countries.



LIFE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

ALLEXANDER SELKIRK, the undoubted original of Defoe's celebrated character, Robinson Crusoe, was born in the year 1676, in the village of Largo, on the southern coast of the county of Fife in Scotland. The name of Selkirk (or Selcraig, which was the old mode of spelling it, and which the subject of our narrative did not exchange for Selkirk till after leaving his native place to go to sea), is not an uncommon one in the village, the population of which now considerably exceeds two thousand. John Selkirk, the father of Alexander, was a thriving shoemaker, who lived in a house of his own, which has since been pulled down, at the west end of the town. He appears to have been a man of strict temper, respected for his steady and religious character, and, like the majority of Scottish parents at that time, a severe disciplinarian in his family. The name of his wife, the mother of our hero, was Euphan Mackie, also, it would seem, a native of Largo, and reported by tradition to have been the very contrast of her husband in her parental conduct—as yielding and indulgent as he was rigorous. In the case of Alexander, however, there was a special reason why Mrs Selkirk should prove a kind and pliant mother. Not only was she considerably advanced in years at the time of his birth, but, by a chance not very common, he was her seventh son, born without an intermediate daughter, and therefore destined, according to an old Scottish superstition, to come to great fortune, and make a figure in the world. Mrs Selkirk, good easy woman, firmly believed this, and made no doubt that her son Sandie was to be the great

man of the family. He was therefore her pet; and the greater part of her maternal care, in respect to his education, consisted in confidential discourses with him by the fireside when the rest of the family were absent, and in occasional consultations how they should screen some little misdemeanour from the eyes of his father.

Young Selkirk was a clever enough boy, and quickly learned all that was taught at the school of his native town. Besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, he is said to have made considerable progress in navigation—a branch of knowledge likely to be of some repute in Largo, not only on account of its being a sea-coast town, with a considerable fishing population, but also in consequence of its having been the birthplace and property of Sir Andrew Wood, a distinguished Scottish admiral of the preceding century, whose nautical fame and habits must have produced considerable impression on it. At all events, whether owing to the ideas he received at school, or to the effect on his mind of the perpetual spectacle of the sails in Largo Bay, and of his constant association with the Largo fishermen, Selkirk early determined to follow a seafaring life. Either out of a disposition to let the boy have his own will, or as thinking the life of a sailor the likeliest way to the attainment of the great fortunes which she anticipated for her son, his mother favoured his intention; his father, however, opposed it strenuously, and was anxious, now that his other sons were all settled in life, that his youngest should remain at home, and assist him in his own trade. This, and young Selkirk's wayward and obstinate conduct, seem to have kept him and his father perpetually at war; and a descendant of the family used to show a walking-stick which the old man is said to have applied to the back of his refractory son, with the affirmation, "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." Notwithstanding the boy's restless character, respect for his father's wishes kept him at home for a considerable time: a father's malediction being too awful a thing for even a seventh son to brave with impunity.

The first thirteen years of Selkirk's life coincide with the hottest period of the religious persecutions in Scotland. He would be about three years of age at the time of the assassination of Archbishop Sharp, which took place at not a very great distance from Largo; and the chief subject of interest, during his boyhood, in Fife, as in the other counties of Scotland, was the position of the church, then filled by Episcopalian and indulged clergy, greatly to the disgust of the people. What part old Selkirk and his family may have taken during the time when it was dangerous to show attachment to Presbytery—whether they professed themselves Covenanters, or whether, as is more probable, they yielded a reluctant attendance at the parish church—cannot be ascertained; but the following entry in the parish records of Largo,

referring to the year 1689, immediately after the Revolution had sealed the restoration of Presbytery in Scotland, will show that if they did attend the parish church, it was not out of lukewarmness to the popular cause, or affection for the established clergyman:—"Sabbath, — 1689.—Which day, the minister being obstructed in his duty, and kept out of the church by a great mob armed with staves and bludgeons, headed by John Selkirk, divided what money there was amongst the poor, and retired from his charge." John Selkirk, who thus signalled himself by heading the mob for the expulsion of the conforming clergyman, was the eldest brother of our hero, who, however, is reported himself to have testified his enthusiasm by flourishing a stick with the other boys. This outburst of Presbyterian zeal freed Largo from the unpopular clergyman, and in a short time in it, as well as in the other parishes of Scotland, the Presbyterian rule was re-established.

SELKIRK GOES TO SEA—RETURNS TO LARGO—INCURS KIRK
CENSURE FOR QUARRELSOME CONDUCT.

One of the first youths in Largo to experience the stricter discipline of Presbytery, whose restoration he had celebrated, was Alexander Selkirk. His high spirits, and want of respect for any control, led him, it would appear, to be guilty of frequent misbehaviour during divine service; for under date the 25th of August 1695 is the following entry in the parish records:—"Alexander Selcraig, son of John Selcraig, elder, cited to appear before the session for indecent conduct in church." This seems to have been more than our hero, now in his nineteenth year, could submit to. The elder's son to appear before the session, and be rebuked for laughing in church! Within twenty-four hours after this terrible citation the young shoemaker was gone; he had left Largo and the land of kirk-sessions behind him, and was miles away at sea. When the kirk-session met, they were obliged to be content with inserting the following paragraph in the record:—"August 27th.—Alexander Selcraig called out; did not appear, having gone to sea." Resolved, however, that he should not escape the rebuke which he had merited, they add, "Continued until his return."

The return which the kirk-session thus looked forward to did not take place for six years, during which we have no account of Selkirk's adventures, although the probability is, that he served with the bucaners, who then scoured the South Seas. To have persisted in calling the young sailor to account for a fault committed six years before, would have been too great severity. The kirk-session, accordingly, do not seem to have made any allusion to the circumstance which had driven him to sea; but it was not long before a still more disgraceful piece of misconduct than the former brought him under their censure. The young sailor, coming home, no doubt, with his character rendered still

more reckless and boisterous than before by the wild life to which he had been accustomed at sea, was hardly a fit inmate for a sedate and orderly household, and quarrels and disturbances became frequent in the honest shoemaker's cottage. One of these domestic uproars brought the whole family before the session: the peace and good order of families being one of the things which were then taken cognisance of by the ecclesiastical authorities in every parish. The circumstances are thus detailed in the session records:—"November 1701.—The same day, John Guthrie delated John Selcraig, elder, and his wife Euphan Mackie, and (his son) Alexander Selcraig, for disagreement together; and also, John Selcraig (Alexander's eldest brother), and his wife Margaret Bell. All of them are ordered to be cited against next session, which is to be on the 25th instant."

Agreeably to this citation the parties appeared—the father, the mother, the eldest son and his wife, and our hero. On this occasion John Selcraig, the elder, "being examined what was the cause of the tumult that was in his house, said he knew not; unless that Andrew Selcraig (another of the old man's sons who lived in the house, and who was but half-witted) having brought in a can full of salt water, of which his brother Alexander did take a drink through mistake, and he (Andrew) laughing at him for it, his brother Alexander came and beat him, upon which he ran out of the house, and called his brother John (John and his wife, Margaret Bell, would appear to have lived in a neighbouring house; and Andrew had run into it to call his brother). Being again questioned what made him (Selkirk the father) sit upon the floor with his back at the door, he said it was to keep down his son Alexander, who was seeking to go up to get down his pistol. And being inquired what he was going to do with it, said he could not tell." Such was the tenor of the old man's evidence. On the same day the culprit Alexander was called; but he had contrived to go to Cupar, to be out of the way. Directing a second citation to be issued against him for next session, the court proceeded to examine the other witnesses. The younger John Selkirk gave his evidence as follows:—"On the 7th of November last, he being called by his brother Andrew, came to his father's house; and when he entered it, his mother went out; and he, seeing his father sitting upon the floor, with his brother at the door, was much troubled, and offered to help him up; at which time he did see his brother Alexander in the other end of the house casting off his coat, and coming towards him; whereupon his father did get up, and did get betwixt them (Alexander and John), but he did not know what he did besides, his (John's) head being borne down by his brother Alexander; but afterwards, being liberated by his wife, he made his escape." Margaret Bell, John's wife, who thus courageously rescued her husband from the clutches of Alexander, was next examined. She declared that her husband being called out by

his brother Andrew to go to his father's house, she followed him, "and coming into the house, she found the said Alexander gripping both his father and her husband, and she, labouring to loose his hands from her husband's head and breast, her husband fled out of doors, and she followed him, but called back, 'You false loon, will you murder your father and my husband both?' whereupon he (Alexander) followed her to the door; but whether he beat her or not, she was in so great confusion she cannot distinctly say, but ever since she hath had a sore pain in her head." The last witness examined was Andrew Selkirk, whose laughter at his brother's mistake had been the original cause of the quarrel. Andrew, however, was able to say "nothing to purpose in the business," and the further investigation of the matter was adjourned until the next meeting.

The session met again on the 29th of November; and this time the culprit was present. The following is the entry regarding the interview between the future Robinson Crusoe and his ecclesiastical judges:—"Alexander Selcraig, scandalous for contention and disagreeing with his brothers, compeared, and being questioned concerning the tumult that was in his house, whereof he was said to be the occasion, confessed that he having taken a drink of salt water out of a can, his brother Andrew laughing at him for it, he did beat him twice with a staff. He confessed also that he had spoken very ill words concerning his brother; and particularly that he had challenged his elder brother John to a combat of *dry nieves* [dry fists], as he called it, else then, he said, he would not care even to do it now, which afterwards he did refuse. [The meaning seems to be, that at first he told the session to their face that he would not care even then to challenge his brother, but afterwards retracted the expression.] Moreover he said several things; whereupon the session appointed him to compear before the face of the congregation for his scandalous carriage." This punishment, the greatest disgrace which could be inflicted on a Scotchman of that day, the young sailor actually underwent; for on the next day, Sunday, November 30, 1701, "Alexander Selcraig, according to the session's appointment, compeared before the pulpit, and made acknowledgment of his sin in disagreeing with his brothers, and was rebuked in the face of the congregation for it, and promised amendment in the strength of the Lord, and so was dismissed." Did ever this scene of himself, standing abashed on a stool, and suffering a public rebuke before a whole churchful of people, recur to him when, a few years after, he was standing by his hut in his desert island, with his hairy cap on his head, and without a single human face to look round upon? Did he laugh, or did the tears come at the recollection?

Probably Selkirk would not have stayed to undergo the punishment inflicted on him by the session, but would have gone off to sea, as on the former occasion, had the season not been too far

advanced for him to find a ship. He therefore remained at Largo during the winter; whether assisting his father at his trade, or going about idle, we do not know. In the spring of 1702 he seized an opportunity of going to England; and a short time afterwards we find him engaged to proceed with the celebrated Dampier on a bucaneeing expedition to the South Seas. That our readers may understand the nature of this expedition, during which that extraordinary event happened to Selkirk which has made his name so famous, it will be necessary to give a brief account of the people called the Bucaneers.

THE BUCANEERS—SELKIRK JOINS A PRIVATEERING EXPEDITION UNDER DAMPIER—ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE.

As is well known, the Spaniards were the first to discover and take possession of the lands in the new world, including the choicest islands of the West Indies, and the rich coasts of South America and Mexico. It was not long, however, before adventurers of other nations, especially French, English, and Dutch, pressed into the newly-discovered seas, and attempted to procure a share of the good things with which the American islands and shores abounded. The Spaniards, whose savage cruelties to the unfortunate natives of the lands they had discovered had made them absolute lords of every portion of American ground on which they had planted themselves, resisted the new-comers with all their strength; attacked their ships, drove them out of the spots where they endeavoured to found their small settlements, and in a hundred other ways annoyed and injured them. The consequence was, that the English, French, and Dutch adventurers who had congregated in the West Indian Archipelago were unable to settle down permanently in any place, but were obliged to keep up a continual war with the Spaniards, in order to maintain their existence. Hayti or St Domingo, being the earliest and most flourishing of the Spanish settlements, became the principal haunt of these rivals and enemies of the Spaniards. A number of French adventurers, whom the Spaniards in their narrow jealousy had driven out of the island of St Christophers, took up their head-quarters in the small island of Tortuga, adjoining the northern coast of St Domingo, and convenient as a station from which they could make expeditions into the latter island, for the purpose of hunting the wild cattle and swine with which it swarmed. This of course increased the animosity of the Spaniards, who resented these incursions upon their territory, and attacked the intruders without mercy whenever they surprised them in the woods of St Domingo. Compelled thus to associate themselves for mutual safety in bands of considerable force, and joined by adventurers of other nations, the *Bucaneers*, as the French were called, from the custom of *bucanning* or drying and smoking the flesh of the animals which they killed, became a formidable body. Many of them, tired of the

miserable life which they led on shore, embarked in vessels, and sought a desperate but congenial occupation in attacking and plundering the richly-laden ships which were constantly sailing from the Spanish colonies to the mother country. Allured by the charms of this lawless mode of life, fresh adventurers arrived from France and England in ships fitted out for the purpose, with the permission of the French and English governments, both of which were eager to damage the Spanish interests; and thus, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, the West Indian Archipelago, and the shores of South America, swarmed with crews of pirates, who, under the name of privateers, chased every merchant vessel that made its appearance. When they came up with such a vessel quitting an American harbour, they boarded her with the most reckless audacity, either murdered the sailors and passengers, or made them prisoners, and shared the cargo according to their own rules of equity. In consequence of their ravages, the Spanish colonists in the new world became less and less disposed to risk their property in commerce, and the intercourse which had hitherto been kept up between the colonies and the mother country was greatly interrupted. Disappointed of prizes at sea, the bucaniers did not hesitate to make up for the loss by storming and plundering the Spanish settlements on the American coasts. Landing in the night-time on the beach, close by some ill-guarded town or village, they would surprise the inhabitants while asleep, and either carry off all the wealth they could find, or sell back their own property to the wretched inhabitants for a heavy ransom. The bucaniers were, in fact, a floating nation of robbers; a revival in more modern times of the Norwegian sea-kings. They had their own rude notions of justice; they even professed religion in the midst of their licentiousness; and many of them never gave chase to a flag without falling down on their knees on the deck to pray God that he would grant them the victory and a valuable cargo. The more respectable among them defended their mode of life, by saying that the injuries they perpetrated upon the Spaniards were a just retribution upon that nation for their cruelties to the Indians, or sought shelter under the general usage of the time, which authorised the various governments of Europe to grant licenses to private adventurers to harass and destroy the ships and ports belonging to nations with which they were at war. These excuses, joined with the love of adventure and the desire of wealth, the prospect of attaining which was so great in the bucaniering mode of life, operated as motives sufficient to induce a number of persons belonging to families of good repute to engage in the trade; nor did they incur disgrace by so doing. As we have already seen, young Selkirk, although he was the son of a stanch Scottish Presbyterian, and had been subject from his infancy to the wholesome impressions of respectable society, had not scrupled to join the rovers of the South Seas,

His experience of the toils and dangers of such a life had not cured him of his propensity to adventure; and now, for the second time, he leaves his father's house to become a privateer.

William Dampier, the originator and commander of the expedition which Selkirk now joined, was an Englishman, who had gone to sea at an early age, and for upwards of thirty years had been enduring the innumerable hardships and vicissitudes incident to the life of a sailor in those times. He was a man of ardent mind and great abilities, as the accounts of his voyages which he has left testify; and he had gained more knowledge of the South Seas than any man then living. He had not, however, with all his energy and skill, been very successful in improving his own fortunes; and now, at the age of fifty years, he was planning another expedition, which he hoped would issue in the acquisition of immense riches for all concerned. He found little difficulty in persuading some merchants to fit out two vessels, the *St George* and the *Fame*, each of twenty-six guns, the former to be commanded by himself, the latter by a Captain Pulling; and as war had just been declared against France and Spain, in consequence of a dispute regarding the succession to the crown of the latter, in which Great Britain, Holland, and several other countries ranged themselves against France, he easily obtained the necessary commissions from Prince George, then high admiral of England, authorising the crews of the two ships to attack and plunder the French and Spaniards for their own profit. Thus entitled, so far as the lord high admiral's warrant could entitle them, to grow rich by robbing Frenchmen and Spaniards all over the world, the adventurers listened eagerly to the plans which Dampier proposed as most sure to succeed. The first of these was, that they should sail to the south-eastern coast of South America, proceed up the river *La Plata* as far as *Buenos Ayres*, and earn £600,000 at one stroke by capturing the Spanish galleons usually stationed there. Should this plan fail, they were to sail round *Cape Horn*, and make a privateering cruise as far as the coast of *Peru*, where they would be likely to fall in with some valuable prizes; and should they fail also in this, they could still find profitable occupation in plundering the Spanish towns along the western coast of South America, waiting for the ship which periodically sailed from the Mexican port of *Acapulco*, and which would be a splendid capture. Such were the hopes which Dampier held out to the crews. The vessels were victualled for nine months; "and the articles of agreement were, *no purchase, no pay*; or, in other words, the merchants risked the vessels, and the crews their limbs and lives."*

All was prepared for sailing, and the vessels were already in the Downs, when, in consequence of a quarrel between Dampier and

* *Howell's Life of Alexander Selkirk.*

Pulling, the latter went off alone, intending, he said, to make for the Canary Islands. Neither he nor the ship was ever heard of afterwards. Dampier, on Pulling's departure, lost no time in procuring the equipment of another vessel instead of the *Fame*. The name of the new vessel was "The Cinque Ports," of about ninety tons burthen, with a crew of sixty-three, and carrying sixteen guns. This ship joined the *St George* in the Bay of Kinsale, on the Irish coast, on the 18th of May 1703, and made all haste to proceed on their voyage. Still it was not till the 11th of September that they left Kinsale. The following is the list of the officers of the ships respectively as given by Mr Howell:—In the *St George*—William Dampier, captain; John Clipperton, chief mate; William Funnel, second mate; and John Ballet, surgeon: in the *Cinque Ports*—Charles Pickering, captain; Thomas Stradling, lieutenant; and *Alexander Selkirk*, sailing-master. The appointment of our hero to so responsible a situation as that of sailing-master indicates considerable confidence in his abilities and seamanship.

On the 25th of September the vessels reached Madeira, and here Dampier had the disappointment of learning that his delay, in consequence of Pulling's desertion, had deprived them of the chance of capturing the galleons in the La Plata river, these ships having already arrived at Teneriffe. The crews then resolved to trust to the chances which the other plans proposed by Dampier might afford. Accordingly, they made straight for the South American coast. The only incident of consequence on the way was the disagreement of Captain Dampier with some of his crew. On the 2d of November they passed the equator, and on the 8th they saw the coast of Brazil.

On the 24th of November they anchored at the island Le Grand, in latitude 23 degrees 30 minutes south. "It produces," says William Funnel, the second mate of the *St George*, who wrote a narrative of the voyage, "rum, sugar, and several kinds of fruit, but all very dear, on account of supplying the inland town of St Paul with necessaries. Here we wooded, watered, and refitted our ships; and nine of our men falling out with Captain Dampier, left us, and went ashore." Another incident which happened at Le Grand, and which exercised a bad effect on the remainder of the expedition, was the death of Captain Pickering of the *Cinque Ports*, who was succeeded by his lieutenant, Stradling, a man of ferocious and quarrelsome temper. The death of Pickering, the appointment of Stradling, the frequent altercations between Dampier and his crew, the difference of views which began to be manifested among the sailors as to the best plan for rendering the rest of the voyage successful, all preyed upon the mind of Selkirk to such a degree, as to render him disgusted with his situation. He had a dream, it is said, off the coast of Le Grand, which left the firm impression on his mind that the expedition was to be disastrous, and that he ought to

take the first opportunity of giving up all connexion with it. It was not till some time afterwards, however, that he resolved finally to do so.

Leaving Le Grand on the 28th of December, the vessels continued their voyage southwards; passed the Falkland Isles on the 29th, and were encountered by such a storm in rounding Cape Horn, that they lost sight of each other on the 4th of January 1704. They did not fall in with each other again till the 10th of February, when the *St George*, anchoring at the island of Juan Fernandez, after a tedious voyage along the coasts of Patagonia and Chili, found that the *Cinque Ports* had been waiting there for her three days. "We anchored," says Funnell, "in the great bay, in thirty-five fathoms. At this island we wooded, watered, and refitted our ships, giving them a heel, to clean their sides as low as we could, which took up much time, and occasioned both companies to be much on shore. In this island there are abundance of cabbage-trees, which are excellent, though small. The cabbage-tree, which is a species of palm, has a small straight stem, often ninety or a hundred feet long, with many knots or joints, about four inches asunder, like a bamboo cane. It has no leaves, except at the top, in the midst of which the substance called cabbage is contained. The branches of this tree are commonly twelve or thirteen feet in length; and at about a foot and a half from the tree the leaves begin, which are about four feet long, and an inch and a half broad—the leaves growing so regularly, that the whole branch seems one entire leaf. The cabbage, when cut out from among the roots of the branches, is usually a foot long, and six inches in diameter, and as white as milk. From the bottom of the cabbage there spring out several large bunches of berries, like grapes, each bunch being five or six pounds weight. The berries are red, and about the size of cherries, each having a large stone in the middle, and the pulp tastes like that of haws. On the island we saw also the sea-lion, which is so called, as I suppose, because he roars somewhat like a lion, and his head has also some resemblance to that animal, having four large teeth in front, all the rest being short, thick, and stubbed. Instead of feet and legs, he has four fins, the two foremost serving him, when he goes ashore, to raise the fore-part of the body, and he then draws the hind-part after him. The two hinder fins are of no use on land, but only in the water. The animal is very fat; for which reason we killed several of them, from which we made a ton of oil for our lamps, and while at this island, made use of it also for frying our fish. They have short light-coloured hair when young, becoming sandy when old. Their food is fish, and they prey altogether in the water, but come on land to sleep, when five, six, or more of them huddle together like swine, and will often lie still three or four days if not molested. They are much afraid of men, and make off as fast as they can into the

water. If hard-pressed, they will turn about, raising their bodies on their fore-fins, and face you with their mouths wide open; so that we used to clap a pistol to their mouths and fire down their throats. Sometimes five or six of us would surround one of these monsters, each having half a pike, and so prick him dead, which commonly was the sport of two or three hours."* Selkirk little thought, while cutting the branches of the cabbage-trees, and hunting sea-lions with Funnel and the other sailors on the beach of Juan Fernandez, that in a short time this island was to be his solitary home.

The life of comparative idleness which the crews of the two ships were leading on the island was not favourable to good-humour or harmony, especially as, hitherto, they had not succeeded in attaining the object of their expedition. The sailors of the Cinque Ports quarrelled with their captain, Stradling; and the dispute at length ran so high, that forty-two men, or more than two-thirds of the crew, went ashore, and threatened to remain. Whether Selkirk, who, as sailing-master, was next in rank to Stradling on board the Cinque Ports, was one of those who revolted, is not ascertained; but the sequel renders it probable that he was. At length Dampier succeeded in reconciling the sailors with their captain, order was restored, and matters went on as usual.

On the 29th of February the idle crews were roused to activity by the sight of a sail. In their hurry to give chase, they left behind them one of their boats, their anchors, a quantity of oil, and other materials, and, what was more alarming, five sailors and a negro, who happened to be straggling in a part of the island distant from the beach at the time when the sail was seen. Bearing out to sea, they found the strange ship to be a Frenchman of thirty guns. After a long pursuit, they came up with her next day, and engaged her very close, the *St George* keeping her broadside to broadside for seven hours. A gale then sprang up, and the Frenchman escaped, disappointing the privateers of their expected booty. Nine of the *St George's* men had been killed, and many more wounded in the action. The crews were, nevertheless, exceedingly anxious to continue the chase; but Dampier opposed them, saying it was not worth while, and "they did not need to care for merchantmen, as he could get them a prize of £500,000 any day of the year." They therefore returned, in no very good-humour, to Juan Fernandez, which they came in sight of on the 3d of March. To their surprise they found two French vessels at anchor off the island, each of thirty-six guns: a sight which made them glad to sheer off, leaving the boat, the anchors, the oil, and the six sailors to their fate. It afterwards appeared that the Frenchmen, on landing, had taken possession of all the stores they found on the island,

* Funnel's Narrative.

and made prisoners of four of the six men, the other two managing to conceal themselves.

Prevented from again taking up their station at Juan Fernandez, the *St George* and the *Cinque Ports* bore away north-east for the coast of Peru, which they came in sight of on the 11th of March. "Coasting northward along the shore," says Funnell, "which is the highest and most mountainous I ever saw, we were surprised, on the 19th of March, to see the waves changed to a red colour for seven or eight leagues, though, on sounding, we had no ground at one hundred and seventy fathoms; but on drawing up some of the water, we found the colour to be owing to a vast quantity of fish-spawn swimming on the surface." Keeping a constant look-out for vessels to attack, they saw, on the 22d of March, two at some distance, the sternmost of which proved to be the Frenchman which they had chased and fought off Juan Fernandez. They were very eager to capture this vessel, not merely on account of her value, but because, if she reached Lima—the port she seemed to be bound for—her crew would communicate the intelligence that two bucaneeering ships were on the coast, and so prevent the merchantmen in that port from sailing. Captain Dampier, however, was averse to attack her; and she escaped, greatly to the discontent of the men, whose fears were in great part realised, and who were only kept from breaking out in rebellion by the capture of two considerable prizes a few days afterwards. Clearing these vessels of the valuable part of their cargo, as well as a barque laden with plank and cordage, which they fell in with on the 11th of April, they let them go, and began to meditate a descent upon some settlement on the coast north of Lima. Santa Maria was the town they resolved to attack, as they expected there to find a great quantity of gold collected from the adjacent mines. On their way to this town from the island of Gallo, which they left on the 17th of April, they captured a small Spanish vessel, on board of which they found a Guernsey man, who had long been a prisoner among the Spaniards. In high spirits with these omens of success, they sailed for Santa Maria, Captain Dampier telling them that, on a former occasion, one hundred and twenty pounds weight of gold had been carried off by a bucaneer from that town, and that, as it was now much larger, the quantity of gold in it must be enormous. They reached the town, and commenced the attack in the night-time. "The design, however," says Funnell, "miscarried, whether from fear, confusion, or the enemy having early intelligence of our motions, which enabled them to cut off many of our men. This is certain, that we became quite sick of our fruitless attempts before the 1st of May, and immediately re-embarked. We were now so short of provisions, that five boiled green plantains were allotted for six men; but when almost out both of hope and patience, a vessel came and anchored close beside us at midnight, which we took without resistance. This proved a

most valuable prize, being a ship of one hundred and fifty tons, laden with flour, sugar, brandy, wine, about thirty tons of marmalade of quinces, a considerable quantity of salt, and several tons of linen and woollen cloth: so that we had now a sufficient supply of provisions even for four or five years." On board of this rich prize, to secure an equitable division of the spoil among the crews of the two ships, were placed William Funnell and Alexander Selkirk: the former on behalf of the crew of the *St George*, the latter on behalf of the crew of the *Cinque Ports*.

The bucaniers carried their prize into the Bay of Panama, and anchored with her under the island of Tobago on the 14th of May. "Here," says Funnell, "Captains Dampier and Stradling disagreed, and the quarrel proceeded to such a length, that they could not be reconciled, so that at last it was determined to part company, all the men of both crews being at liberty to go with which captain they pleased. Five of our men went over to Captain Stradling, and five of his men came to us." It would therefore seem that our hero, Selkirk, had here an opportunity of changing his captain; and as it is certain that he had no special friendship for Stradling, his not availing himself of the opportunity would indicate that, bad as Stradling was, he preferred him to Dampier. Probably he thought that, by remaining with Stradling, who was more unhesitating in his measures than Dampier, he would sooner grow rich. At all events, he and Funnell, on quitting the prize, resumed their old stations in their respective ships. The prize was abandoned after all that was considered valuable had been taken out of her; and on the 19th of May 1704 the two ships parted company, never to meet again—the *St George* sailing away in quest of more prizes, the *Cinque Ports* remaining behind. It is with the fate of the latter that we are now to be further concerned; and as Funnell went with the *St George*, we have no longer his narrative to guide us.

SELKIRK LEFT BY THE CINQUE PORTS ON JUAN FERNANDEZ—
DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND.

For three months the *Cinque Ports* kept cruising along the shores of Mexico, Guatemala, and Equatorial America, like a villanous vulture watching the horizon for its prey. No ships, however, appeared to reward the greedy activity of the crew; and at length, in the end of August, Stradling resolved to turn southward, and make for Juan Fernandez, to take in provisions and refit. Meanwhile, as was natural among so many men of savage character cooped up idle in a vessel, all was dissension on board. Stradling and Selkirk especially were, to use a common phrase, at daggers-drawing; now in loud and angry dispute below, now scowling sullenly at each other on deck. Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel as soon as an opportunity offered. Accordingly, when in the beginning of September they came in sight of Juan Fernandez, and the two men who had been living on the island

since the beginning of March—when, it will be remembered, the *St George* and *Cinque Ports* had been obliged to sheer off without being able to pick them up—made their appearance, healthy and strong as ever, and delighting their old companions with an account of how they had spent the seven months of their solitary reign, eating fruit in abundance, chasing goats, and hunting seals, the idea flashed across his mind that he would take their place, and leaving the vessel to sail away without him, remain the possessor of *Juan Fernandez*. By what process of imagination he flattered himself that such a life would be agreeable; whether he finally adopted his resolution in a fit of unthinking enthusiasm, such as sometimes leads to strange and whimsical acts, or whether his differences with *Stradling*, and his disgust with his situation on board the *Cinque Ports*, were really such that escape by any method seemed advisable, cannot now be known; but at all events, the conclusion was, that when the vessel was ready to leave the island, *Selkirk* signified his intention of remaining. *Stradling* made no objections; a boat was lowered, *Selkirk* descended into it with all his effects, three or four men rowed him ashore under the direction of the captain, the crew of the *Cinque Ports* looking on from the deck. *Selkirk* leaped on the beach, his effects were lifted out after him by the sailors, and laid in a heap; they shook hands with him heartily, the captain standing in the boat, and bidding them make haste. The sailors jumped in, and the boat was pushed off. Poor *Selkirk*! he had felt a bound, an exultation of spirit at the moment of stepping on shore; but now, as the boat was shoved off, and the men sat down to the oars with their faces toward him, pride, anger, resolution, all gave way; the horrors of his situation rose at once to his view, and rushing into the surf up to the middle, he stretched out his hands towards his comrades, and implored them to come back and take him on board again. With a jeering laugh the brutal commander bade him stick to his resolution, and remain where he was, adding that it was a blessing for the crew to have got rid at last of so troublesome a fellow. The boat accordingly went off to the ship, and in a short time the *Cinque Ports* was out of sight. *Selkirk* remained on the beach beside his bundles, gazing after her till it grew dark.

Juan Fernandez, the island on which our poor Scotchman was thus cast ashore, is situated in latitude 33 degrees 40 minutes south, and longitude 79 degrees west, about four hundred miles west of the coast of *Chili*. The name is properly applied to a group of islands consisting of two larger and a few smaller; and the name now given to that inhabited by *Selkirk*, and which is the largest of the group, is *Mas-a-tierra*. The island was first discovered in 1572 by a Spanish navigator, who conferred on it his own name of *Juan Fernandez*; and for a short time it was inhabited by a small colony of Spaniards, who ultimately aban-

done it, however, to settle on the mainland. Afterwards, as we have already seen, it became a resort of such bucaneeing vessels as required, during their cruises on the west coast of America, to put in to some safe harbour to victual and refit. Once or twice, by a similar accident to that which we have described in the case of the six sailors who were left by the *St George* and the *Cinque Ports* in their hurry to give chase to the French merchantman, the island had become the residence of a castaway bucaneer, who was afterwards picked off by a passing ship. Thus, says a voyager whom we shall have yet to quote more at large, "Ringrose, in his account of the voyage of Captain Sharp and other bucaneeers, mentions one who had escaped ashore on this island out of a ship, which was cast away with all the rest of the company, and says he lived five years alone, before he had the opportunity of another ship to carry him off. Captain Dampier also talks of a Mosquito Indian that belonged to Captain Watlin, who, being a hunting in the woods when the captain left the island, lived there three years alone, till Captain Dampier came hither in 1684 and carried him off." Whatever amount of truth there may be in these particular statements as to Juan Fernandez, it is certain that Selkirk's solitary residence on this island was by no means the first instance of the kind. It does not appear to have been an uncommon thing for a bucaneer in those days to be either cast ashore on a desert island by the chances of shipwreck, or to be purposely left upon one by his captain out of savage ill-will, or as a punishment for mutinous conduct. Perhaps, if the records of old voyages were thoroughly searched, instances might be found of the kind as extraordinary as Selkirk's, if not more so. The magic touch, however, of the hand of a genius has conferred a celebrity on the history of the Fifeshire mariner which distinguishes him from all other Crusoes.

To proceed with our description of Juan Fernandez. The island is of an irregular form, from ten to twelve miles long, and about six broad, its area being about seventy square miles—somewhat less than that of the island of Bute. "The south-west side," says the voyager already quoted, "is much the longest, and has a small island about a mile long lying near it, with a few visible rocks close under the shore. On this side begins a ridge of high mountains, that run across from the south-west to the north-west of the island; and the land that lies out in a narrow point to the westward appears to be the only level ground in it. On the north-east side it is very high land, and under it are the two bays where ships always put in to recruit. The best bay is all deep water, and you may carry in ships close to the rocks, if occasion require. The wind blows always over the land, and at worst along shore, which makes no sea. Near the rocks there are very good fish of several sorts, particularly large crawfish under the rocks, easy to be caught; also cavalloes, gropers, and

other good fish, in so great plenty anywhere near the shore, that I never saw the like but at the best fishing season in Newfoundland. Pimento is the best timber, and most plentiful on this side of the island, but very apt to split, till a little dried. The cabbage-trees abound about three miles into the woods, and the cabbage is very good; most of them are on the top of the nearest and lowest mountains. The soil in these hills is of a loose black earth; the rocks are very rotten, so that, without great care, it is dangerous to climb the hills for cabbages; besides, there are abundance of holes dug in several places by a sort of fowls called puffins, which cause the earth to fall in at once, and endanger the breaking of a man's leg. Our summer months are winter here. In July snow and ice are sometimes seen; but the spring, which is in September, October, and November, is very pleasant. There is then abundance of good herbs, as parsley, purslain, &c.* To these descriptions, written about the year 1712, we may add an extract from the account given in Lord Anson's voyages in 1741, in order that our readers may have a pretty distinct idea of the appearance of the island, which, for four years and a half, was to be the home of Selkirk. "The woods," says the author of Anson's voyages, "cover most of the steepest hills, and are free from all bushes and underwood, offering an easy passage through every part of them; and the irregularities of the hills and precipices in the northern part of the island trace, by their various combinations, a number of romantic valleys, most of which have a stream of the clearest water running through them, tumbling in cascades from rock to rock. Some particular spots occur in these valleys where the shade of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, and the transparency and frequent falls of the streams, present scenes of wonderful beauty."

SELKIRK'S RESIDENCE IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

For many days after the departure of the Cinque Ports, Selkirk remained lingering about the spot where he was put ashore, unable to abandon the hope that Stradling would relent and come back for him. His constant occupation was gazing out into the sea. As soon as morning dawned he began his watch, sitting on his chest; and his deepest grief was when the evening came on, so that he could see no longer. Sleep came upon him by snatches, and against his exertions to remain awake. Food he did not think of, till extreme hunger obliged him; and then, rather than go in search of the fruits and game which the woods afforded, he contented himself with the shell-fish and seals' flesh, which he could obtain without removing from the beach. The sameness of the diet, the want of bread and salt, and the sinking sickness of his heart, caused him to loathe his food, so that he ate but at

* Voyage by Captain Woodes Rogers in 1708-9.

long intervals. Weary, and with aching eyes, he lay down at night, leaning his back against his bundles, listening to the crashing sound of rocks frequently falling among the woods, and to the discordant bleating of the shoals of seals along the shore. The horrors of his situation were augmented during the dark by superstitious alarms. Amid the murmur of the waves he could fancy he heard howlings and whistlings, as of spirits in the air : if he turned his head to the black and wooded masses behind him, they seemed peopled and in motion ; and as he again turned it to the shore, phantoms stalked past. Often he cursed himself for the folly of the resolution which had brought him here ; often, in the frenzy of fear, he would start up with the horrible determination of suicide ; but a rush of softer feeling would come, and then he became calm. At length this gentler state of mind grew habitual ; thoughts and impressions which had been familiar to him in childhood again came up ; and the years which he had spent with brawling and ferocious shipmates, in the lawless profession of a privateer, were swept out of his memory like a disagreeable dream.

With the return of equanimity, Selkirk began to consider the means of rendering his residence on the island endurable. It was the month of October—a season corresponding in that locality to the middle of spring with us—and all was blooming and fragrant. The possibility of starving was not one of the horrors which his situation presented ; and when he recovered calmness of mind sufficient to take a view of his solitary domain, he found himself in the midst of plenty. Besides the fish and seals which swarmed round the shores of the island, there were innumerable fruits and vegetables in the woods, among which was the never-failing cabbage-tree ; and hundreds of goats skipped wild among the hills. Almost all the means of ordinary physical comfort were within his reach ; and he had only to exert his strength and ingenuity to make the island yield him its resources. How he proceeded to do this ; the various shifts and devices which he fell upon to supply his wants, and to add gradually to his store of comforts ; the succession of daily steps and contrivances by which, in the course of four years and a half, he raised himself from comparative helplessness to complete dominion over the resources of his little territory ; and, along with this, the various stages which his feelings went through, from the agony and stupefaction of the first night which he spent on the island, to the perfect freedom and happiness which he ultimately attained—we have not sufficient materials to be able to describe in detail. It is needless to say that the matchless narrative of Defoe is almost entirely a fiction, so far as the details of his hero's daily life in the desert island are concerned. Alexander Selkirk did not display such a genius for mechanical contrivances as Robinson Crusoe, or at least if he did, no record of his contrivances has been preserved. The island was not visited

by cannibal savages as is the case in the romance; no faithful Friday appeared to cheer the hours of the solitary; nor is there any journal preserved from which we learn whether ever such an incident occurred as the discovery of the mysterious foot-print in the sand. . All these ornaments of the story the world owes to Defoe, whose object was not to write the history of Selkirk, or any other known castaway, but to describe, by the force of imagination, the life of an ideal hero on an ideal desert island. At the same time, there is no doubt that Defoe's narrative fills up our conception of Selkirk's long residence in his island with details such as must actually be true; and at all events there is a correspondence in some points between it and Selkirk's own account of his manner of life, furnished after his return to England to Sir Richard Steele and others, through whom it was made public. The particulars of this narrative, so far as it extends, we proceed to relate.

The stores which Selkirk had brought ashore consisted, besides his clothing and bedding, of a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a flip-can, a Bible, some books of devotion, and one or two concerning navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Such were the few implements and substances from the great civilised world which Selkirk had to help him in the task of subduing to his own convenience seventy square miles of earth and wood. Yet, in the possession of that small package, what strength lay in his hands, and how superior was he to the savage children of nature! Within the small compass of his chest was wrapt up the condensed skill and wisdom of ages, the ingenuity and industry of hundreds of men who had long gone to their graves. The flint and steel, the firelock, the gunpowder, the knife and hatchet, what power over nature was there not compact in these articles!—the mathematical instruments, of what knowledge were they not the symbols!—and, above all, the Bible, and the books which accompanied it, what wealth of conversation, what health of spirit, did they not bring with them!

The first object that occupied his attention, besides the daily supply of such food as was necessary for his subsistence, was the construction of a dwelling to serve him as a shelter from the weather. Selecting a spot at some distance from the beach, he cut down pimento wood, and in a short time built a hut in which he could reside. To this he afterwards added another. They were both constructed during the first eighteen months of his residence; but the task of improving them, and adding to their neatness, was a constant occupation to him during his stay on the island. The larger of his two huts, which "was situated near a spacious wood, he made his sleeping-room, spreading the bedclothes he had brought with him upon a frame of his own construction; and as these wore out, or were used for other

purposes, he supplied their places with goat-skins. The smaller hut, which he had erected at some distance from the other, was used by him as a kitchen, in which he dressed his victuals. The furniture was very scanty, but consisted of every convenience his island could afford. His most valuable article was the pot or kettle he had brought from the ship to boil his meat in; the spit was his own handiwork, made of such wood as grew upon the island; the rest was suitable to his rudely-constructed habitation. The pimento wood, which burns very bright and clear, served him both for fuel and candle. It gives out an agreeable perfume when burning. He obtained fire, after the Indian method, by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together until they ignited. This he did, as he was ill able to spare any of his linen for tinder, time being of no value to him, and the labour rather an amusement!"* The necessity of providing for his wants had the effect of diverting his thoughts from the misery of his situation; yet every day, for the first eighteen months, he spent more or less time on the beach, watching for the appearance of a sail upon the horizon. At the end of that time, partly through habit, partly through the influence of religion, which here awakened in full force upon his mind, he became reconciled to his situation. Every morning after rising he read a portion of Scripture, sang a psalm, and prayed, speaking aloud, in order to preserve the use of his voice; he afterwards remarked that, during his residence on the island, he was a better Christian than he had ever been before, or would probably ever be again. He at first lived much upon turtles and crawfish, which abounded upon the shores—his powder, with which he could shoot the goats of the island, having soon been exhausted: but afterwards he found himself able to run down the goats, whose flesh he either roasted or stewed, and of which he kept a small stock, tamed, around his dwelling, to be used in the event of his being disabled by sickness. One of the greatest inconveniences which afflicted him for the first few months was the want of salt; but he gradually became accustomed to this privation, and at last found so much relish in unsalted food, that, after being restored to society, it was with equal difficulty that he reconciled himself to take it in any other condition. As a substitute for bread, he had turnips, parsnips, and the cabbage-palm, all of excellent quality, and also radishes and water-cresses. When his clothes were worn out, he supplied their place with goat-skins, which gave him an appearance much more uncouth than any wild animal. He had a piece of linen, from which he made new shirts by means of a nail and the thread of his stockings; and he never wanted this comfortable piece of attire during the whole period of his residence on the island. Every physical want being thus gratified, and his mind soothed by devotional feeling, he at

length began positively to enjoy his existence—often lying for whole days in the delicious bowers which he had formed for himself, abandoned to the most pleasant sensations.

Among the quadruped inhabitants of the isle were multitudes of rats, which at the first annoyed him by gnawing his feet while asleep. Against this enemy he found it necessary to enter into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the cats, which also abounded in his neighbourhood. Having caught and tamed some of the latter animals, he was soon freed from the presence of the rats, but not without some disagreeable consequences in the reflection that, should he die in his hut, his friendly auxiliaries would probably be obliged, for their subsistence, to devour his body. He was, in the meantime, able to turn them to some account for his amusement, by teaching them to dance and perform a number of antic feats, such as cats are not in general supposed capable of learning, but which they might probably acquire, if any individual in civilised life were able to take the necessary pains. Another of his amusements was hunting on foot, in which he at length, through healthy exercise and habit, became such a proficient, that he could run down the swiftest goat. Some of the young of these animals he taught to dance in company with his kittens; and he often afterwards declared that he never danced with a lighter heart or greater spirit than to the sound of his own voice in the midst of these dumb companions.

Selkirk was careful, during his stay on the island, to measure the lapse of time, and distinguish Sunday from the other days of the week. Anxious, in the midst of all his indifference to society, that, in the event of his dying in solitude, his having lived there might not be unknown to his fellow-creatures, he carved his name upon a number of trees, adding the date of his being left, and the space of time which had since elapsed. When his knife was worn out, he made new ones, and even a cleaver for his meat, out of some hoops which he found on the shore. He several times saw vessels passing the island, but only two cast anchor beside it. Afraid of being taken by the Spaniards, who would have consigned him to hopeless captivity, he endeavoured to ascertain whether these strangers were so or not before making himself known. In both cases he found them enemies; and on one of the occasions, having approached too near, he was observed and chased, and only escaped by taking refuge in a tree.

As Selkirk was only about thirty years of age, and as he found his constitution, which was naturally good, improved and fortified in a wonderful degree by his mode of life, the only cause which he could fear as likely to cut short his days, and prevent him from reaching the old age which he might expect to attain to in his island, provided no ship appeared to carry him off, was the occurrence of some accident, such as might very possibly befall him in his expeditions through the woods. Only one such accident occurred during his stay on the island: it had nearly

proved fatal, however. It has already been mentioned that in many parts of the island the soil was loose, and undermined by holes, and the rock weathered almost to rottenness. Pursuing a goat once in one of these dangerous places, the bushy brink of a precipice, to which he had followed it, crumbled beneath him, and he and the goat fell together from a great height. He lay stunned and senseless at the foot of the rock for a great while—not less than twenty-four hours, he thought, from the change of position in the sun—but the precise length of time he had no means of ascertaining. When he recovered his senses, he found the goat lying dead beside him. With great pain and difficulty he made his way to his hut, which was nearly a mile distant from the spot; and for three days he lay on his bed, enduring much suffering. No permanent injury, however, had been done him, and he was soon able to go abroad again.

Four years and four months had elapsed since Selkirk was left by Stradling on the island of Juan Fernandez. It was now the month of January 1709; his reckoning enabled him to know the lapse of time, at least within a week or two. Four times had the January summers of Juan Fernandez passed over his head, and already he was looking forward to the coming of the fifth autumn and winter. The whole island was now familiar to him, with its appearances and productions at various seasons. Custom had reconciled him to it; had almost brought him to regard it as his home; had almost made him cease to remember with regret the world from which he was an outcast. Occasionally, indeed, such thoughts as the poet has supposed must have occurred to him even now, after so long a period of acquaintance with solitude.

“I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute :
 From the centre, all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh, solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity’s reach.
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!

LIFE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind,
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light!
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place:
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot."

These thoughts, however, were not habitual. Even the idea of dying alone, and leaving his bones stretched out, to be found some day, at the distance of years, by those whom chance might bring to his mouldering hut in the woods, ceased to affect him sorrowfully. The religious impressions of his childhood had gained a supreme influence over him; and in communion with his Bible and with his own soul, the solitary man, clad in his goat-skins, became meek, thankful, and tender-hearted. How different from the rough young sailor who, not many years before, had been struggling in the grasps of his brother, his sister-in-law, and his old father on the floor of the cottage in Largo!

Whether the change of character was permanent, we shall now see, as we are about to relate the circumstances which led to his release from his solitude, and his restoration to society.

FATE OF STRADLING AND DAMPIER—EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN ROGERS—SELKIRK RELIEVED, AND BROUGHT HOME.

One hope of relief for Selkirk, even if other chances had failed, consisted in the probability that intelligence of his situation would reach England through some of the crew of the *Cinque Ports*, and that some vessel might, in consequence, be induced to pay a passing visit to Juan Fernandez for the purpose of ascertaining his fate. If Selkirk, however, had relied strongly on this probability, he would have been disappointed. The *Cinque Ports* never reached England. Old, crank, and worm-eaten, she foundered off the coast of Barbacoa not long after setting sail from Juan Fernandez. Out of the whole crew, only Captain Stradling and six or seven of his men were saved; and these were long detained prisoners among the Spaniards at Lima. They were in captivity during the whole time of Selkirk's residence on his island; and long after he had returned to England, most of them were captives still. Stradling at length obtained his liberty, but his ultimate fate was never known.

Deliverance was to reach Selkirk from another quarter. Dampier, who, it will be remembered, had parted company with the *Cinque Ports* about five months before Selkirk had been abandoned by Stradling, had continued his voyage through the South Seas in search of Spanish vessels. Various success had attended him for several months; a considerable portion of his crew forsook him; and at length, crossing the Pacific to the East Indies, he and his companions fell into the hands of the Dutch, who seized his ship and all that he had. The expedition of the *St George* and the *Cinque Ports*, planned by him, had therefore turned out a total failure. "Dampier returned naked to his owners, with a melancholy relation of his misfortunes, occasioned chiefly by his own strange temper, which was so self-sufficient and overbearing, that few or none of his officers could endure it. Even in this distress he was received as an eminent man, notwithstanding his failings; and was introduced to Queen Anne, having the honour to kiss her hand, and to give her majesty some account of the dangers he had undergone. The merchants were so sensible of his want of conduct, that they resolved never to trust him any more with a command."*

The bad success of Dampier's expedition, however, did not prevent the fitting out of another with similar designs against the Spaniards of the South Seas; and about the middle of the year 1708, two vessels, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, the pro-

* Kerr's Voyages.—Funnel's Narrative.

party of Bristol merchants, set sail for the Spanish main, having in all three hundred and thirty-three men on board. The Duke, a vessel of thirty guns, was commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, a very able and prudent man; the Duchess, of twenty-six guns, by Captain Stephen Courtney. Poor Dampier, who could not be intrusted with the command, and whose poverty obliged him to accept some occupation of the same kind as that which he had all his life been accustomed to, was glad to sail in the Duke in the capacity of pilot to the expedition. Great care had been taken in the manning of both vessels, and regulations had been drawn up before sailing, to prevent disputes.

Captain Rogers, whose proceedings during the voyage it is not necessary for us to detail, pursued the same tract as the former expedition; and after cruising along the Brazilian coast, rounded Cape Horn in the month of December 1708, bearing for Juan Fernandez, to take in water. The crews came in sight of the island on the 31st of January 1709, little anticipating the surprise which awaited them. What occurred as they approached is thus related by Captain Rogers himself in the account which he published of the voyage:—"About two o'clock P.M., on the 31st of January, we hoisted our pinnace out; Captain Dover (second captain of the Duke), with the boat's crew, went in her to go ashore, though we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the Duchess, the crew of which were astonished at our boat attempting to go on shore at so great a distance from land: it was against my inclination, but to oblige Captain Dover, I consented to let her go. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore; our boat was then about a league from the island. She stopped, and bore away again for the ships as soon as she saw the light. We put out lights for the boat, though some were of opinion that the light we saw was not on the island, but the boat's light; but as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired one quarterdeck gun and several muskets, showing lights in our mizen and fore-shrouds, that our boat might find us, whilst we plied in the lee of the island. About two in the morning our boat came on board the Duchess: we were glad it got well off, because it began to blow. We were all convinced that the light was on the shore, and designed to make our ships ready to engage, as we believed it to come from French ships at anchor, and that we must either fight them or want water.

"The next day we stood along the south end of the island, in order to lay in with the first southerly wind, which Captain Dampier told us generally blows there all day long. In the morning, being past the island, we tacked, to lay it in close aboard the land; and about ten o'clock, ran close aboard the land that begins to make the north-east side. The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our topsails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to find the enemy, but

saw all clear, and no ships in that nor the other bay. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they had gone away on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon with Captain Dover, Mr Fry, and six men all armed : meanwhile we and the Duchess kept turning to get in. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay ; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized it. We put out a signal for our boat, and the Duchess showed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of crawfish, with a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them."

Selkirk, the man whose appearance caused such surprise, had seen the sails of the vessels at a distance, but had avoided making any signals which could indicate his presence till he ascertained them to be English. As soon as he had assured himself on this point, his joy was extreme. When night came on, he kindled a large fire on the beach, to inform the strangers that a human being was there. It was this signal which had alarmed the crews of the vessels, and deterred the pinnace from landing. During the night, hope having banished all desire of sleep, he employed himself in killing goats, and preparing a feast of fresh meat for those whom he expected to be his deliverers. In the morning he found that the vessels had removed to a greater distance, but ere long he saw the boat leave the side of one of them and approach the shore. Selkirk ran joyfully to meet his countrymen, waving a linen rag to attract their attention ; and having pointed out to them a proper landing-place, soon had the satisfaction of clasping them in his arms. Joy at first deprived him of that imperfect power of utterance which solitude had left him, but in a little he was able to offer and receive explanations. Dover, the second captain, Fry, the lieutenant, and the rest of the boat party, after partaking of Selkirk's hospitality, invited him on board ; but so little eager was he to leave his solitude, that he was not prevailed upon to do so till assured that Dampier had no situation of command in the expedition—his former experience of Dampier's mode of conducting a ship having given him no great confidence in him. When he was told that Dampier was only pilot on board, he made no further objection. He was then, as we have seen, brought on board the *Duke*, along with his principal effects ; and on the same day, by the recommendation of Dampier, who said he had been the best man in the *Cinque Ports*, he was engaged as a mate. "At his first coming on board us," says Captain Rogers, "he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarcely understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drunk nothing but water since he came on the island ; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals."

For a fortnight the two vessels remained at Juan Fernandez refitting, recruiting their sick, and taking in water and provisions. In this they were greatly assisted by Selkirk, or the "governor," as they used to call him; who, besides giving them all the information necessary respecting the island, made it a daily practice to catch several goats for the use of the sick. "He took them," says Rogers, "by speed of foot; for his way of living, and continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills. We had a bulldog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back. Being forced to shift without shoes, his feet had become so hard, that he ran everywhere without annoyance; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for, not being used to any for so long, his feet swelled when he came first to use them again." Besides giving these particulars, Captain Rogers details at some length Selkirk's mode of life during the four years and four months he had spent on the island, concluding—"We may perceive, by this story, the truth of the maxim, that necessity is the mother of invention, since this man found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life, though not so conveniently, yet as effectually as we are able to do with the help of our arts and society. It may likewise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigour of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man, when he came back to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility. But these reflections are more proper for a philosopher and divine than a mariner."

In the middle of February 1709 the Duke and Duchess set sail from the island, to cruise along the western coast of America in quest of prizes, in which they were very successful, taking two prizes in a very short time. The second of these was fitted out as a privateer, to sail in company with the Duke and Duchess; and Selkirk was appointed to command her. During the remainder of the expedition, he acted in a prominent capacity under Rogers in the various enterprises, both on sea and on shore, in which the little fleet engaged. The occupation was certainly one by no means calculated to give play to the more amiable qualities of human nature; but even in the sacking of coast towns, and expeditions of plunder into the interior, which for months formed his chief employment, our hero seems to have mingled humanity in as high a proportion as possible with the execution of his duty. The expedition of Rogers was as

remarkable for steadiness, resolution, and success, as that of Dampier's had been for quarrelling and indecision; and it excites a curious feeling of surprise when we learn that the church of England service was regularly read on the quarterdecks of these piratical vessels, and all hands piped to prayers before every action. Selkirk proved himself, by his steadiness, decent manners, and religious turn of mind, a most appropriate member of the corps commanded by Rogers, and was accordingly much valued by his superiors. At the beginning of the ensuing year, the vessels began their voyage across the Pacific, with the design of returning by the East Indies, and in this part of the enterprise Selkirk acted as sailing-master. They did not, however, reach England till October 1711, when Selkirk had been absent from his country for eight years. Of the enormous sum of £170,000 which Rogers had realised by plundering the enemy, Selkirk seems to have shared to the amount of about eight hundred pounds.

His singular history was soon made known to the public; and immediately after his arrival in London, he became an object of curiosity not only to the people at large, but to those elevated by rank and learning. Sir Richard Steele, some time after, devoted to him an article in the paper entitled "The Englishman," in which he tells the reader that, as Selkirk is a man of good sense, it is a matter of great curiosity to hear him give an account of the different revolutions of his mind during the term of his solitude. "When I first saw him," continues this writer, "I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discovered that he had been much separated from company, *from his aspect and gesture*; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard of the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. 'I am now worth eight hundred pounds,' he said, 'but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing.' Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him: *familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.*" What makes this latter circumstance the more remarkable is, the fact of nearly three years having elapsed between his restoration to society and the time when Sir Richard Steele first saw him.

Besides Sir Richard Steele's paper, various short accounts of Selkirk's adventures appeared within a year or two after his re-

turn to England. Defoe's romance of Robinson Crusoe was not published till the year 1719, when the original facts on which it was founded must have been nearly forgotten. There is no record of any interview having taken place between Selkirk and Defoe, so that it cannot be decided whether Defoe learnt our hero's story from his own mouth, or from such narratives as those published by Steele and others.

RETURN TO LARGO—RESIDENCE THERE—ELOPEMENT FROM IT
—HIS SUBSEQUENT HISTORY.

It was a fine Sunday morning in the spring of 1712; the kirk bells of Largo had for some time ceased ringing, and the parishioners were assembled in church, when a handsomely-dressed stranger knocked at the door of old John Selkirk's dwelling. No one was within, and the stranger bent his steps towards the parish church. He entered, and sat down in a pew near the door. His late entrance, the fact of his being a stranger, and his fine gold-laced clothes, attracted attention to him, and divided the interest of the congregation with the clergyman's sermon. The service proceeded: not far from the place where the stranger had stationed himself was the pew where old John Selkirk, his wife, and others of the family were sitting, and towards this pew the stranger continued to direct his eyes. The occupants of the pew returned the glance as discreetly as they could; old Mrs Selkirk especially several times eyed the stranger with curiosity over her Bible. At length the glances became a fixed gaze; the old woman's face grew pale; and crying, "It's Sandie!—it's Sandie!" she tottered up to the stranger, and flung herself into his arms. The clergyman stopped, the congregation rose in a bustle of excitement, and quiet was not restored until the whole Selkirk family left the church in a body, to give full scope at home to their mutual congratulations and inquiries.

"For a few days," says his biographer, Mr Howell, who ascertained the particulars by industrious inquiry, "Selkirk was happy in the company of his parents and friends; but, from long habit, he soon felt averse to mixing in society, and was most happy when alone. For days his relations never saw his face from the dawn until late in the evening, when he returned to bed. It was his custom to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room up stairs, in his brother's house, where he resided. Here he was accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his

solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, that 'were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them.' But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears. Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards: here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival in Largo, he constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation, he was wont to sit here in bad weather, and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; and he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, 'Oh my beloved island! I wish I had never left thee! I never before was the man I was on thee, I have not been such since I left thee, and I fear never can be again!' Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, he made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing in the beautiful Bay of Largo, or at Kingscraig Point, where he would loiter till evening among the romantic cliffs catching lobsters—his favourite amusement, as they reminded him of the crawfish of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shown."

Selkirk at length resolved to abandon this mode of life; and the execution of his design was probably hastened by an attachment he had formed to a young girl named Sophia Bruce, whom he often met, tending her mother's cow, in his wanderings through Keil's Den. "He never," says Mr Howell, "mentioned the attachment to his friends; for he felt ashamed, after his discourses to them, and the profession he had made of dislike to human society, to acknowledge that he was on the point of marrying. But to marry he was determined, though as firmly resolved not to remain at home to be the subject of their jests. He soon persuaded the object of his choice to elope with him, and bid adieu to the romantic glen. Without the knowledge of their parents, they both set out for London. He left his chest and all his clothes behind; nor did he ever claim them again; and his friends knew nothing and heard nothing of him for many years." At the time of this sudden departure from Largo, Selkirk was nearly forty years of age.

In London Selkirk seems to have lived some time. Nothing, however, is known of his movements till 1717, in which year we find him executing a will and power of attorney, by the hands of a notary in Wapping, in favour of Sophia Bruce, the object of

his affection; being then on the point of again going to sea. The will, which is dated the 13th of January 1717, runs as follows:—

“In the name of God, Amen, I, Alexander Selkirk of Largo, in the shire of Fife, in North Britain, mariner, being now bound out on a voyage to sea, but calling to mind the perils and dangers of the seas, and other uncertainties of this transitory life, do, for avoiding controversies and disputes which may happen to arise after my decease, make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament.” After one or two unimportant clauses, he continues —“I give and bequeath unto my loving and well-beloved friend Sophia Bruce, of the Pall-Mall, London, spinster, all and singular my lands, tenements, outhouses, gardens, yards, orchards, situate, lying, and being in Largo aforesaid, or in any other place or places whatsoever, during her natural life, and no longer; and at and after her decease, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath the same unto my loving nephew, Alexander Selkirk, son of David Selkirk of Largo aforesaid, tanner, &c. and to his heirs or assignees. Item, my will and mind is, and I hereby declare it so to be, that my honoured father, John Selkirk, should have and enjoy the easternmost house on the Craggy Wall in Largo aforesaid, for and during his natural life, and have and receive the rents, issues, and profits thereof to his own proper use; and that after his decease it should fall into the hands of the said Sophia Bruce, and so into the hands of my said loving nephew Alexander Selkirk, in case he outlive my said loving friend Sophia Bruce; and as for and concerning all and singular the rest, residue, and remainder of my salary, wages, goods, wares, profits, merchandises, sum and sums of money, gold, silver, wearing apparel, as well linen and woollen, and all other my effects whatsoever, as well debt outstanding either by bond, bill, book, account, or otherwise, as any other thing whatsoever which shall be due, owing, payable, and belonging or in anywise of right appertaining unto me at the time of my decease, and not herein otherwise disposed of, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath the same unto my said loving friend Sophia Bruce, and to her heirs and assignees for ever; and I do hereby nominate, make, elect, and appoint my said trusty and loving friend Sophia Bruce full and sole executrix of this my last will and testament.”

The only other known particulars respecting Selkirk's life came to light in the year 1724, when a gaily-dressed lady, named Frances Candis, presented herself at Largo as the widow of Alexander Selkirk, and claimed the property which had been left him by his father, including the house of Craggy Wall, mentioned in the foregoing will. She produced documents which proved her marriage with Selkirk; a will, also dated the 12th of December 1720, entitling her to the property; and lastly, an attestation of the death of her husband, *Lieutenant* Alexander Selkirk, on board his majesty's ship *Weymouth* in the year 1723. From the second of these documents, it is inferred that Sophia Bruce had

died some time between 1717, when the first will was executed in her favour, and 1720, when the second will was drawn up in favour of Frances Candis. Having had her claims adjusted, Selkirk's widow took her departure from Largo after a few days. So far as can be ascertained, Selkirk left no children either by her or by Sophia Bruce.

RELICS OF SELKIRK—PRESENT CONDITION OF HIS ISLAND.

The house in which Selkirk lived during his last residence at Largo is still occupied by the descendants of his brother John, who preserve his chest and his cocoa-nut shell cup. His flip-can exists in the possession of another relation, and his gun has for some years been the property of Major Lumsden of Lathallan, near Largo. "The flip-can," says Mr Howell, "holds about a Scottish pint [two quarts], and is made of brown stoneware, glazed. On it is the following inscription and posy—sailors being in all ages notoriously addicted to inscribing rhymes on such articles :-

‘Alexander Selkirk, this is my one.

When you take me on board of ship,
Pray fill me full with punch or flip.’

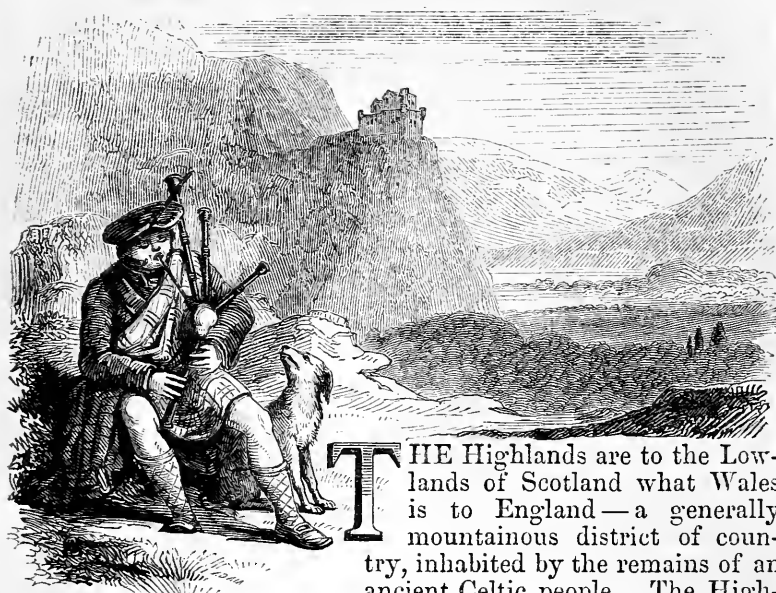
The handle of the jug is gone ; its mouth is broken in two places ; and a crack in the stoneware is patched with pitch, probably put on by Selkirk's own hands."

The island of Juan Fernandez, which may also be considered as a relic of Alexander Selkirk, has passed through the hands of a succession of owners since he quitted it. For upwards of thirty years after his departure it remained in the condition in which he had left it—an uninhabited island, where ships, sailing along the western coast of South America, occasionally put in for water and fresh victuals. Once or twice, indeed, the chances of shipwreck gave it one or two inhabitants, who did not remain long. In 1750 the Spaniards again formed a settlement on it, and built a fort. Both were destroyed by an earthquake in the following year ; but another town was built at a greater distance from the shore. It continued to be inhabited for about twenty years, but was then abandoned, as the former Spanish settlement in the island had been. Early in the present century, the Chilian government began to use Juan Fernandez as a penal settlement, transporting their state criminals to it ; but in consequence of the expense, it was soon given up ; and when Lord Cochrane visited the island in 1823, there were but four men stationed on it, apparently in charge of some cattle. The following description is given of the island by a lady who accompanied Lord Cochrane and a party on shore :—"The island is the most picturesque I ever saw, being composed of high perpendicular rocks, wooded nearly to the top, with beautiful valleys, exceedingly fertile, and watered by copious

streams, which occasionally form small marshes. The little valley where the town is, or rather was, is exceedingly beautiful. It is full of fruit-trees and flowers, and sweet herbs, now grown wild; near the shore, it is covered with radish and sea-side oats. A small fort was situated on the sea-shore, of which there is nothing now visible but the ditches and part of one wall. Another, of considerable size for the place, is on a high and commanding spot. It contained barracks for soldiers, which, as well as the greater part of the fort, are ruined; but the flag-staff, front wall, and a turret are standing; and at the foot of the flag-staff lies a very handsome brass gun, cast in Spain A.D. 1614. A few houses and cottages are still in a tolerable condition, though most of the doors, windows, and roofs have been taken away, or used as fuel by whalers and other ships touching here. In the valleys we found numbers of European shrubs and herbs—'where once the garden smiled.' And in the half-ruined hedges, which denote the boundaries of former fields, we found apple, pear, and quince trees, with cherries almost ripe. The ascent is steep and rapid from the beach, even in the valleys, and the long grass was dry and slippery, so that it rendered the walk rather fatiguing; and we were glad to sit down under a large quince-tree on a carpet of balm, bordered with roses, now neglected, and feast our eyes with the lovely view before us. Lord Anson has not exaggerated the beauty of the place, or the delights of the climate. We were rather early for its fruits, but even at this time we have gathered delicious figs, cherries, and pears, that a few days more of sun would have perfected. The landing-place is also the watering-place. There a little jetty is thrown out, formed of the beach pebbles, making a little harbour for boats, which lie there close to the fresh water, which comes conducted by a pipe, so that, with a hose, the casks may be filled without landing with the most delicious water. Along the beach some old guns are sunk, to serve as moorings for vessels, which are all the safer the nearer in-shore they lie; as violent gusts of wind often blow from the mountain for a few minutes. The height of the island is about three thousand feet."

With all its beauties and resources, the island seemed destined never to retain those who settled on it—whether from its isolated position at so great a distance from the continent, or from some other cause, is uncertain. Not long after Lord Cochrane's visit, however, it received an accession of inhabitants, some of them English, who settled in it under the protection of the Chilian government. According to the latest accounts, it had undergone another change of proprietorship, having been taken in lease from Chili by an enterprising American, who had colonised it with a number of families from Tahiti, and intended to cultivate it, rear cattle on it for exportation, and so improve the bay and harbour, as to render it a habitual resort for whalers and trading vessels navigating the Pacific.

ACCOUNT OF THE HIGHLANDS.



THE Highlands are to the Lowlands of Scotland what Wales is to England—a generally mountainous district of country, inhabited by the remains of an ancient Celtic people. The Highlands include the larger portion of Scotland from the Firth of Clyde northwards, with the exception of the stripe of country on the east coast; the line of division with the Lowlands proceeding in an oblique direction from Ardmure in Dumbartonshire to Caithness. Within this Highland boundary are included part of the counties of Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray; also the whole of the counties of Bute, Argyle, Inverness, Cromarty, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness. The whole of the Hebrides or Western Isles, which lie within these counties, likewise belong to the Highlands. Although thus a generally western and northern district, the Highlands do not comprehend the islands of Orkney and Shetland, these being of Scandinavian settlement, and noway connected with a Celtic people. With the stripe of country generally facing the German Ocean on the north-east coast of the mainland, these islands are considered to belong to the Lowlands.

In this manner, though divided by only an imaginary line, Scotland may be said to consist of two distinct regions—the Highlands, which are Celtic, and the Lowlands, that are Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon. While the Lowlands, therefore, are not to be distinguished, as respects manners, language, and other circumstances in their condition, from the adjoining parts of

England, the Highlands are remarkable for many features peculiar to themselves. The Lowlands are the scene of active industry and civilisation, improved husbandry, and the seat of many flourishing towns and cities. The Highlands are chiefly mountainous and pastoral, the population is generally poor and thinly scattered, and the only towns considered to belong to the district, though inhabited to a great extent by Lowlanders, are Inverness, Inverary, Campbeltown, and Rothesay, with two or three of lesser importance. Why the Highlands should differ socially from the Lowlands, is a matter of enlightened curiosity, which we propose to explain.

The Highlands and Western Isles, as has been said, are Celtic, and from all that can be learned, they were never otherwise since the period of their first settlement. The Celts of the Highlands are a deeply interesting branch of the human family. They are a section of the numerous Celtic people which once occupied Gaul and all the other parts of western Europe, but which, in the progress of time, was generally driven by Romans, and Teutons or Goths, into the more inaccessible parts of Spain, France, and the British islands. Thus the Basques of Spain, the Auvergne and Bretons in France, the inhabitants of Wales, Anglesea, and the Isle of Man, the Irish and the Highlanders, are all radically one people; and, till the present day, have less or more a resemblance in language, manners, and physical features. First pushed back by the Romans, and then encroached upon by the Anglo-Saxons (Anglified Teutons), the Scandinavians, and some other invaders, the Celts were finally, about the ninth century, confined to the Highland districts in which we now find them.

That the Celts once occupied the whole of Britain, is placed beyond a doubt by the names of nearly all the places in Scotland, and a very large number in England. These names are Celtic, and are in all cases significant of the nature or appearance of the places to which they are applied. Many of the names of places in France are in like manner Celtic, although slightly disguised in modern orthography. How interesting to reflect on the antiquity and permanence of this bequest! Two thousand years ago the Romans drove back the Celts from the Straits of *Calais*; still the name they gave them remains. *London* at the same time ceased to be an exclusively Celtic or British city; yet its Celtic name hangs to it till the present hour. Thus also *Dublin* and *Glasgow* have, ages ago, been Anglo-Saxonised; but their Celtic appellation is unchanged, and likely ever to be so.

The battles which the Romans, Saxons, and Danes had with the aboriginal British or Celtic tribes are matter of history; and, from all we can understand, did not differ materially in character or results from the engagements fought in modern times between the English forces and the aborigines in the colonies. On the one side was a rude and tumultuary defence of ancient possessions, and on the other a skilfully-conducted encroachment

and vengeful extermination. The modern English, and their brethren the Lowland Scotch, are at this moment enjoying lands forcibly, and on no principle of justice, wrested from their Celtic predecessors. Displaced and driven among the inaccessible fastnesses of Wales and the Highlands, the Celts long waged a war of reprisals on the new-comers of the plain: and with how little success, is well known. In Scotland, where the government was later in attaining a firm and settled character than in England, the struggle with the Celts was proportionately protracted. The Scottish monarchs long waged petty wars with the Highland tribes, who were not without valiant leaders; but generally with little avail. The perplexity of the government was considerably increased by the cession of the Western Isles by Norway in 1266. From this epoch the Macdonalds, who assumed the title of Lords of the Isles, gave new troubles to the sovereign. At length, after an age of strife, things came to a head. Donald, Lord of the Isles, aided by various chiefs and their followers, made the bold, and, as some will call it, gallant attempt to establish a Celtic independence, if not to reconquer the Lowlands from the Anglo-Saxon intruders. This proved a disastrous resolution. A battle, one of the greatest recorded in Scottish history, was fought at Harlaw in Aberdeenshire, between Donald and the Lowland forces, on the 24th of July 1411, in which the Highlanders were completely defeated. This battle was a finishing blow to all pretensions to Celtic independence; and ever afterwards, the Highland chiefs possessed no combined power of aggression, but confined themselves to local feuds and depredations.

The mountaineers being now for the first time subdued, James I., on ascending the Scottish throne (1424), began to attempt the introduction of order and civilisation among the clans; but, as may be supposed, on no humane or comprehensive plan. According to the fashion of the period, confiscations, fire and sword, and the gallows, were the engines employed to secure a result which can only be effectually achieved by a long course of considerate kindness. One of the first acts of the king's authority was to seize upwards of forty of the chiefs, and put the greater number of them to death—the remainder being bound over under heavy penalties to cease their predatory habits. The traditionary tales told of the ferocity of the Celts, and the vengeance executed on them about this period, are horrible in the extreme. Sir Walter Scott relates the following:—"Macdonald, head of a band in Ross-shire, had plundered a poor widow woman of two of her cows, and who, in her anger, exclaimed repeatedly that she would never wear shoes again till she had carried her complaint to the king for redress, should she travel to Edinburgh to seek him. 'It is false,' answered the barbarian; 'I will have you shod myself before you reach the court.' Accordingly, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman's naked feet, as if they had

been those of a horse; after which he thrust her forth, wounded and bleeding, on the highway. The widow, however, being a woman of high spirit, was determined to keep her word; and as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburgh, and throwing herself before James, acquainted him with the cruelty which had been exercised on her, and in evidence showed her feet still seamed and scarred. James heard her with that mixture of pity, kindness, and uncontrollable indignation which marked his character, and, in great resentment, caused Macdonald and twelve of his principal followers to be seized, and to have their feet shod with iron shoes in the same manner as had been done to the widow. In this condition they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed."

After the extinction of the powerful family of the Lords of the Isles, which was effected by the forfeiture of the last chief in the year 1493, the Highlanders became even more lawless and ungovernable than before. Till then, although yielding no obedience to the Scottish monarchs, they had recognised at least the authority of one or two paramount chiefs; but the extinction of the lines of these chiefs left them without any general government—a mere multitude of tribes huddled together, to live by mutual pillage and violence. Perhaps the most savage period in the history of the Highlands, is that from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, or a little later. "The strict, vigorous, and, considering the state of the people, the beneficial government of the great chiefs," says Mr Skene, "was gone, while the power of the royal government had not yet extended far beyond the Highland line; and the system of clanship which, in its perfect state, was the only one at all compatible with the peculiar condition of the Highlanders was, when broken in upon, and amalgamated with feudal principles, singularly ill adapted to improve their condition."

The following anecdote is told by Sir Walter Scott, as illustrative of the terrible feuds which the clans carried on at this period with each other:—"The Macleods, a powerful and numerous clan, who had extensive estates on the mainland, made themselves masters, at a very early period, of a great part of the large island of Skye, seized upon much of the Long Island, as the isles of Lewis and Harris are called, and fought fiercely with the Macdonalds and other tribes of the islands. About the end of the sixteenth century, a boat, manned by one or two of the Macleods, landed in Eigg, a small island peopled by the Macdonalds. They were at first hospitably received; but having been guilty of some incivility to the young women on the island, it was so much resented by the inhabitants, that they tied the Macleods hand and foot, and putting them on board of their own boat, towed it to sea, and set it adrift, leaving the wretched men, bound as they were, to perish by famine, or by

the winds and waves, as chance should determine. But fate so ordered it that a boat belonging to the Laird of Macleod fell in with that which had the captives on board, and brought them in safety to the laird's castle of Dunvegan in Skye, where they complained of the injury which they had sustained from the Macdonalds of Eigg. Macleod, in a great rage, put to sea with his galleys, manned by a large body of his people, which the men of Eigg could not entertain any rational hope of resisting. Learning that their incensed enemy was approaching with superior forces, and deep vows of revenge, the inhabitants, who knew they had no mercy to expect at Macleod's hands, resolved, as the best chance of safety in their power, to conceal themselves in a large cavern on the sea-shore.

"This place was particularly well calculated for that purpose. The entrance resembles that of a fox-earth, being an opening so small, that a man cannot enter save by creeping on hands and knees. A rill of water falls from the top of the rock, and serves, or rather served at the period we speak of, wholly to conceal the aperture. A stranger, even when apprised of the existence of such a cave, would find the greatest difficulty in discovering the entrance. Within, the cavern rises to a great height, and the floor is covered with white dry sand. It is extensive enough to contain a great number of people. The whole inhabitants of Eigg, who, with their wives and families, amounted to nearly two hundred souls, took refuge within its precincts.

"Macleod arrived with his armament, and landed on the island, but could discover no one on whom to wreak his vengeance—all was desert. The Macleods destroyed the huts of the islanders, and plundered what property they could discover; but the vengeance of the chieftain could not be satisfied with such petty injuries. He knew that the inhabitants must either have fled in their boats to one of the islands possessed by the Macdonalds, or that they must be concealed somewhere in Eigg. After making a strict but unsuccessful search for two days, Macleod had appointed the third to leave his anchorage, when, in the gray of the morning, one of the seamen beheld from the deck of his galley the figure of a man on the island. This was a spy whom the Macdonalds, impatient of their confinement in the cavern, had imprudently sent out to see whether Macleod had retired or not. The poor fellow, when he saw himself discovered, endeavoured, by doubling, after the manner of a hare or fox, to obliterate the track of his footsteps on the snow, and prevent its being discovered where he had re-entered the cavern. But all the arts he could use were fruitless; the invaders again landed, and tracked him to the entrance of the den.

"Macleod then summoned those who were within it, and called upon them to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The Macdonalds, still confident in the strength of their fastness, which no assailant

could enter but on hands and knees, refused to surrender their clansmen. Macleod next commenced a dreadful work of indiscriminate vengeance. He caused his people, by means of a ditch cut above the top of the rock, to turn away the stream of water which fell over the entrance of the cavern. This being done, the Macleods collected all the combustibles which could be found on the island, particularly turf and quantities of dry heather, piled them up against the aperture, and maintained an immense fire for many hours, until the smoke, penetrating into the inmost recesses of the cavern, stifled to death every creature within. There is no doubt of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place where the bones of the murdered Macdonalds still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church.”*

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely to show the wretched state of the Highlands during the sixteenth century. To narrate all the attempts made by the government to reduce the clans to something like order and obedience, and thereby to free Scotland from the reputation it had with foreigners of being the most “savage” country in the world, would be impossible. The principal of these attempts are enumerated in the following passage from Mr Anderson’s “Essay on the Highlands:”—“In vain,” he says, “did a statute of James II. ordain ‘that the justices on the south side of the Scottish sea hold their courts of circuit twice in the year; and in like manner on the north;’ in vain did a parliament assemble at Edinburgh, in the reign of James IV., to devise means for checking the Islemen and Highlanders, ‘who had almost become savage;’ justices and sheriffs were in vain appointed for the Northern Isles; ordered to hold courts at Inverness and Dingwall; and various districts allotted to the jurisdiction of Perth and Inverness, whilst a sheriff was created to rule over Caithness—the evil was too powerful for the remedy. The vigorous understanding of James V. led him to imitate his predecessors, but with greater constancy and success, in humbling the nobles. He visited the Orkneys and the Hebrides, and compelled the rude chieftains to acknowledge the offended majesty of the laws. But what little good was effected in one way, was done away with in another. In Mary’s reign a new enactment was set forth. Seventeen Border, and thirty-four Highland tribes are enumerated, whose leaders were commanded to give sureties for their behaviour, and were made answerable for their dependents. The repeated insurrections in after reigns make it manifest, from whatever cause, that the act was never enforced.”

The accession of the Stuarts to the throne of England altered

* In the journal of his Voyage to the Hebrides, August 1814, Sir Walter Scott says, “I brought off, in spite of the prejudices of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded.”—See Note, “*Lord of the Isles.*”

the position and prospects of the Highlands. Instead of being, as hitherto, a large portion of a nation capable of striking awe and terror into the rest, they became a mere fragmentary savage people, placed in contact with an overwhelming majority of civilised citizens bound together by ties of common interest. There was now an end for ever to the possibility of their attaining national power. Still they were numerous enough, and inspired with sufficiently strong and peculiar feelings, to play an important part in public affairs. Accordingly, the history of the Highlands during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is intimately connected with the most essential parts of British history during the same period.

It is strange to find the Highlanders, during the civil wars of the seventeenth, and the rebellions of the eighteenth century, fighting on the side of those very Stuarts who had all along been the great enemies of their race, who had narrowed their territories, exterminated their chiefs, and treated their most hallowed customs as savage habits, which it was necessary to abolish. There is no other way of accounting for the fact, than the supposition that the cause of the Stuarts was really the more Highland-like cause of the two; and that, therefore, the Highlanders embraced it. The feudal government of the Stuarts had been a decided improvement upon the old Celtic government, and therefore the Celts were opposed to it; but when, as during the civil wars, they had to choose between the government of the Stuarts and a government upon still more advanced principles, their instincts led them to prefer the worse, or more retrograde of the two. But all the bravery of the Celts could not prop up the sinking cause of royalism. The defeat at Philiphaugh compelled the gallant Montrose to leave the Highlands, which then fell under the iron rule of Cromwell. Cromwell did for the Highlands what none of the Scottish kings had ever been able to effect—he reduced them to something like order. “The name of Oliver, I am told,” says Captain Burt in his “Letters from Scotland,” written early in the eighteenth century, “continues still to be used in some parts as a terror to the children of the Highlanders. He invaded the borders of the Highlands, and shut the natives up within their mountains. In several parts he penetrated far within, and made fortresses and settlements among them; and obliged the proudest and most powerful of the chiefs of clans, even such as had formerly contended with their kings, to send their sons and nearest relations as hostages for their peaceable behaviour.

“He had twelve hundred men in and near the citadel of Inverness, under the command of one Colonel Fitz, who had been a tailor, as I have been informed by a very ancient laird, who said he remembered every remarkable passage which happened at that time, and most especially Oliver’s colours, which were so strongly impressed on his memory, that he thought he then

saw them spread out by the wind, with the word Emmanuel (God with us) upon them in very large golden characters."

On the restoration of Charles II., the forts erected by Cromwell in the Highlands were destroyed, and the country relapsed into the anarchy of clanship. As the Highlanders had fought for the Stuarts, so now they became instruments in their hands for maintaining their despotic policy, and crushing the obnoxious spirit of liberty which was rising throughout the nation. The most glaring instance of this brutal employment of the physical force of a half-civilised race to overpower the national spirit, was the measure adopted for the suppression of Presbyterianism in the western counties of Scotland. Ten thousand armed Highlanders were brought from their homes, and quartered on the poor Non-conformists of the west, in order to vex them into compliance with the wishes of government in favour of Episcopacy; and the ravages of the "Highland Host," in the year 1678, constitute one of the most terrible items in the persecutions of the reign of Charles II.

"After the Revolution, the Highlanders joined the Viscount of Dundee in an attempt to procure the restoration of James VII., and were successful at Killiecranky in July 1689, though the death of their leader prevented them from prosecuting the war any farther with advantage. From this period the chiefs of the various names or clans into which the population was divided kept up a close correspondence with the exiled royal family, and in many cases their sons were brought up in France under the eye and influence of that unfortunate race. Being also supplied with presents of money, and with shipments of arms, they kept themselves constantly in a state of readiness to rise in favour of the House of Stuart. From the chief himself, who was either influenced by political enthusiasm or less worthy motives, down to the humble serfs, who glowed with martial ardour over the songs of bards regarding the exploits of their fathers under Montrose, one common spirit prevailed; and only in very rare instances was a chieftain ever bought off by the existing government."

Defeated in these efforts to establish the claims of James VII. (II. of England), it ought to have been the duty of the government of William III. to reclaim and attach the Highlanders by considerate and gentle measures. It was the misfortune of William, however, as respects Scotland, to have to depend on the mean-minded and dishonest crew who at the time composed the Scotch administration. Influenced by the recommendations of the Earl of Stair, the Earl of Breadalbane, and Sir John Dalrymple, who expected to procure grants of forfeited estates, the king issued severe edicts against certain Highland chiefs. In August 1691, a proclamation was made requiring all to submit and take the oaths to government before the 1st of January 1692, under the pain of military execution. Terrified with the preparations making to compel subjection, all the chiefs took the re-

quired oaths previous to the appointed period, with the exception of Macdonald of Glencoe—a secluded valley in Argyleshire. This tardiness of Glencoe appears, from existing evidence, to have been exceedingly pleasing to the Earl of Breadalbane, who, as the chief of a Campbell clan, had a feud with the Macdonalds. At length Glencoe felt that resistance to the Revolution settlement was hopeless, and about the end of December 1691, “applied to Colonel Hill, governor of Fort-William, to administer to him the oath of allegiance, that he might be entitled to the indemnity; this Hill refused, as not being qualified, but sent him to the sheriff of Argyle, to whom he wrote an urgent letter, intreating him to receive a lost sheep. With this letter Macdonald hastened to Inverary; but the bad roads, a violent storm, and other hindrances, prevented his arriving until the time mentioned in the proclamation had expired. The sheriff-depute, Sir John Campbell of Ardkinglass, at first declined, because the last of December, the time appointed for taking the oath, was gone by, and the benefit of the indemnity was strictly forfeited; but, moved by his tears and intreaties, he at last consented to receive it, upon the 6th of January; and immediately despatched it to Edinburgh, with a certificate and Colonel Hill’s letter to Colin Campbell, sheriff-clerk of Argyle (then in that city), accompanied by a request that he would lay the documents before the council, and inform him whether Glencoe’s allegiance were accepted. Campbell went instantly to Lord Aberuchil, a privy counsellor, and requested him to present the papers; but by the advice particularly of Lord Stair, the president, the circumstance of Glencoe’s taking the oath was suppressed, and the certificate obliterated, before the documents were given to the clerk of the council.

“When Macdonald had sworn allegiance, he returned home without dread, informed his people that he had made his own peace, and engaged them to live quietly under King William. But while living in security, and, as he imagined, under the protection of government, a terrible tempest was gathering around him. The Master of Stair, who regretted that so many had taken advantage of the indemnity, expressed the fellest exultation when he heard that the devoted victim was within his toils. ‘Just now,’ said he in one letter, ‘Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I rejoice!’ And in another, ‘I am glad that Glencoe did not come within the time prescribed.’ With the delight of an avenging spirit he brooded over the ruthless plan of sudden, certain, and unsparing extirpation. ‘When anything concerning Glencoe is resolved’—these were his expressions—‘let it be secret and sudden. I hope what is done there may be in earnest, since the rest are not in a condition to draw together to help. I think to herry their cattle, or burn their houses, is but to render them desperate lawless men to rob their neighbours. But I believe you will be satisfied it were a great advantage to the nation that that thieving tribe were

rooted out and cut off. It must be quietly done, otherwise they will make shift for both the men and their cattle. Argyle's detachment lies in Lettrickwell, to assist the garrison to do all on a sudden. I am content that clan except itself; for my part I could have wished the Macdonalds had not divided.'

"Instructions were obtained from the king on the 11th of January, in the usual style, ordering fire and sword against all the Highland clans who had not taken the oaths; but as these did not exclude mercy, and as Breadalbane at least knew that it was possible, even under them, to be tried for murder, an additional order was procured super and subscribed by the king. 'As for Glencoe and his tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it would be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that sect of thieves.' The directions given by Dalrymple, which accompanied his majesty's warrant, were rigorously inhuman. 'The winter is the only season,' said the secretary, 'in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains. It is the only time that they cannot escape you, for the human constitution cannot endure to be so long out of houses. This is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights; and I expect,' he adds, 'you will find little resistance but from the season! I intreat you, that for a just vengeance and public example, the tribe of Glencoe may be rooted out to purpose. The Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane have promised that they shall have no retreat on their grounds, the passes to Rannoch will be secured, and the hazard certified to the Laird of Weems to reset them; in that case Argyle's detachment, with a party that may be posted in island Stalker, must cut them off.' Orders equally atrocious were sent to the subordinate agents. Sir Thomas Livingston thus wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton on the 23d of the month of January—more than a fortnight after the parties knew that Macdonald had come in, that his submission had been accepted, and that he was relying on the public good faith—'That it was judged for good news that Glencoe had not taken the oath of allegiance within the time prefixed, and that Secretary Stair, in his last letter, had made mention of him [the lieutenant-colonel]; for here, sir,' continues he, 'is a fair occasion for you to show that your garrison serves for some use; and seeing that the orders are so positive from court to me, not to spare any of those that have not timely come in—as you may see by the order I sent to your colonel—I desire you would begin with Glencoe, and spare nothing which belongs to him; but do not trouble the government with prisoners.'

"Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, in transmitting his orders to Major Duncanson, conveys them in terms of similar relentless ferocity. All the outlets of escape were to be strictly guarded, and he therefore tells him, 'You are to order your affairs so, that

you be at the several posts assigned you by seven of the clock to-morrow morning, being Saturday, and fall in action with them, at which time I will endeavour to be with the party from this place at the post appointed them. It will be necessary that the avenues minded by Lieutenant Campbell on the south side be secured, that the old fox nor none of his cubs get away: the orders are, that none be spared, nor the government troubled with prisoners.'

"A month had been passed in the vale of Glencoe by the chieftain and his clan in unsuspecting tranquillity; they had received no notice that their submission had not been accepted, and having remained so long unmolested, had no reason to dread that they would ever hear more upon the subject, when, in the beginning of February, Campbell of Glenlyon, whose niece was married to Alexander, one of Glencoe's sons, arrived from Fort-William with a party of one hundred and twenty men. At the entry of the glen, John, the eldest son, accompanied by twenty followers, who could easily have defended the pass, met his relative, and demanded the reason of his coming. Being assured that they were only intended to quarter, as the garrison was overcrowded, he welcomed them cordially, and billeted them among the inhabitants, who entertained them with kind familiar hospitality. For a fortnight Glenlyon daily pledged his nephew in the Highland expression of kindness—a morning cup; and they spent together at cards the very evening on which the orders arrived that not one male under seventy should see the morning dawn! On that day the officers had engaged to dine with Glencoe; but they were to meet at a very different banquet! At midnight the cry of murder arose, and the vale that at the close of even had resounded with mirth and conviviality, was disturbed with the groans of death and the shrieks of despair. The orders were to attack their defenceless hosts while asleep; but the murmuring of some of the less hardened soldiers excited suspicion, and prevented the destruction from being as complete as it was intended to be instantaneous. The eldest son, alarmed, ran instantly to Glenlyon's quarters to require some explanation, where he found the captain and his men preparing their arms. Glenlyon received him affectionately, and accounted for his preparations by telling him they were to march against some of Glengarry's men; and asked, if mischief had been intended, whether he imagined he would not have told his nephew and his niece? Satisfied with the insidious villain's apparent frankness, he returned home on purpose to retire again to rest, when his servant prevented him; and on the approach of a party with fixed bayonets, he fled to the hills, but he heard the shots of the assassins, who immediately commenced their murderous work. His brother, too, owed his life to his servant, who awoke him with the appalling exclamation—'It is no time for you to be sleeping when they are murdering your brother at the door!'

and he joined his brother in his flight. Their father was not so fortunate; a Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party, came to his house about four in the morning, and calling in a friendly manner, were admitted without hesitation. Glencoe, awakened by the entrance of the ruffians, was shot as he was rising out of his bed to receive them; and his wife, who had risen and dressed, was stripped naked by the wretches, who tore the rings with their teeth from her fingers!

"At Glenlyon's quarters the soldiers made a sport of their victims. Nine men were bound, and deliberately shot one after another; and when he, Glenlyon, wished to save a young man about twenty, a Captain Drummond killed him on the spot. But he ordered his landlord to be murdered; and a young boy of thirteen, while clinging to his knees, crying for mercy, and offering to be his servant for life, was pistolled in that posture. At Achnacon, another part of the valley, while a company of ten were seated around a fire, a Sergeant Barber poured in a volley upon them, which killed four, and wounded as many of the rest. One of the others, whose guest Barber had been, requested the favour of dying in the field, and, as an indulgence, he was taken without to be put to death; but while the soldiers were preparing, he threw his plaid, which was loose, over their faces, and escaped in the dark. An old man of eighty was butchered; and another, who had been wounded, having crawled into a cottage for protection, the place was set fire to, and he perished in the flames. A woman with an infant at her breast, and several children not exceeding four years of age, perished in the massacre. In all, thirty-eight persons fell by the hands of their guests; the rest, alarmed by the report of musketry and the cries of their friends, fled to the hills during a tremendous storm, and found from the less merciless elements that protection denied them by the inhumanity of man. The tempest, that added to the horrors of the night, saved them from destruction. While the west end of the glen was blocked up by Major Dundanson, with a detachment from Fort-William, the troops intended to secure the other outlet were prevented, by the inclemency of the weather, from getting forward at the appointed hour; and when Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton arrived at noon, there only remained one old man, who was wantonly killed by his orders. Rapine succeeded carnage, and the peace of the valley was secured by its utter desolation. The cottages were reduced to ashes, and the cattle, one thousand cows and two hundred horse, were driven away by the murderers, and shared as legal spoil among them.

"Never was prophecy better fulfilled than what Dalrymple predicted as the consequence of an imperfect attempt, when he wrote to Colonel Hill, 'Better not meddle with them than not do it to purpose.' The complaints of the Macdonalds who escaped filled Scotland with horror. The 'massacre,' as it was commonly

termed, seemed like a revival of the system that had been destroyed, and in deliberate perfidy and cruelty fell little behind any of the foul deeds of the former government. Nor was the outcry confined to Scotland alone: the Jacobites, glad to find a parallel to any of their own execrable acts, made Europe resound with their loud expressions of abhorrence. The Paris journals blazoned it with every aggravation; and while William's character suffered abroad, every art was used to render him detestable at home. The most odious part of this horrible transaction does certainly belong to the deliberate, revengeful, and villanous politics of Dalrymple; but it is impossible to free William from having incautiously at least signed a warrant for military execution, without having sufficiently ascertained the necessity of the case. That there were precedents for letters of fire and sword, forms no excuse; the restorer of a nation's rights cannot plead, in extenuation of his errors, the execrated precedents of an abolished tyranny; but for the second exterminating order there was no precedent. His only excuse for a crime which rendered the Highlanders irreconcilable to his government, must be sought for in the error which alienated from him the affections of a majority of his Lowland subjects—his associating in his councils men inured to all the despotic and sanguinary measures of the late reigns, and rewarding, instead of punishing, the ministers of cruelty, who first ruined, and then betrayed their late master.”*

The massacre of Glencoe was long held in remembrance and detestation in Scotland, and contributed materially to assist the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, in which certain Highland clans, as is well known, played a conspicuous part. By the superstitious Celt, it was believed that the massacre would hang like a curse on the Campbells, for their treacherous cruelty on the occasion. A thrilling story illustrative of this is told by General Stewart. “The late Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon,” he says, “retained this belief through a course of thirty years’ intercourse with the world, as an officer of the 42d regiment, and of marines. He was grandson of the Laird of Glenlyon, who commanded the military at the massacre of Glencoe, and who lived in the Laird of Glencoe’s house, where he and his men were hospitably received as friends, and entertained a fortnight before the execution of his orders. He was playing at cards with the family when the first shot was fired, and the murderous scene commenced. Colonel Campbell was an additional captain in the 42d regiment in 1748, and was put on half-pay. He then entered the marines, and in 1762 was major, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and commanded eight hundred of his corps at the

* History of Scotland, by James Aikman. We have preferred taking the account of this terrible affair from a writer favourable to the Revolution settlement, and not likely to overstate the melancholy circumstances.

Havannah. In 1771 he was ordered to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier of marines condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent; but the whole ceremony of the execution was to proceed until the criminal was upon his knees, with a cap over his eyes, prepared to receive the volley. It was then he was to be informed of his pardon. No person was to be told previously, and Colonel Campbell was directed not to inform even the firing party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the waving of a white handkerchief by the commanding officer. When all was prepared, and the clergyman had left the prisoner on his knees, in momentary expectation of his fate, and the firing party were looking with intense attention for the signal, Colonel Campbell put his hand into his pocket for the reprieve, and in pulling out the packet, the white handkerchief accompanied it, and catching the eyes of the party, they fired, and the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead.

"The paper dropped through Colonel Campbell's fingers, and clapping his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, 'The curse of God and of Glencoe is here: I am an unfortunate ruined man.' He desired the soldiers to be sent to the barracks, instantly quitted the parade, and soon afterwards retired from the service. This retirement was not the result of any reflection or reprimand on account of this unfortunate affair, as it was known to be entirely accidental. The impression on his mind, however, was never effaced."

The barbarity which suggested the massacre of Glencoe was almost paralleled by the proscription of the clan Macgregor (see an account of Rob Roy and the clan Macgregor, No. 117, in the present series), which, like every other act of vengeance, led to consequences the very contrary of those which were intended. Rankling with indignation, full of traditionary hate, and unrestrained by habits of peace, certain clans in 1715 poured down to aid the Earl of Mar in his attempt to re-establish the Stuarts. Being eventually defeated in this enterprise, they afterwards became a subject of serious consideration to the government, and some attempts were made during the reigns of George I. and II. to break up their military power. An act passed for disarming them succeeded to a certain extent; though, it is said, the clans friendly to government were thereby rendered powerless, while the disaffected tribes either secretly retained a great part of their weapons, or were afterwards supplied with more. Something was also done by means of garrisons at Fort-William, Fort-Augustus, and Inverness, to overawe the country. But the most effectual expedient was the cutting of two lines of road from Crieff to the two chief forts, which was done by the garrison soldiers under General Wade. These roads, which were finished in 1737, and amounted altogether to two hundred and fifty miles in aggregate extent, destroyed in a great measure

that impregnable and fortress-like character which had formerly belonged to the Highlands. Yet long ere any particular effect was observed to result from these measures, another insurrection took place. Under the direction of Prince Charles Stuart, an army of Highlanders descended upon the Lowlands, September 1745; and having defeated a body of national troops at Prestonpans, marched into England, where they reached a point only a hundred miles from the capital ere any adequate force could be assembled to oppose them. This army was ultimately defeated at Culloden, and the terrors of military law were again let loose on this unhappy district of country.

It was, however, getting too late in the day to continue any regular system of oppression. The phenomenon of a Highland host near the seat of government turned public attention to the condition of the clans, and the government felt that deliberate inquiry and legislation were necessary. We cannot better convey an idea of the state of the Highlands at this period, than by extracting the following passages from a narrative written in 1747, and entitled "An Inquiry into the Causes which Facilitate the Rise and Progress of Rebellions and Insurrections in the Highlands of Scotland:"—

"The Highlands," begins this accurate and interesting paper, "comprehends about 230 parishes, including the Western Islands and Orkneys. There are not fewer in every parish, at a medium, than 800 examinable persons—that is, persons above nine years of age. Those of nine, and under that age, will amount to 200—that is, about one-fifth of the whole number. Thus in every parish, at a medium, there will be 1000 souls, and in the country 230,000; and the whole force and power of this country, were every man betwixt the age of eighteen and fifty-six to be put under arms, would be equal to an army of 57,500 men. But according to the present economy of the Highlands, there is not business for more than one-half of that number of people; that is, the agriculture, the pasturage, the fishery, and all the manufactures in that country, can be sufficiently managed by one-half of that number. The other half, then, must be idle and beggars while in the country; that is, there are in the Highlands no fewer than 115,000 supernumerary people.

"The expense of 115,000 souls, who at present can have no business or employment in the country, cannot be less than one penny sterling a-day—that is, about £1, 10s. sterling a-year—each person: that is, their whole expense per annum will be £172,500 sterling. A great number of these persons do probably gain equal to their expense, in the low countries, during the season of herding [tending cattle in open-field pastures], of harvest, of hay, and by other labour during the spring and summer; but then the rest of these people must be supported in the Highlands, where they constantly reside, as they gain nothing. These

we cannot suppose under one-half of the whole number ; so that there are in that country 57,500 souls who live, so many of them upon charity, and who are vagrant beggars through the Highlands and the borders of it. Many of them live an idle sauntering life among their acquaintance and relations, and are supported by their bounty ; others get a livelihood by blackmail contracts, by which they receive certain sums of money from people of substance in the country, to abstain from stealing their cattle ; and the last class of them gain their expense by stealing, robbing, and committing depredations.

“ It is not easy to determine the number of persons employed in this way ; but it may be safely affirmed that the horses, cows, sheep, and goats yearly stolen in that country are in value equal to £5000 ; that the expenses lost in the fruitless endeavours to recover them will not be less than £2000 ; that the extraordinary expenses of keeping herds and servants to look more narrowly after cattle on account of stealing, otherwise not necessary, is £10,000. There is paid in blackmail or watch-money, openly and privately, £5000 ; and there is a yearly loss by understocking the grounds, by reason of thefts, of at least £15,000 ; which is altogether a loss to landlords and farmers in the Highlands of £37,000 sterling a-year.

“ These last mischiefs occasion another, which is still worse, although intended as a remedy for them ; that is, the engaging companies of men, and keeping them in pay to prevent these thefts and depredations. As the government neglect the country, and don't protect the subjects in the possession of their property, they have been forced into this method for their own security, though at a charge little less than the land-tax. The person chosen to command this watch, as it is called, is commonly one deeply concerned in the thefts himself, or at least that hath been in correspondence with the thieves, and frequently who hath occasioned thefts, in order to make this watch, by which he gains considerably, necessary. The people employed travel through the country armed, night and day, under pretence of inquiring after stolen cattle, and by this means know the situation and circumstances of the whole country. And as the people thus employed are the very rogues that do these mischiefs, so one-half of them are continued in their former business of stealing, that the business of the other half may be necessary in recovering.”

The author, it will be seen from these extracts, considered the principal cause of the readiness of the Highlanders to plunge into rebellions to be their extreme poverty—the over-populousness, in other words, of the Highlands in proportion to their resources. “ This poverty,” he says, “ is occasioned and continued by a custom that is presently in use, and hath long obtained in that country—namely, the practice of letting of many farms to one man, who again subsets them to a much greater number than

those can maintain, and at a much higher rent than they can afford to pay. This obliges these poor people to purchase their rents and expenses by thefts and robberies, in which they are indulged and protected by their landlords, as these are the principal means of providing both. There are many instances of sixteen families living upon one plough of land; and in the head of the parish of Buchanan, and many other places, there are about one hundred and fifty families who live upon lands that don't pay of yearly rent above £90 sterling; none of them have any employment; most of them possess a cot-house, a little yard [kitchen garden], an acre or two of ground full of rocks, and a cow's grass or two. Thus the people are always poor, and always dependants."

The following are the author's observations on the character of the Highlanders, as formed by the system he has just described:—"The commonalty are of a smaller size than the people of the low country; and as they are not accustomed to any hard labour, and are in the constant use of hunting, fowling, and following their cattle through the mountains, they are of wonderful agility of body, and capable to travel with ease at a great rate. Their dwellings and dress expose them so much to the weather, that by custom they can bear the severities of it without prejudice. Their diet is neither delicate nor opulent; nay, they will feast upon a meal that would starve most other people. They know no more of the improvements in common life than the breeding of cattle, the making of hay, butter, and cheese. Notwithstanding of this, they are masters of a wonderful sagacity and cunning, and which is scarcely to be found in any other common sort of people. But as the estate of every considerable heritor is there looked upon as a kind of principality, so hence arise so many separate interests, and from thence jealousies, feuds, depredations, and thefts; all which affect the common sort, and in so far open their understandings and sharpen their judgments. The tacksmen or goodmen, as well as the gentry, are generally larger-bodied men than the inferior sort. The whole of the people are capable of any improvement; and 'to deny them courage and valour would be doing them great injustice, for in that they are inferior to none, and few equal them.' Gentlemen of estates, and the better sort, who have had the advantages of education, make as good a figure in their station of life as any other people who move in the same sphere; only they affect a stateliness much above their rank in the world, and much above what their small estates can afford. The great, nay, absolute submission paid them by their dependants, the want of the frequent society of people either of a superior or equal quality to themselves, and their remoteness from places where the authority and strength of the civil government is vigorously preserved by its various subordinate powers, may occasion some singularities."

The conclusion at which the author arrived was one which

must have commended itself to the understanding of every intelligent person. "So long," he says, "as the Highlands continues in its present state, so long will there be insurrections, thefts, and depredations, and so long will the people be in poverty and ignorance, and tools not only to every foreign power at war with Great Britain, but to every discontented subject who hath the interest and address to play them to answer to his designs. If the people of estates and interest in the Highlands, who are disaffected to the present government, would allow themselves to think impartially, they would soon observe how inhumanly they have been used in all these state struggles, and that it is their greatest interest to have the Highlands civilised, and brought under a regular government. They would be no longer the dupes of designing people, nor undergo any longer the severities and hardships that these intrigues have drawn upon them in preceding times; and their estates must improve with peace and tranquillity."

These sentiments, mixed, perhaps, with a less noble feeling of political revenge, animated the government; and in the year 1748 three legislative acts were passed, which effected a sweeping change in the state of the Highlands. The first was a law prohibiting, under the penalty of six months' imprisonment for the first offence, and of transportation for the second, the use of tartan or chequered cloth, for ages the peculiar dress of the Celts. The second was an act forbidding the carrying of arms, under similar penalties. The third was the abolition of heritable jurisdictions all over Scotland, and the substitution of a system under which justice was to be administered by sheriffs appointed by the crown.

This last-mentioned act—the abolition of heritable jurisdictions—was perhaps the wisest law ever enacted by the British legislature. Hitherto the chiefs of clans in the Highlands, and certain feudal superiors in the Lowlands, possessed an unlimited power over their dependants and vassals, both as respected civil and criminal jurisdiction. In such a state of things, law and justice were of course out of the question. Practically, the country was under the government, or, more correctly speaking, the misgovernment, of a number of barons and chieftains. That in Scotland, until the year 1748, it should have been within the power of the proprietor of a few acres of land to put a retainer to death, if it pleased his fancy, will now be considered a very curious circumstance; yet such was actually the case; and till the present day, the pits and gallowses of these heritable justiciars are shown among the ruins of feudal castles in different parts of the country. Adverse to sound polity as these jurisdictions were, the government did not consider itself entitled to abolish them without compensation, and their owners were compensated for their loss accordingly. The money spent in buying them up was £48,000; and it does not say much for the Scotch lairds to mention, that

in some instances they accepted of as small sums as £10 to give up rights which they ought to have voluntarily resigned. The transaction was rendered complete by the institution of sheriffs appointed by the crown. These were no longer to be unqualified, and little else than honorary functionaries, as the high sheriffs in England continue to be, but lawyers educated in the Supreme Courts at Edinburgh, and settled as a stipendiary magistracy in every county.

The abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, and the institution of stipendiary sheriffs, effected the most surprising change in Scotland; and from these events are to be dated nearly all the improvements, social and industrial, which we now see throughout the country. The removal of power from the clan-chiefs, who were henceforth to be amenable to the ordinary tribunals, was a death-blow to the patriarchal system which still lingered among the mountains. The Highlanders were now, in form at least, fairly incorporated with the rest of the British population; and all that remained to mark them out as a separate people was their use of the Gaelic language, which no act of parliament could destroy, and the continuance among them of old traditions and customs, which could not all at once die out. The crowning device for the pacification of the Highlands was Lord Chatham's proposal for raising Highland regiments, to be employed in the service of the government. By this bold and ingenious measure, government was at once freed from the fear of fresh disturbances in the Highlands, and provided with a body of troops who have always been signalised for their gallantry and general good behaviour.

CLANS—TRAITS OF MANNERS.

It does not appear that the Highlands, at any period of their history, were under a distinct monarchy. The various tribes were subject to certain principal chiefs styled *Maormars*, a title nearly equivalent to earls. In the course of time, the maormarships or earldoms passed into the hands of barons (favourites of the Scottish kings), and their dependent tribes had separated into a number of small and independent clans, who, besides having to oppose the tyranny and encroachments of these barons, were at constant feud with each other, either for the nominal title of chief, or for some other cause. Here, therefore, we have the true account of the origin of the system of clans. The clans were the fragments of the old Celtic tribes, whose maormars had been destroyed, each tribe dividing into a number of clans. When the old Celtic tribe was deprived of its chief, the boldest spirits among the minor chieftains would gather round them, each a body of partisans, who would assume his name, and obey his orders. It might even happen that, from certain favourable circumstances, a Saxon or a Norman stranger would thus be able to gain a circle of adherents out of a broken and chieftainless

Celtic tribe, and so become the founder of a clan—a supposition which it is necessary to make, to account for the undoubted fact, that the ancestors of many of the best Highland families—the house of Argyle, for example—were Teutonic or Norman settlers.

The word *clan* signifies family, and a clan was a certain number of families of the same name, sprung, as was believed, from the same root, and governed by the lineal descendant of the parent family. This patriarchal form of society prevailed in the infancy of mankind; it was the form common in the days of Abraham; and till the present day it exists in Arabia, and other eastern countries. The Celts, an eastern people, brought clan-ship with them to Albion (Britain); and it prevailed all over the island, even while a supreme allegiance was given to kings. The feudal form of society, which in time swept away the patriarchal, did not differ substantially from it. The only difference was, that the feudal baron did not pretend to be allied by blood to his retainers; he was a military chief, usually a creature of the sovereign, who got a tract of land, with all upon it, on condition of doing suit and service to the state.

In the Lowlands of Scotland the feudal system was firmly established, and till this day all holdings of heritable property are feudal. There was a time when the feudal and the patriarchal may be said to have blended, and it is difficult now to say how the one ended and the other began. The patriarchal or clan system existed longest in the Border districts, Galloway, and the Highlands. Each of these had its own chief, and was a torment to the sovereign. A Scotsman of the present day can tell the names by which the clans of these three districts were respectively distinguished. On the Borders there were Kers, Scotts, Elliots, Armstrongs, Johnstons, Jardines, Grahams, &c. In Galloway (shires of Wigton and Kirkcudbright), the clans were Celtic, and there were found M'Cullochs, M'Clumphas, M'Taggarts, M'Kellars, M'Lellans, &c. In the Highlands and Islands there were latterly about forty distinct clans, with several remnants of tribes, called broken clans. Each clan possessed three distinguishing tokens independently of its surname: these were its badge, its slogan or war-cry, and its tartan.

The following are the names of the principal Highland clans with their badges:—

Buchanan, birch; Cameron, oak; Campbell, myrtle; Chisholm, alder; Colquhoun, hazel; Cumming, common swallow; Drummond, holly; Farquharson, purple foxglove; Ferguson, poplar; Forbes, brown; Fraser, yew (some families, the strawberry); Gordon, ivy; Graham, laurel; Grant, cranberry heath; Gun, rosewort; Lamont, crab-apple; M'Allister, five-leaved heath; M'Donald, bell heath; M'Donnell, mountain heath; M'Dougall, cypress; M'Farlane, cloud berry bush; M'Gregor, pine; M'Intosh, boxwood; M'Kay, bulrush; M'Kenzie, deer grass; M'Kinnon, St John's wort; M'Lachlan, mountain ash; M'Lean, blackberry heath; M'Leod, red wortle-berries;

M'Nab, rose black-berries ; M'Neil, sea-ware ; M'Pherson, variegated boxwood ; M'Rae, fir-club-moss ; Monro, eagle's feathers : Menzies, ash ; Murray, juniper ; Ogilvie, hawthorn ; Oliphant, the great maple ; Robertson, fern ; Rose, brier rose ; Ross, bear-berries ; Sinclair, clover ; Stewart, thistle ; Sutherland, cat's-tail grass. Sprigs of these badges were worn in the bonnet ; but the chief of each clan was entitled to wear two eagle's feathers in addition.

Such is a pretty accurate list of the clans ; some, however, are evidently Lowland ; and it is difficult to say how these have established any claim to the Celtic connexion. The Sinclairs are Scandinavian. The patronymic *Mac*, or its contraction *M'*, which signifies *son*, will be observed to belong to about one-half the number.

The use of tartan or chequered woollen cloth is of great antiquity among the Celtic tribes. Originally, the costume of the Highlanders consisted of little else than a garment of this material wrapped round the body and loins, with a portion hanging down to cover the upper part of the legs. In progress of time, this rude fashion was superseded by a distinct piece of cloth forming a philabeg or kilt, while another piece was thrown loosely as a mantle or plaid over the body and shoulders. In either case the cloth was variegated in conformity with the prescribed *breacan* or symbol of the clan ; and hence the tartan was sometimes called *cath-dath*, or battle-colours, in token of forming a distinction of clans in the field of battle.

According to the author of the "Vestiarium Scoticum," the following, in the reign of James VI., was the list of chief and subordinate clans, each possessing its own tartan ; among these clans, it will be observed, are included certain Lowland families or houses, who had also adopted the same kind of cognisance.

Clan Stewart—six colours, chiefly red, chequed with green, purple, black, white, and yellow.

Prince of Rothsay—three colours, chequed with green and white.

Royal Stewart—chiefly white, chequed with green, red, purple, and black.

Macdonald of the Isles—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, red, and white.

Ranald—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, red, and white.

Macgregor—chiefly red, chequed with green and white.

Ross—chiefly red, chequed with green and purple.

Macduff—chiefly red, chequed with green, black, and purple.

Macpherson—equal portions of black and white, with small lines of red and yellow.

Grant—chiefly red, with cheques of green and purple.

Monro—chiefly red, chequed with black and white.

Macleod—chiefly yellow, chequed with black and red.

Campbell—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, yellow, and white.

Sutherland—chiefly green, with black, purple, red, and white.

Cameron—chiefly red, chequed with green and yellow.

- Macneil—chiefly green, with purple, black, white, and red.
 Macfarlane—very dark, being chiefly black chequed with white.
 MacIachlan—chiefly yellow, with cheques of brown.
 Gillean or Maclean—chiefly green, chequed with black and white.
 Mackenzie—nearly equal portions of green and purple, chequed with black, white, and red.
 Fraser—chiefly red, chequed with purple, green, and white.
 Menzies—equal portions of red and white.
 Chisholm—chiefly red, chequed with purple, green, and white.
 Buchanan—chiefly red and white, with small black stripes.
 Lamont—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, and white.
 Macdougall—chiefly red, chequed with black, purple, and green.
 Mackintyre—chiefly green, chequed with purple, red, and white.
 Robertson—chiefly red, chequed with purple and green.
 Macnab—chiefly red, chequed with crimson, green, and black.
 Mackinnon—chiefly red, chequed with green, black, and white.
 Mackintosh—chiefly red, chequed with green, black, and white.
 Farquharson—chiefly green, with purple, black, red, and yellow.
 Gun—chiefly green, chequed with black and red.
 Macarthur—chiefly green, chequed with black and yellow.
 Mackay—chiefly a bluish-purple, with black and red cheques.
 Macqueen—nearly equal portions of red and black, with yellow.
 Bruce—chiefly red, with green, yellow, and white.
 Douglas—very dark, being equal cheques of black and slate colour.
 Crawford—equal portions of red and green, with white.
 Ruthven—chiefly red, with purple and green.
 Montgomery—chiefly light green, chequed with purple.
 Hamilton—chiefly red, with purple and white.
 Wemyss—chiefly red, chequed with black, white, and green.
 Comyn—chiefly red, with green, black, and white.
 Sinclair—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, red, and white.
 Dunbar—chiefly red, chequed with green and black.
 Leslie—chiefly red, chequed with purple, black, and yellow.
 Lauder—chiefly green, with purple, black, and red.
 Cunningham—chiefly red, with black, purple, and white.
 Lindsay—chiefly red, with purple and green.
 Hay—chiefly red, with green, yellow, white, and black.
 Dundas—chiefly green, with purple, black, and red.
 Ogilvie—chiefly green, beautifully chequed with purple, black, yellow, and red.
 Oliphant—equal portions of green and purple, with black and white.
 Seton—chiefly red, with small lines of green, black, purple, and white.
 Ramsay—chiefly red, with black squares chequed with white.
 Erskine—red and green.
 Wallace—red and black, chequed with yellow.
 Brodie—chiefly red, with black and yellow.
 Barclay—chiefly light-green and purple, chequed with red.
 Murray—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, and red.
 Urquhart—chiefly green, with black, purple, white, and red.
 Rose—chiefly red, with small cheques of purple, green, and white.
 Colquhoun—green, purple, black, red, and white.

Drummond—chiefly red, with green and dark red.
 Forbes—chiefly green, with black, red, and yellow.
 Scott—chiefly red, with green, red, and black.
 Armstrong—chiefly green, with black, purple, and red.
 Gordon—chiefly green, with purple, black, and yellow.
 Cranstoun—yellowish-green, with purple and red.
 Graham—chiefly green, with black cheques.
 Maxwell—chiefly red, with green and black.
 Home—dark purple, with black, red, and green.
 Johnston—chiefly green, with purple, black, and yellow.
 Ker—chiefly red, with black and green.

To this list the names of other Scottish families, who have adopted a peculiar set of tartan as a cognisance, could be added ; and probably the entire number of tartans now fabricated for indiscriminate sale is not fewer than a hundred. One of the most commonly used patterns of tartan is that adopted by the 42d regiment—dark-green, chequed with purple. Some of what are called fancy tartans are gaudy, but not in good harmony or contrast of colour.

As modernised and improved by the Highland regiments, the “ belted plaid,” worn as the philibeg or small kilt, with a separate drapery depending from the shoulder in imitation of the ancient garb, is one of the most picturesque and graceful costumes to be seen in any part of the world ; and although it leaves the legs bare at and a short way above the knees, we are assured that it is by no means too meagre an attire for cold weather. A gentleman in Edinburgh informs us that he never catches cold when dressed in the kilt, and hunting among his native Highland hills ; but that he is always unwell after returning to town and donning the dress of the Lowlanders. Anciently, the Gael wore no shoes or garments for the legs. The feet were only on occasions covered with pieces of hide, tied with a thong, called *brogues*, which, though slender, were very lasting, and were well suited for walking or running on heathy mountains. The introduction of shoes, and also hose, formed from the same tartan cloth as the kilt, is comparatively modern. The hose of the common men in the Highland regiments are still not knitted or wove like stockings, but cut from the web, and sewed.

It appears that even in ancient times the Celtic tribes did not always wear the loose garments we have described ; but that they also, or at least some of them, wore the *triughas* or *trius*, a species of vestment “ formed of tartan cloth, nicely fitted to the shape, and fringed down the leg. They were sometimes merely striped, and were fastened by a belt around the loins, with a square piece of cloth hanging down before. It required considerable skill to make the trius. The measure was a stick, in length one cubit, divided into one finger and a half. There is preserved a Gaelic saying respecting this garment, by which we are given to understand that there were two full nails to the

small of the leg, eleven from the haunch to the heel, and three to the breech, a measure inapplicable to few well-made men.”*

The coat, in which the upper part of the body and arms of the Highlanders are now invested, is of course quite modern, having come into use when the old form of the plaid was laid aside.† Made, as it usually is, with short skirts and small round buttons, it cannot be considered in harmony with the rest of the attire; but it is nevertheless convenient, and could not well be improved.

The bonnet has for ages been a part of the Highland costume, as it was formerly also of the Low-

landers, and, we may add, the English, previous to the introduction of felt hats. The English gave up bonnets sooner than the Scotch; and ultimately the cry that “the blue bonnets had come over the Border,” was equivalent to saying that a party of Scotch marauders had entered England on one of their usual hostile incursions. The

Highlanders, with whom the bonnet has remained longest as a part of ordinary dress, have adopted many shapes and modes of ornamenting their head-gear. The heavy plume of black feathers used in the army is quite modern, and in exceedingly bad taste, besides being totally unconformable to the idea of a primitive and light costume. The true bonnet of the Highlands is small, either round or peaked in front, dark-blue or gray in colour.

In fancy dress, as, for example, in the annexed cut, the bonnet occasionally has a band of tartan.

The full dress of Highland chiefs and gentlemen has always been liberally ornamented with sword, baldrick, dirk, large brooches, buckles, shot pouch, and purse. The purse or sporan is a most important part of the costume; it is formed of the skin of a wild animal with the hair on, and tied to the waist by a band, hangs down in front, so as to fall easily upon the lap, and not incommode the legs in walking. It is usually ornamented



* “The Scottish Gael.” By James Logan. 2 vols. London. 1831.

† In England, a very extraordinary mistake is committed with respect to the meaning of the word *plaid*. The true signification of the term is mantle or scarf, a loose garment to be thrown over the shoulders; the English, however, apply it to the pattern, and speak of a “plaid dress,” meaning a dress of chequered cloth. They also mispronounce the word, by saying *plad*; a deviation as inexcusable as it would be to call laid, *lud*.

with silver tags or tassels, and a flap covering the mouth of the purse is sometimes decorated with the vizard of a fox. "In many cases," says Logan, "the purse is composed of leather, like a modern reticule. It is formed into several distinct pockets, in which the Gael carried their money, watch, &c. and sometimes also their shot; but anciently they bore a similar wallet or builg at the right side for the shot, or for a quantity of meal or other provision. This was termed *dorlach*, and was the knapsack of the Highland soldier; and small as that of the present military is, among the Gael it was still more portable. 'Those of the English who visited our camp,' says an author quoted by Jameson, 'did gaze with admiration upon those supple fellows the Highlanders, with their plaids, targets [shields], and *dorlachs*.' The purse admits of much ornament, but according to my taste, when too large, it hides the beauty of the kilt."

The chiefs of the clans exercised an arbitrary authority over their respective tribes; but we do not hear of their having abused this confidence, or acted tyrannically towards their inferiors. Between the chief and his clansmen there was much affectionate regard, and the pride of ancestry was a predominant sentiment in both. Beneath the chiefs, and above the general members of the clans, there was an intermediate class of persons called *duine-uasles*; their claim of superiority consisted in tracing a not very remote descent from the family of the chief. Living in remote situations, in a mountainous country, the subsistence of the clans was on a meagre system of husbandry, and the pasturing of flocks and herds. The mode of life was simple, pastoral, and interesting. Each clan had its traditions, forming the themes of stories or poetic legends, which were recited by bards. The music of the Highlands was wild, and otherwise characteristic of a rude state of society. The bagpipe, which was the chief, if not the only instrument, is of great antiquity, and is found till the present day among the mountain tribes of Italy and other countries. Among the Highlanders, the piper was an important member of the tribe: his strains being equally serviceable in peace and war. None but Highlanders thoroughly enter into the feeling of bagpipe music. The tunes, as we may be allowed to call them, are for the most part *pibrochs*. A *pibroch* is a musical recitation of certain events, of whose character it partakes; it may refer to a battle, and describe the advance, the onset, the slaughter, the victory, the lament for the slain, and the return home. Among the Celts, the composer of a *pibroch* was held in as high estimation as we would now regard the writer of an opera.

On occasions of ceremony, as, for instance, on a visit to a neighbour, the chief of a Highland clan was attended by a retinue, called his *tail*. The tail was composed of the henchman; the bard or poet; the bladier or spokesman; the gillemore or bearer of the broadsword; the gillecasflue, whose business it was to carry the chief over fords; the gilleconstraine, who led the

chief in dangerous passes; the gilletruishanarnish, or carrier of the baggage; the piper; and lastly, the piper's gilly, who, as his master was always a gentleman, carried the pipes. Burt, a writer on the Highlands, thus speaks of the piper's functions:—"In a morning, when the chief is dressing, he walks backward and forward, close under the window, without doors, playing on his bagpipe, with a most upright attitude and majestic stride. It is a proverb in Scotland, namely, the stately step of a piper. When required, he plays at meals, and in an evening is to divert the guests with his music when the chief has company with him: his attendance in a journey, or at a visit. His gilly holds the pipe till he begins; and the moment he has done with the instrument, he disdainfully throws it down upon the ground, as being only the passive means of conveying his skill to the ear, and not a proper weight for him to carry or bear at other times. But, for a contrary reason, his gilly snatches it up; which is, that the pipe may not suffer indignity from its neglect."

What is somewhat remarkable, the Highland Celts do not seem ever to have possessed a native literature of any kind; a circumstance which tends to place them lower in an archæological point of view than their Irish kindred of the middle ages. In Iona there was a learned priesthood, but they were a colony of Irish settlers, who brought with them the civilisation of Hibernia, at that time a land of classical and general lore—the Greece of the British Islands. The only engines of what may be called refined amusement among the Highlanders were the bards or minstrels who went about reciting the traditionary poetry of the clans. We have a striking testimony of the general ignorance of letters among the Scottish Celts, that they have bequeathed no written history, and even no ballads, such as solaced them at their rude firesides. Not until Macpherson collected the scattered fragments of the wild epics of the hills, and dressed them up as the poems of the fictitious Ossian, were these legendary heroics impressed into literature—the literature, however, of England.

IMPROVEMENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, and the settlement of an educated stipendiary magistracy, as has been shown, altered the social character of the Highlands. From the year 1748 the old clan-feeling gradually died out, as far as practical consequences were concerned. The bonds of legal connexion between the chiefs and their retainers were snapped. Now began an entirely new condition of society, which was greatly advanced by the rising taste for rural improvement. No longer able, or requiring, to draw out his clansmen to fight his petty battles, the chief was forced to the conclusion that they were a useless incumbrance to his estates. He was poor, and they were poor. As in Ireland at the present moment, it was almost a question

whether he, no longer a chief, but a laird or common proprietor, and they, no longer clansmen, but tenants at will, should vacate the estate. This was a critical posture of affairs. Ancient recollections would have induced the lairds to persevere; but the people could do no good as farmers. Every year their numbers were increasing, and the farms were diminishing in size. Without capital, and liable, from the precariousness of their crops, to be thrown occasionally into a state of destitution, their case demanded earnest consideration. There would appear to be times in history when even harshness partakes of the character of virtue. This was one of them. It was a harsh resolution which the lairds generally came to, nevertheless it is not without a reasonable show of excuse. They resolved to clear their lands of the greater number of the ancient inhabitants, and let them on lease to capitalist store-farmers from the low country, throwing perhaps as many as twenty or thirty small holdings into one. This was accordingly done—not without causing much present physical distress, as well as laceration of feeling.

The Gael felt it to be a dreadful thing to leave the glens of his forefathers, the churchyards where they were buried. What, also, were they to do? They could not speak the English tongue, nor were they acquainted with low-country usages. Hundreds had not a farthing in the world. The apparent severity of uprooting families so situated has engaged much controversy. One party contend that it was justifiable on every principle of necessity, law, and social economy. Another has declared that, however seemingly expedient, it was scarcely justifiable in equity; because the lands had been brought into the families of the chiefs by the swords of the clansmen, and accordingly that, by traditional right, they had a species of claim on the property. Our own opinion inclines to the latter view; but while sympathising in the expatriation of the Highlanders, we are conscious that their removal was indispensable. Fortunately, the *clearings*, as they are called, did not all take place at the same time. According to local circumstances, they were spread over a number of years, and were, on the whole, executed with humanity.

The largest of the clearings was in Sutherlandshire, on the extensive estates of the Countess, afterwards Duchess, of Sutherland; and it is no more than justice to say that the families were provided for to a certain extent, by being planted close to the sea, in the village of Golspie, where every humane effort was employed to create in them habits of industry and self-dependence. Beyond this, we think, no one could be expected to go, even as a matter of strict justice. Numerous families emigrated to America. The largest band of these emigrants was that of the Glengarry Highlanders, who are now comfortably located in the Glengarry settlement in Western Canada. When we add that many young men entered the army, and that many pushed off to the large Lowland towns for employment, we have said

all that is here necessary on the subject. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, and other towns, there are many Highlanders and their descendants, some still speaking Gaelic in their own family circles, but all gradually becoming intermingled with the general population.

In consequence of the clearings, the Highland counties are now generally under a strict economical system. Here and there, and more particularly in the islands, there are still clusters of an ancient tenantry, their miserable condition showing pretty clearly that it would really have been more humane to send them adrift with their neighbours. In a few instances, as, for example, in the Isle of Lewis, Lowland capital is endeavouring, by means of local and private improvements, to give employment to these poor Celts; transforming what were crofters or farmers on the most petty scale, into day labourers, paid by regular money wages. Where the country was subjected to the regular clearing process, the estates are sectioned into large farms, chiefly for the feeding of sheep and black cattle, and at good rents to the proprietors. Independently of this advantageous economical system, no little money is realised by letting rights of shooting for game—grouse, black-cock, ptarmigan, &c. and in a few places red-deer, the remains of the ancient objects of the chase. In Perthshire alone, upwards of £10,000 are realised as game rents; and in the whole Highlands, probably not less a sum than £40,000.

The following instances of the rise of the price of land in the Highlands within the last seventy years, will give an idea of the revolution which has been effected in Highland agriculture. "The estate of Castlehill, belonging to the Cuthberts, an ancient family, of whom the French Abbé Colbert, and the Bishop of Rodez, were cadets, was brought to judicial sale in or about the year 1779, and was purchased for the family by their agent for £8000 sterling. It was exposed in lots, for debts due to Mr Roberts, a London banker, in 1804, and sold for between £60,000 and £70,000 sterling. In 1787, the barony of Lentron, a holding of the family of Fraser of Strichen, producing a trifling rental, and itself in a wretched state, was sold, after a competition, at £2500 to a Mr Warren; five-and-twenty years afterwards, he disposed of it to Major Fraser of Newton for £20,000. Simon, Lord Lovat, sold the estate of Glenelg in Inverness-shire, in 1620, to M'Leod of Macleod for a few thousand merks Scots. In 1781, the rental of the same property was about £600 sterling per annum. M'Leod sold it in 1811 to Mr Bruce, banker in London, for £100,000. It was previously exposed, towards the close of last century, for less than £30,000." In none of all the Highland counties has the spirit of innovation been so powerfully at work as in Sutherlandshire. "When I came to the Highlands in 1809," are the words of a gentleman in a letter written in 1828, "the whole of Sutherland was nearly destitute of roads. This county imported corn and meal in return for the small value of

Highland kyloes (cattle), which formed its almost sole export. The people lay scattered in inaccessible straths and spots among the mountains, where they lived in family with their pigs and kyloes, in turf cabins of the most miserable description, spoke only Gaelic, and spent the whole of their time in indolence and sloth. At that time nothing could have led me to believe that, in the short space of ten years, I should, in such a county, see roads made in every direction, the mail-coach daily driving through it, new harbours constructed, in one of which upwards of twenty vessels have been repeatedly seen at one time taking in cargoes for exportation; coal, and salt, and lime, and brick-works established; farm-steadings everywhere built; fields laid off, and substantially enclosed; capital horses employed, with south-country implements of husbandry made in Sutherland; tilling the ground, *secundum artem*, for turnips, wheat, and artificial grasses; an export of fish, wool, and mutton, to the extent of £70,000 a-year; and a baker, a carpenter, a blacksmith, mason, shoemaker, &c. to be had as readily, and nearly as cheap too, as in other countries."

While benefited by roads in the interior, the coasts of the Highlands have been immensely improved by the visits of steamboats; these vessels take away the produce of the country, and bring back articles of utility to the people. Not the least remarkable feature in the progress of Highland meliorations is this: No species of improvement has ever provoked outrage among the native population. The most afflicting clearings took place peaceably, and with a species of quiet resignation among the sufferers. This leads us to observe that the Celt of the Highlands is, in several features, a very different being from his brother Celt in Ireland. He is patient, docile, obedient, and economical, but is generally considered to be a little lazy and selfish. He has little or no enterprise, and, to be improved, he requires to be operated on by external influences; the truth being, that ages of tutelage under chiefs has afforded no proper culture of the higher faculties of the mind. He makes a better servant than a master; is a drudge, not a genius. Unless for his perseverance and steadiness, he is not prized in any civil profession. In the Highlander's mind, religious impression seems to have taken the place of veneration for his chief, and in both he has gone to the verge of bigotry. Instances of Highlanders rising to eminence in literature, science, or art, are exceedingly rare. Already it has been mentioned that the Highlands cannot show a scrap of ancient literature. If this says little for the accomplishments of the ancient Scottish Celts, it says still less that, in the present day, when many thousands as yet speak Gaelic, there is no such thing as a newspaper or periodical of any kind issued in that tongue. Are we to infer from this that the Highlander, even with his considerably improved tastes, has not yet been fired with a love of refined recreation? The

contrast between Wales and the Highlands in this respect is striking. In the year 1833, in Wales, with a population of 700,000, there were no fewer than seventeen periodicals of various kinds in the Welsh language; while in the Highlands, with a population not very much inferior, there was not one. A miscellany, called the "Gaelic Messenger," had indeed been set on foot; but it had been abandoned for want of support. The only literature of the Highlands consists of religious books and tracts, and the Bible, translated into Celtic for the use of those who cannot read English. Even this valuable branch of letters would not have been extended to the poor and deserving population, but for the exertions of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, formed in 1704; an institution which has been an important means of mental melioration. In 1769, the first edition of the New Testament in Gaelic made its appearance, under the auspices of the society just named; it was not, however, till so recently as 1802, that the whole Bible was translated. "In 1811, a Gaelic School Society was established in Edinburgh; and in the following year an Auxiliary in Glasgow, which last institution combined the teaching of English with Gaelic reading. A society was formed in 1818, in Inverness, for the education of the poor in the Highlands and Islands. This society instituted, in 1824-5, a series of very particular inquiries throughout all the different parishes in the Highlands and Islands." It appeared from the returns made to their inquiries, and which applied to about one-half of the whole population of the Highlands, "that 'one-half of all ages were then unable to read;' 'a third part of the families visited were above two miles distant from the nearest schools;' and 'a third part of the families visited were found to be without copies of the Scriptures.'" In 1825, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed a committee to superintend the means of religious education in the whole country, but especially in the Highlands and Islands; and since that time much has been done, in various ways, to extend the means of instruction among the Gaelic population. Yet, according to the most accurate information obtained after the census of 1831, it appeared that out of a population of 504,955 persons, inhabiting the Highlands and a few contiguous parishes, there were 83,396 persons unable to read either in English or Gaelic. Of the remainder, there were many who could read only in Gaelic, many who could read but imperfectly in either language, and many more whose education scarcely extended beyond reading—only one in three of those who could read possessing the additional accomplishment of being able to write. In some districts the destitution of instruction was greater than in others. Thus, in the Presbytery of Mull, out of a population of 24,113, there were 8104 who could not read; in the Presbytery of Uist there were 10,831 out of a population of 17,490; and in the single parish of Lochbroom, out of a popu-

lation of 4615, not more than 1000 could read. Still this state of things was an improvement upon what had prevailed at the date of the previous census—that of 1821; and happily the progress made since the census of 1831 has been corresponding, although, from the nature of the country, and the barrier offered to the dissemination of knowledge by the Gaelic language, much remains yet unaccomplished, and even unattempted. “It is an affecting peculiarity,” says Mr Anderson, “that the order of nature is to a great extent reversed in our mountain glens; the adult being very frequently almost wholly dependent upon the young for access to Scriptural knowledge. Several Highland parishes are so extensive as from forty to sixty miles in extreme length, and twenty to thirty in extreme breadth, and many are not much smaller. It is thus out of the power of a great part of the population to attend the public services of the church, while the mountainous character of the country increases the difficulties of intercourse. The capacity of reading is thus of the more vital consequence, and schools in remote districts are signal blessings, the teacher in numerous instances becoming a sort of pastor or missionary to the inhabitants.”

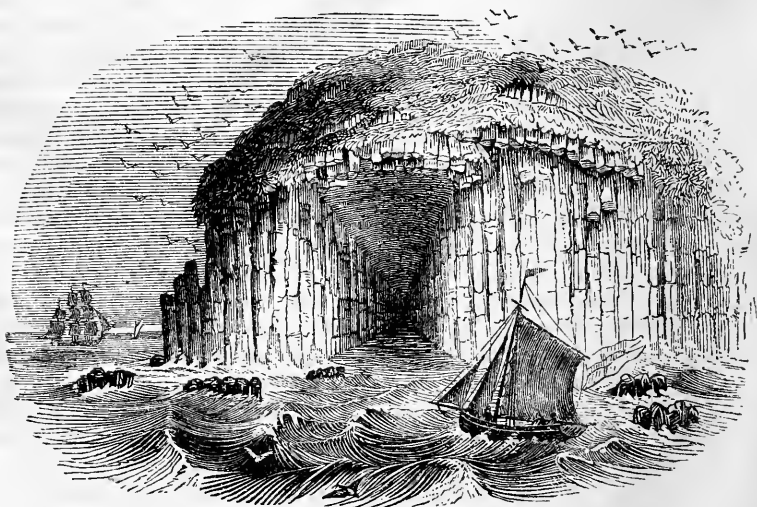
In addition to these observations, it must be stated, to the credit of the church of Scotland, that it has long laboured earnestly and successfully in spreading religious knowledge among the Highlanders by the usual means of clerical superintendence. It is a rule in the Scottish church to appoint and settle no clergyman in a Highland parish who cannot speak and preach in Gaelic. The usual practice is to preach in English one part of every Sunday, and in Gaelic the other. As all the religious bodies which have seceded from the church follow the same rule, it cannot be brought against the Scotch that they have neglected making a due provision for religious instruction in the Highlands and Islands.

While all reasonable diligence has been employed to effect these beneficial ends, it is gratifying to know that matters connected with the ancient manners of this interesting portion of the United Kingdom have not been forgotten. Although clan-ship has been broken up, Highlanders, wherever they are scattered, retain a species of reverence for those whom they consider their chiefs, as well as for the set of the tartan to which their respective clans were wont to adhere. Thus, every true Highlander or his descendant, in London, Edinburgh, or at the furthest corner of the earth, can tell who is his chief, what is the appearance of his tartan, or what is the nature of the cognisance which he should wear in his bonnet. In order to keep alive a knowledge and feelings of this not unamiable kind, the Caledonian Society of London patronise and support a festival which takes place at Edinburgh every third year. On this occasion prizes are distributed to the best players on the bagpipe, the best performers of Highland reels

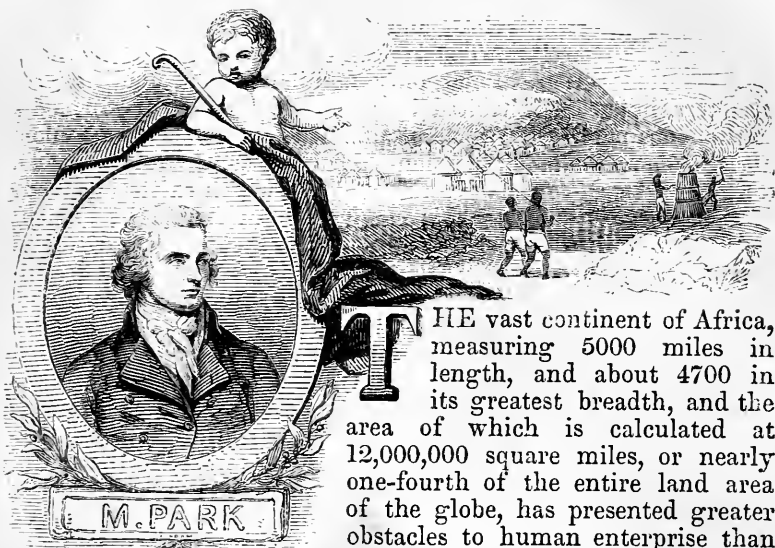
ACCOUNT OF THE HIGHLANDS.

and other dances, also to those who are the best or most correctly dressed in the ancient Highland costume. Bagpipers connected with the families of Breadalbane, Argyle, Sutherland, and others, usually attend; and the exhibition has certainly a marked effect in preserving the old Highland music and feelings. In different parts of the Highlands also, gatherings take place annually, under local patronage, for similar purposes, including the perpetuating of ancient out-door sports.

All these festive meetings take place in summer or autumn, when the Highlands are visited by hosts of tourists and sportsmen from the south. Every year, as the beauty of the picturesque scenery of the Highlands becomes better known, the number of visitors increases, and an excursion to no part of the world is productive of more pleasing emotions. The lakes and mountains of Stirling and Dumbartonshires; the rugged grandeur of Argyleshire; the picturesque beauty of the western coast and islands, more particularly of Staffa, of which we present a sketch beneath; the mountain passes and glens of Perthshire; the stupendous masses of Aberdeen and Inverness-shires—are all something new and striking to those who are accustomed to the tame though beautiful scenery of England.



AFRICAN DISCOVERY.



THE vast continent of Africa, measuring 5000 miles in length, and about 4700 in its greatest breadth, and the area of which is calculated at 12,000,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the entire land area of the globe, has presented greater obstacles to human enterprise than any other equal portion of the

earth's surface. The peculiar physical condition of Africa has operated as one cause of her isolation from the rest of the world. The other portions of our earth situated under the tropics consist generally either of sea, or of narrow peninsular tracts of land, and clusters of islands blown upon by the sea-breeze. Africa, on the other hand, presents scarcely one gulf or sea-break in its vast outline. A consequence of this compact geographical shape of a continent, the greater part of which is within the torrid zone, is its subjection, throughout its entire extent, to the unmitigated influence of the sun's heat. All that is noxious in climate we are accustomed to associate with Africa. Here stretching out into a boundless desert, where for days the traveller toils amid burning sands under a stifling sky—there covered with dense and swampy jungle, breathing out pestilence, and teeming with all repulsive forms of animal life, the African continent seems to defy the encroachments of European civilisation. And although, probably, our ideas of these African horrors will be modified by more accurate knowledge, enough seems ascertained to prove that the laying open of interior Africa to the general flood of human influences will be among the last achievements of the exploring spirit of our race.

Notwithstanding the difficulties which lie in the way, Africa

has at all times been an object of curiosity and interest to the inhabitants of the civilised parts of the earth; and scientific zeal, the desire of extending traffic, and even the mere thirst for adventure, have prompted many expeditions for the purpose of exploring its coasts and making discoveries in its interior. The ancients appear to have acquired much knowledge of Africa, which was afterwards lost, and had to be re-acquired by the moderns for themselves. The African coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were not only familiar to the ancient geographers, but were inhabited by populations which performed a conspicuous part in the general affairs of the world, and ranked high in the scale of civilisation—the Egyptians, Carthaginians, &c. Nor, if we may believe the evidence which exists in favour of the accounts of the circumnavigation of Africa by ancient navigators, were the other coasts of the continent—those, namely, which are washed by the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—unvisited by northern ships. Regarding the interior of Africa, too, the knowledge possessed by the ancients, although very meagre in itself, was nearly as definite as that possessed by their modern descendants, until within a comparatively recent period. As far as the northern borders of the Great Desert, their own personal observation might be said to extend; and respecting the wandering tribes of black and savage people living farther to the south, they had received many vague notices. The Nile being one of the best-known rivers of the ancient world, its origin and course were matters of great interest, and the African geography of the ancients, in general, may be said to consist of speculations respecting this extraordinary river. The first mention made of the other great African river, the Niger, is by Ptolemy, who lived seventy years after Christ. Ptolemy believed that this river discharged itself ultimately into the Nile; others, however, did not admit this conclusion, and acknowledged that the real course of the Niger was a mystery.

Such are some of the more prominent points in the ancient geography of Africa. How wild and inaccurate must have been the notions entertained respecting the shape and total extent of the African continent, may be judged from the fact, that one geographer describes it as an irregular figure of four sides, the south side running nearly parallel to the equator, but considerably to the north of it! Others, again, held forth the fearful picture of Central Africa as a vast burning plain, in which no green thing grew, and into which no living being could penetrate; and this hypothesis of an uninhabitable torrid zone became at length the generally received one.

The invasion of Africa by the Arab races in the seventh century wrought a great change in the condition of the northern half of the continent. Founding powerful states along the Mediterranean coasts, these enterprising Mohammedans, or Moors, as they were called, were able, by means of the camel, to effect

a passage across the Desert which had baffled the ancients, and to hold intercourse with the negroes who lived on its southern border along the banks of the Niger and the shores of Lake Tchad. In some of these negro states the Arabs obtained a preponderance, and with others they carried on an influential and lucrative commerce. The consequence was a mixture of Moorish and negro blood among the inhabitants of the countries of Central Africa bordering on the Great Desert, as well as a general diffusion of certain scraps of the Mohammedan religion among the negro tribes. Hence it is that, in the innermost recesses of interior Africa at the present day, we find the negroes partly professing Paganism, partly Mohammedanism, but all practising ceremonies and superstitions in which we observe the Pagan spirit with a slight Mohammedan tincture.

It was not till the fifteenth century that the career of modern European discovery in Africa commenced. The Portuguese, leading the van of the nations of Europe in that great movement of maritime enterprise which constitutes so signal an epoch in the history of modern society, selected the western coast of Africa as the most promising track along which to prosecute discovery; their intercourse with the Moors having made them aware that gold and other precious commodities were to be procured in that direction. In the year 1433, Cape Bojador was passed by a navigator called Gilianez; and others succeeding him, passed Cape Blanco, and, exploring the entire coast of the Desert, reached at length the fertile shores of Gambia and Guinea. The sudden bending inwards of the coast line at the Gulf of Guinea gave a new direction and a new impulse to the activity of the Portuguese. Having no definite ideas of the breadth of the African continent, they imagined that, by continuing their course eastward along the Gulf, they would arrive at the renowned country of the great Prester John, a fabulous personage, who was believed to reign with golden sway over an immense and rich territory, situated no one could tell exactly where, but which some contended could be no other than Abyssinia. The Portuguese, while prosecuting their discoveries along the African coast, did not neglect means for establishing a commercial intercourse with those parts of the coast which they had already explored. Settlements or factories for the convenience of the trade in gold, ivory, gum, different kinds of timber, and eventually also in slaves, were founded at various points of the coast between Cape Verd and Biafra. Various missionary settlements were likewise founded for the dissemination of the Roman Catholic faith among the natives.

The chimera of Prester John was succeeded by the more rational hope of effecting a passage to India by the way of Southern Africa. This great feat, accordingly, was at length achieved by Vasco de Gama, who, in 1497, four years after the

discovery of America by Columbus, persisted in his course to the south so far as to double the Cape of Good Hope, and point the way northward into the Indian Ocean. By his voyages and those of his successors, the eastern coast of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope through the Mozambique Channel to the Red Sea, was soon defined as accurately as the western coast had been by the voyages of his predecessors; and thus the entire outline and shape of the African continent were at length made known. This great service to science and to the human race was rendered, it ought to be remarked, by the Portuguese, who may be said to have conducted the enterprise of the circumnavigation of Africa from its beginning to its end; and this is perhaps the greatest contribution which the Portuguese, as a nation, have made to the general fund of human knowledge.

The outline of Africa having thus been laid down on the maps, and the extent of its surface ascertained, the attention of discoverers was next turned to its interior. The efforts made by the Portuguese to explore Nigritia in search of Prester John have been already alluded to; but it was by the other nations of Europe, especially the English, the French, and the Dutch, who, on the decline of the Portuguese power, began to compete with each other in this field of enterprise, that the greatest advances were made in the knowledge of the geography of the various parts of Africa, and of the races which inhabit it. For these last two hundred years, discoverers and travellers of various nations have been adding to our information respecting this vast continent; and in consequence of their joint labours, some in one part, some in another, we are now able to form an idea, very general, it must be admitted, but still tolerably distinct, of Africa and its inhabitants. In presenting a summary view of the progress of African discovery, from the period of the final circumnavigation of the continent, and its correct delineation in outline, down to the present time, it will be advantageous to take up its various divisions in the following order:—Western Africa, Southern Africa, Eastern Africa, Central Africa or Nigritia, and Northern Africa, including the Great Desert.

WESTERN AFRICA.

The shores of Western Africa, especially those which border the Gulf of Guinea, have retained to the present time the distinction which they acquired at the period of their discovery by the Portuguese, of being the market which European ships visit for African commodities.

The Portuguese, as we have already mentioned, were the first to plant factories along this coast, from the southern termination of the Great Desert to Congo, and other maritime districts south of the equator. Allured by the profits of the slave trade, other European nations hastened to occupy stations on the same coast; and towards the end of the eighteenth century, the number of

European forts and factories round the shores of the Gulf of Guinea were said to be forty in all: of which fifteen belonged to the Dutch, fourteen to the English, four to the Portuguese, four to the Danes, and three to the French. Deriving its principal commercial importance from the trade in negroes, which this chain of forts was intended to guard, Western Africa has, since the abolition of the slave trade, fallen considerably out of view. According to the best information, however, that has been obtained, "the territory is in the possession of a number of petty states, many of which compose aristocratic republics, turbulent, restless, licentious, and generally rendered more depraved by their intercourse with Europeans."

Proceeding from north to south, let us briefly notice the various countries of the western coast, with the tribes which inhabit them. The most northerly is Senegambia, the name applied to the district watered by the two rivers Senegal and Gambia, commencing from the Desert, and extending as far as the Grain Coast. According to Mungo Park, this territory is inhabited by four tribes—the Feloops, the Jaloffs, the Foulahs, and the Mandingoes. In all of these tribes, part are Mohammedans by profession; but the great body of the people are Pagans, called by their Mohammedan brethren Kafirs, or infidels, and practising the Fetish form of worship; that is, the worship of inanimate objects. The Feloops were described by Park as a gloomy and revengeful race, but honourable and faithful in their dealings with friends; the Jaloffs as an active and warlike people, with jet-black skins, but among the most handsome of the negroes, divided into several principalities, and excelling in the manufacture of cotton cloth; the Foulahs—a race of more importance in Africa than Park imagined—as of a tawny complexion, with soft silky hair and pleasing features, much attached to a pastoral life; and the Mandingoes, who are by far the most numerous people in this part of Africa, as of a mild, sociable, and obliging disposition, the men commonly above the middle-size, well-shaped, strong, and capable of enduring great labour, the women good-natured, sprightly, and agreeable.

The tract of country adjoining Senegambia on the south, and stretching along the Gulf of Guinea from the Grain Coast to the Bight of Biafra, has been named Upper Guinea, and includes, besides the colonies of Sierra Leone, Liberia, and Ivory and Gold Coasts, so noted for their unhealthiness, three native states—namely, Ashantee, Dahomey, and Benin. Our information respecting these negro kingdoms is derived from the discoveries of various travellers, among whom may be mentioned Mr Norris, who undertook a journey to the court of the king of Dahomey in 1772, with the hope of making arrangements beneficial to English trade; Mr Bowditch, who took part in a mission for a similar purpose to the king of Ashantee in 1817; and Captain Adams, who visited Benin at a later period.

Ashantee is described as a hilly country, well watered by numerous streams, and covered almost entirely with that rich vegetable luxuriance, the labour of removing which, it has been observed, is as severe for the agriculturist as the opposite labour of fertilising barren lands. The Ashantee negro clears the land by means of fire—thus both removing the rank vegetation, and spreading the soil with a rich manure, which yields two crops a-year. Besides innumerable kinds of fruit and flowers, and all the giant trees of the tropics, the productions are sugar, tobacco, maize, rice, yams, and potatoes. All kinds of tropical animals likewise swarm in Ashantee. The human inhabitants of the whole region or empire are estimated at three millions, and though possessing, in a marked degree, some of the worst negro characteristics, they are, upon the whole, more advanced than most of the African tribes, not only practising a regular and tolerably skilled agriculture, but showing considerable ingenuity in several mechanical arts—as dyeing, tanning, pottery, weaving, and the manufacture of instruments and ornaments out of gold, iron, &c. They are also cleanly, and well-clad, and pay some attention to the building and decoration of their houses. Their government is an absolute monarchy, or nearly so; the classes of society under the monarch being cabocees or nobles, gentry, traders, and slaves. Polygamy is allowed, but no one but the king possesses many wives. The royal number of wives is said to be precisely 3333, who, however, act also in other capacities; as body-guards, &c. The most horrible of the Ashantee customs is that of sacrificing a number of persons on the death of every man of rank, the number of victims being regarded not only as indicating the dignity of the deceased in this world, but as determining his rank in the next. The belief in a future state is one of the strongest of their religious ideas. Regarding the origin of mankind, they, as well as other negro tribes of the Guinea Coast, have the following singular tradition:—The Great Spirit, they say, having created three white men and women, and as many black, offered the blacks the first choice of two articles which he held in his hand, one of which was a calabash, the other a sealed paper. The blacks chose the calabash, which contained gold, iron, and all the choice products of the earth; in consequence of which the negro race to this day possess these blessings in abundance: while the sealed paper falling to the share of the whites, has conferred on them the higher gift of knowledge, wherewith the contents of the calabash may be turned to account. This admission of the superiority of the whites on the part of the Ashantees appears also in their belief that the good negroes become white in the future state. No part of Africa, or even of the world, is believed to be richer in gold than Ashantee.

The kingdom of Dahomey, situated eastward from Ashantee, resembles it in the general aspect of the soil, and in many other particulars. It appears to be a recent negro state, formed by the

conquest of a number of tribes by a powerful race from the interior. The government of the Dahomans, like that of the Ashantees, is an absolute monarchy; but the Dahoman king seems to be still more despotic in practice than his Ashantee neighbour. When, in obedience to some superstitious freak, he wishes to send a message to some of his deceased relatives in the other world, he delivers the message to some attendant negro, whose head is immediately cut off, as a means of forwarding him to his destination; and if the monarch has forgot any part of his communication, he immediately adds a postscript by a second messenger. The bloody custom of sacrificing a number of victims on the occasion of a great man's funeral is practised at Dahomey as well as at Ashantee. The Dahomans have similar religious beliefs with the Ashantees: their principal object of worship, appropriately enough, is the tiger. Of late years some improvement is believed to have taken place in the habits of this fierce African race.

Passing from Upper Guinea, of which Ashantee and Dahomey are the principal territories, we come next to Lower or South Guinea, which extends from the Bight of Benin to the commencement of Southern Africa, and includes the provinces or districts of Loango, Congo, Angola and Benguela. The whole of this tract of coast presents the aspect of a country degraded and deteriorated by intercourse with Europeans, to a condition worse than its original negro barbarism. Here, more than three centuries ago, the Portuguese established themselves partly as missionaries of Christianity, and partly as traders in slaves; and while their efforts in the former capacity, directed as they are by the most absurd and wretched bigotry, produced almost no beneficial effect, the curse of the slave traffic which they imported has adhered to the country with a tenacity which all the rigours of modern philanthropy cannot overcome. It is from these coasts that the exportation of negroes is said to go on at the present time more busily than it did before the abolition of the slave trade. The characteristics of the coast, and of the population which inhabit it, are determined by the brutal traffic of which it is the scene. It is impossible, within our limits, to give a description of the whole line of shore, of the small port-towns scattered along it, with their motley population of negroes, mulattoes, and slave-dealing Portuguese, or of the negro districts in the interior, where the natives fight and kidnap each other to supply the demand for slaves on the coast.

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Occupied with their lucrative commerce on the fertile coasts of Western Africa, the Portuguese scarcely bestowed a thought on the southern extremity of the continent, the aspect of which was less promising; and accordingly, for a century and a half after the famous voyage of Vasco de Gama, the district round the

Cape of Good Hope remained a blank waste to Europeans. The prudent and enterprising Dutch, however, having embarked in the East India trade, soon discovered the importance of the Cape as a commercial station, and in the year 1650 they founded Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, the most flourishing of all the European settlements in Africa. Encroaching, without the least scruple, on the territories of the natives, the Dutch extended their possessions so as to include an area of upwards of 120,000 square miles, some spots of which were cultivated and planted with vines, or laid out in corn-fields, but the greater part of which was converted into immense grazing farms. Under the Dutch the natives suffered dreadfully, numbers of them being reduced to bondage, and others driven into the interior to find subsistence as they best could. In 1795 the colony was taken by the English; it was again restored to the Dutch in 1800; a second time, however, it was taken by the English, to whom it was finally ceded in the year 1815, and is now, accordingly, an English possession. Both before and after the cession of Cape Colony to the British, various travellers have undertaken journeys among the tribes inhabiting this extremity of Africa; and no accounts are more full and interesting than those of the various missionaries who, since the beginning of the present century, have employed themselves in the arduous task of carrying the doctrines of Christianity into the heart of the native tribes. The native tribes of Southern Africa are two in number—the Hottentots and the Caffres; the former, so far as not extirpated, inhabiting the tract of country adjacent to Cape Colony on the western coast, the other the tract adjacent to the colony on the eastern coast.

Of the Hottentots of the colony and its vicinity, it is said that they have “become noted and almost proverbial for presenting man in his lowest estate, and under the closest alliance with the inferior orders of creation. It must, indeed, be admitted that they take particular pains to render their external appearance the most hideous that the human body can possibly present. Grease is poured over their persons in copious streams, which, being exposed to the perpetual action of smoke, forms on their skin a black and shining cake, through which the native colour, a yellowish-brown, is scarcely ever perceptible. Grease in Africa forms the chief distinction of rank—the rich besmearing themselves with fresh butter, while the poorer classes are obliged to tear the fat from the bowels of slaughtered animals. They assign as a reason for this singular practice, an effect which has been readily admitted by judicious travellers—namely, that such a coating has, in this climate, a most salutary influence in defending them from the rays of the sun, and in averting many cutaneous disorders. Nature seems to have aided the task of disfiguring them, by covering the head with irregular tufts of hard and coarse hair, and causing singular prominences, composed of fat, to jut out in parts where they are least ornamental. Nor do their habits of

life present anything to redeem this outward deformity. Their kraals, or villages, consist of a confused crowd of little conical hovels, composed of twigs and earth, in which large families sit and sleep without having room to stand upright. The fire in the middle fills these mansions with thick smoke, the floors being deeply covered with every species of filth. At festivals, when an ox or a sheep is killed, the Hottentots rip open the belly, tear out the entrails, which they throw on the coals, and feast on them before the animal is completely dead. Yet they are a friendly, hospitable race, living together in the greatest affection and harmony. The sluggish and senseless stupidity with which they have been so generally taxed, seems to have been in a great measure produced by their degrading subjection to the Dutch boors.* It has been asserted that the Hottentots are destitute of all ideas of religion; but this is not correct. It is ascertained that they believe in a Supreme Being, as well as in an inferior spirit of malignant nature; and that they practise certain superstitious rites, such as are usual among savages.

Such is the description given of the Hottentots as they were under the Dutch rule. Since the Cape came into the possession of the British, they have not been treated with the same neglect and cruelty as they experienced from the Dutch, who used to prohibit Hottentots, equally with dogs, from entering their places of worship; still, with some exceptions, arising from the beneficial effects produced in some places by the missionaries, the account seems to remain substantially true. Immediately to the north of the colony, and on the borders of the Snewburg or Snowy Mountains, are the Bosjesmans, or Bushmans, the most savage and degraded of all the South Africans. They were visited in 1797 by Mr Barrow, private secretary to Lord Macartney, with the view of ascertaining whether friendly relations might not be entered into with them, to prevent their incursions upon the farms of the Europeans.

Mr Barrow, at the same period, crossed the frontier which divides the colony from the country of the Caffres, and made acquaintance with this race, differing widely in almost all respects from their neighbours the Bushmans. He found them a handsome and spirited people, of frank and generous deportment, leading a roaming pastoral life, and possessing numbers of cattle, in the rearing of which they seemed proficient.

Before the commencement of the present century, little more was known respecting the original inhabitants of Southern Africa than what we have thus generally indicated. But in 1801, two gentlemen, Messrs Trutter and Somerville, made an excursion to a considerable distance beyond the districts of the Bushmans and the Caffres, whom Mr Barrow had visited, and discovered a large river, now called Orange River, flowing westward into the Atlantic. The banks of this river they found

* Murray's Africa.

inhabited by a pastoral tribe called the Koranes; and the information they received from this people inducing them to continue their journey still farther to the north, they at last reached what not a little surprised them—a city or town of two or three thousand houses, very neatly built, and well-arranged. The name of this city was Lattakoo; and the accounts which the travellers brought back of it to the Cape, and of the friendliness with which they had been received by the Boshuanas, who were then the prevalent tribe, induced the government to send Dr Cowan and Lieutenant Denovan to continue the discovery, and, if possible, make their way past Lattakoo, so as ultimately to reach Mozambique on the east coast. The issue of this expedition was unfortunate. The travellers reached Lattakoo in safety, but were killed at a distance of eleven days' journey beyond it. The same route was afterwards pursued by Dr Henry Lichtenstein, who added considerably to the knowledge then possessed of this part of Africa. But the most enterprising traveller in these regions was Mr John Campbell, a missionary, who, animated with an eager desire to spread Christianity among the rude Hottentots and Caffres, undertook a journey for that purpose in 1813. He reached Lattakoo, made known the object of his visit to Mateebe, king of the Boshuanas, and, after some importunacy, obtained leave to establish a missionary station in the capital. Having succeeded in the object of his expedition, Mr Campbell returned, but made a second journey to Lattakoo in 1820. He found the missionary establishment in active operation, but little progress had been made in converting the natives, who manifested the most profound indifference on the subject of religion. Mr Campbell now penetrated beyond Lattakoo, and came among tribes till then unknown, some of them showing a considerable advance in the arts of life, inhabiting neat villages, cultivating the ground, smelting iron and copper, and manufacturing various implements. He also came upon the borders of an immense desert, which, from its appearance, and the information which he was enabled to collect respecting it, he thought entitled to be named the Southern Sahara, as rivalling in extent the Great Northern Desert. Whether, as he was led to imagine, this Desert stretches from the tropic of Capricorn, where he saw its extremity, to the equator, is a point which can only be settled by farther discovery; but the supposition does not appear probable.

Subsequently to Mr Campbell's journey, these regions have been visited by other travellers, who have made us better acquainted with the tribes of the South Cape, by giving us details of their customs and manner of life. The latest of these is Mr Robert Moffat, likewise a missionary. The general conclusion, from the accounts of these various travellers, seems to be, that the southern extremity of Africa is inhabited by two principal races—the Hottentots, who, both physically and intellectually,

are far inferior to the average of mankind; and the Caffres, a bold and savage, but promising race, resembling in their general features the natives of other parts of Africa, and divided into a number of tribes, who inhabit villages scattered through the country which borders on the Southern Desert.

While describing the inhabitants of Southern Africa, we have left the general features of the country itself undescribed. The following passage will supply the deficiency:—"Southern Africa consists," says a writer, "of a most strange assemblage of mountains and plains, of spots lovely and picturesque beyond description, and gifted with inexhaustible fertility, and of seemingly boundless plains, where barrenness reigns so completely paramount, that the very principle of vegetation appears to be extinct. At a certain distance from the colony we enter upon regions over which the clouds of ignorance—almost the only clouds one meets with—still brood. We traverse large rivers, which rise no one knows where, and envelop their exits in equal obscurity. Ranges of mountains also, with appellations uncouth, and hiding no one knows what treasures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms in their unvisited recesses, sweep before us along the verge of the horizon, dim, blue, and shadowy, like so many fragments of fairyland. And if the great outlines of the landscape be original and bold, the filling up and colouring are no less so. Everything upon which the eye rests has the appearance of having been cast in a mould nowhere else made use of in the system of nature. Among the terrestrial animals, what bulk and fantastic formations! How numerous and strikingly contrasted are the groups that present themselves! In their character and habits what extremes seem to meet! How unspeakably lavish seems to be the waste of vitality! Yet who will dare to say that, in this prodigious outpouring of animal life, there is a single creature that does not enjoy and adorn the scene on which it moves? If there be anything we should be disposed to think out of place, it is the stunted representatives of humanity, who, under the name of Bushmen, roam in indescribable misery and degradation over those sublime savannahs. To a man of imagination, nothing more inspiring can be conceived than climbing one of the breezy peaks overlooking that strange wilderness, at the moment that the dawn is busily unfolding all its varied features. From every tree the heavy dew-drops pour like rain; streams of white mist, smooth and glassy as a tranquil river, float slowly down the valleys, reflecting from their surface the trees, and cliffs, and crags on either hand. Here, through openings between feathery mimosas, weeping-willows, and tall trembling reeds, we catch a glimpse of some quiet lake, the haunt of the hippopotamus; while a herd of graceful purple antelopes are seen drinking on its further margin. There, amidst thick clumps of camel-thorn, we behold a drove of giraffes, with heads eighteen feet high, browsing on the tops

of trees. Elsewhere, the rhinoceros pokes his long ugly snout from a brake. While the lion, fearless in the consciousness of his own strength, parades his tawny bulk over the plain, or reclines, in sphinx-like attitude, beneath some ancient tree.”*

EASTERN AFRICA.

With the exception of the countries bordering on the Red Sea—Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia—which cannot be included in so general a survey as the present, the eastern coast of Africa is undoubtedly the least-known portion of the whole circuit of the continent. The tract of country extending from the northern extremity of Caffreland to Cape Guardafui, and including the states or territories of Sofala, Mozambique, Zanguebar, and Ajan, was early visited by the Portuguese in their voyages to India; and in the course of the sixteenth century, various settlements were planted in it by them, similar to those which they planted along the Guinea Coast. The most conspicuous difference was, that here the ruling race were not pure negroes, but men of Arabic descent, and vehement Mohammedans. It was from these that the Portuguese wrested the immense line of coast-territory which they once held in this part of Africa, and of which they made Mozambique the capital. On the ruin of the Portuguese power in India, their settlements in Eastern Africa declined; the Arabs and blacks reconquered a great portion of their ancient territory; and it is now merely by sufferance that the once-powerful Portuguese retain a footing on the coast at all. What they do possess, however, they guard with the utmost jealousy; and they testify extreme aversion to the intrusion of any other European nation into these territories where they once lorded it so proudly. Mr Salt, who visited Mozambique in 1808, found it to contain a population of less than three thousand, of whom only five hundred were Portuguese. “The rural population of this part of Africa,” says Mr Macculloch, “is in the most degraded state; and although the soil be naturally rich and productive, the culture of cotton, indigo, sugar, and other articles of commerce is wholly neglected. Rice, millet, and manioc are raised almost without labour, furnishing, with cocoa-nuts, almost the entire food of the slaves. The commerce of Mozambique has greatly decreased, in consequence of our exertions to suppress the traffic in slaves; but although much diminished, the slave trade is still carried on to a considerable extent both with Brazil and Arabia. These slaves, who are chiefly of the tribe of the Monjores, and brought from the centre of the continent, a distance of forty or forty-five days’ journey from the colony, are procured from the native merchants in exchange for salt, shells, tobacco, coarse cloths, &c. Goods costing about two dollars, will bring in, as

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 68, Article “African Field Sports.”

the case may be, either a slave or an elephant's tusk, weighing from sixty to eighty pounds of ivory. Hippopotamus' tusks, gold dust, Columbo-root, gums, and amber, are the other chief exports."

From these few particulars, which include nearly all that is known of this part of Africa, it will appear that, with the exception of the infusion of the Mohammedan and Arabic element, which is here very strong, it bears a close resemblance to the corresponding portion of the western coast. There are the same impediments, arising from climate, to the acquisition of much knowledge of the country by Europeans, who, at best, are unable to penetrate farther than a few miles into the interior. It appears probable, indeed, that the last portions of the coast of Africa to be thoroughly explored will be these sites of the declining Portuguese colonies.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

Under the general name of Central Africa may be included the whole of the interior of the continent south of the Great Desert. This immense extent of country may be divided into two parts—Southern Central Africa, lying between the tropic of Capricorn and the equator; and Northern Central Africa, called also Soudan, or Nigritia, lying between the equator and the Great Desert. The former is as yet totally unknown and unexplored; and before our information respecting it can be at all authentic and accurate, two most difficult expeditions must have been made, which have not yet been so much as proposed—one from the Cape of Good Hope northwards as far as the Mountains of the Moon, the other transversely across the continent from Congo to Zanguebar or Mozambique. At what future period the spirit of enterprise may achieve these two journeys it is impossible to tell.

Northern Central Africa, or Nigritia, has, on the other hand, been penetrated by travellers, who have advanced into it from all directions. From the earliest times this part of Africa attracted attention, as being the country through which the famous Niger flowed, on whose banks the great city of Timbuctoo, of the wealth of which vague accounts had reached the shores of the Mediterranean, was reputed to be situated. To ascertain the course of this river, and to reach this celebrated negro city, were the leading objects of all who engaged in the enterprise of African discovery. In the year 1618 an English company was formed for the purpose of opening up a communication with Timbuctoo, and not long afterwards a similar company was formed in France. For a century and a half the two nations continued to compete with each other in the enterprise: the English trying to make their way up the river Gambia, which they imagined to be the outlet of the Niger; the French, on the other hand, persevering along the Senegal, which seemed to them more likely to be iden-

tical with the Niger. Much useful information was acquired in these successive voyages respecting Western Africa; but no intelligence was obtained of the site of the great city of the negroes. It was clearly ascertained, however, that neither the Senegal nor the Gambia could be identical with the Niger, supposing the traditionary accounts of that river to be true. Three distinct opinions respecting this river began to be entertained. Some said that there was no Niger at all, such as the ancients had described it, but that some river, branching off into the Senegal and Gambia, was alluded to. Others believed that the ancient accounts of the Niger as a river flowing towards the east was correct, and that it was to be considered one of the upper branches of the Nile. A third party maintained that the supposition of the Niger being identical with the Nile was untenable, considering the immense breadth of the continent, and that the true Niger was some stream rising in the interior of Africa, and flowing into the sea at some point of the western coast farther south than the Senegal and the Gambia. A subsequent modification of this opinion was, that the Niger did not flow into the sea at all, but terminated in some great marsh or lake in the interior of Africa, resembling the Caspian Sea.

Such was the state of information, or rather of doubt, with respect to the course of the Niger, when, in the year 1788, a number of spirited men of science, including Lord Rawdon, Sir Joseph Banks, the bishop of Landaff, Mr Beaufoy, and Mr Stuart, formed themselves into an association for the purpose of prosecuting this and other questions of African geography to an issue. No sooner had the society been formed, than it commenced its labours. The first travellers, however, whom it sent out were cut off by death. One of them, Major Houghton, ascended the Gambia, and never returned; it was afterwards ascertained that he had been killed by the Moors in the interior. It was at this juncture that the celebrated Mungo Park presented himself to the society. Born in the county of Selkirk, in Scotland, in the year 1771, and having been educated for the medical profession, Park had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies in the capacity of assistant-surgeon on board one of the East India Company's vessels, when he offered his services to the association through Sir Joseph Banks. After due inquiry into Mr Park's character and qualifications, they were accepted. This was in 1793; but he did not depart on his expedition till the summer of 1795. His instructions were, on his arrival in Africa, "to pass on to the river Niger either by the way of Bambouk, or by such other route as should be found most convenient—that he should ascertain the course, and, if possible, the rise and termination, of that river—that he should use his utmost exertions to visit the principal towns or cities in its neighbourhood, particularly Timbuctoo and Houssa—and that he should be

afterwards at liberty to return to Europe either by the way of the Gambia, or by such other route as, under all the then existing circumstances of his situation and prospects, should appear to him to be most advisable."

The ship in which Park sailed reached the African coast in the latter end of June 1795, and on the 5th of July the traveller took up his residence in the house of an English settler in the village of Pisania, situated on the northern bank of the Gambia, at a considerable distance from the coast. After remaining here about five months, preparing for his journey into the interior, and acquiring information respecting the western parts of Africa, Park launched upon his perilous enterprise on the 2d of December 1795. For three months he toiled on in a north-westerly direction, passing through various negro kingdoms, and numberless towns and villages, almost everywhere received with kindness and respect, although the cupidity of some of the negro sovereigns stripped him of most of the articles of value he had brought along with him, as a tax for allowing him to pass through their dominions. For a detailed account of all his adventures during the journey, we must refer to his own narrative, which has long and justly been regarded as one of the most interesting and best-written books in the English language. Suffice it to say, that after having pushed on till he found himself near the southern borders of the Great Desert, and when "fancy had already placed him on the banks of the Niger, and presented to his imagination a thousand delightful scenes in his future progress," a cruel accident came to delay, and, as it seemed, utterly to prevent, the fulfilment of his "golden dream." In this part of Africa he found that the Moors, or men of Arab blood, were the ruling race, domineering over the negroes in the most insolent manner; and while from the negroes, almost universally, he experienced kind treatment, the Moors he describes as the most barbarous and tyrannical of the human race. Accordingly, after entering the countries which, from their proximity to the Great Desert, were under the thralldom of the Moors, he proceeded with greater caution than he had found it necessary to adopt in passing through the countries inhabited by a pure negro population. His caution, however, was of no avail; on the 7th of March 1796 he was carried away captive by a Moorish chief to Benown, a village on the margin of the Desert, where he was detained for nearly three months, enduring incredible hardships from the cruelty of his keepers, who persecuted him both as a stranger and as a Christian.

Escaping at length from the hands of his tormentors, Park continued his journey in a south-easterly direction, passing, as before, through several negro kingdoms, where, however, the Moors seemed to exercise a powerful influence, and where, consequently, he was obliged to undergo much suffering and insult, although, even in the depths of his distress, he always found

sympathy and compassion from some poor negro. On the 21st of July 1796, he was approaching a large town called Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, in company with a party of negroes, who were proceeding thither, and who entertained him on the way with accounts of the traffic which went on at this town, and of the Great Water, or Joliba, which flowed past it. This stream Park had no doubt was the Niger, of which he was in search; and so it proved. "We rode together," he says, "through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out, '*Geo affilli!*'" ("See the water!") and looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success."

Having thus been successful in reaching the banks of the long-sought Niger, Park would have pursued his journey along them so as to ascertain its farther course, and even trace it to its termination; but his entire destitution of everything necessary for such an enterprise, and the reports which he received of the bigotry of the Moors who ruled in the districts through which he must pass, prevented him from advancing farther than Silla, a town considerably to the east of Sego. Accordingly, having collected all the information he could respecting the course of the river beyond this point—having done all that he could towards the settlement of the question of the course of the Niger—having ascertained the existence of large trading cities in the interior of Africa, some of which he had visited, and the position of three others of which (namely, Jenné, Timbuctoo, and Houssa) he had learnt by accurate inquiry—having, moreover, accumulated a vast mass of information respecting the manners, customs, and social condition of the natives of Central Africa—Park returned to the coast along the banks of the Niger, and consequently by a route different from that which he had adopted on his journey inland. He reached Pisania on the 10th of June 1797, having thus been absent twenty-one months in the interior of Africa. He arrived in London on Christmas Day in the same year; was received with great enthusiasm by all classes; prepared the narrative of his journey for publication; and at length, in 1800, having in the meantime married, he settled as a medical practitioner in Peebles.

Park's success gave an impulse to the spirit of discovery, and two attempts were made shortly after his return to follow up what he had begun. "A German, named Hornemann, undertook to penetrate into the continent by way of Egypt, and succeeded in reaching Fezzan, whence he wrote, in April 1800, to England; but no particulars relative to his future history are known.

He was never again heard of till 1824, when Captain Clapperton, who followed the same route with a better issue, learnt that the German traveller had succeeded in penetrating from Fezzan to Nyffee, or Nouffie, on the Niger, where he fell a victim to dysentery. Hornemann's papers had been all accidentally burnt. In 1804, another enterprising spirit, Mr Nicholls, endeavoured to enter the African interior from the Calabar coast, in the Gulf of Guinea, but, at the very outset of his journey, he also perished from the pestilential fever of those latitudes.* At length Mr Park—who, notwithstanding the public respect and domestic comfort which he enjoyed in the situation in which he had settled down, still hankered after a life of wandering in Africa, avowing, it is said, to Sir Walter Scott, who was one of his most intimate friends, that he preferred it to any other—consented, on the invitation of government, to undertake a second journey. “All the requisite preparations for the enterprise were completed before the end of January, and on the 30th of that month 1805, Park set sail from Portsmouth, in the Crescent transport, taking on board with him from the dockyards of that place four or five artificers.” He was accompanied also by his brother-in-law, Mr Anderson, and a friend, Mr Scott. When, on the 21st of March 1805, the transport anchored in the Goree Roads, near the mouth of the Gambia, and “Mr Park's purposes were made known here, almost every man of the garrison volunteered his services for the expedition. The traveller selected thirty-five able-bodied men, and also accepted the offered services of one officer, Lieutenant Martyn, thinking it of consequence to have in the party some one already acquainted with the soldiers. Two experienced seamen from the Squirrel frigate were added to the party with the view of benefiting by their valuable assistance in sailing down the Niger.

Park communicated these arrangements by letter to the colonial department, and he thus describes his departure from Goree:—“On the morning of the 6th of April we embarked the soldiers, in number thirty-five men. They jumped into the boat in the highest spirits, and bade adieu to Goree with repeated huzzas. I believe that every man in the garrison would have embarked with great cheerfulness; but no inducement could prevail on a single negro to accompany me.” Park's intentions with respect to this second journey were stated to government before his departure from England. He said that “he would proceed up the Gambia, cross the country to the Niger, and travel down that river to its termination.” Sailing up the Gambia as far as Kayee, Park and his party commenced their land journey from that point on the 27th of April, in high spirits, and amply provided with all necessaries. “At Kayee he was able, for the first time, to perfect his preparations for the

* Life of Park, and Account of African Discovery, appended to Chambers's People's Edition of his Travels.

route, by attaching a few of the natives to his party. Isaaco, a Mandingo priest and merchant, and one well inured to long inland journeys, engaged himself to act as guide to the expedition, and to give it the assistance of several negroes, his own personal attendants." Unfortunately it was the worst season of the year for travelling, and the journey was one of continued toil and sickness. Before the 19th of August more than three-fourths of the party had died, or been left behind to die. On that day, after leaving a place called Toniba, "coming," says Park, "to the brow of a hill, I once more saw the Niger rolling its immense stream along the plain!" This was a pleasant sight for Park's companions. Several more of them, however, died before Sego, the capital of Bambarra, was reached. Here, being kindly received by Mansong, the king of the Bambarras, Park hoped to be able to obtain a vessel in which he might navigate the Niger to its termination. He waited for several weeks at Sansanding, a town a little below Sego, using all his endeavours to obtain from Mansong a canoe sufficient for his purpose. "After much labour, he did get a vessel of the desired kind fitted up, and named it his Britannic majesty's schooner the Joliba. At Sansanding, on the 28th of October, Mr Anderson underwent the fate of so many of his companions, and regarding his death Park observes—'No event that took place during the journey ever threw the smallest gloom over my mind till I laid Mr Anderson in the grave. I then felt myself as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa.'

"At this point the authentic account of Mungo Park's second journey ends. Isaaco's engagement here terminated, and the papers given to him by the traveller, and carried back to the coast, constitute the only records of the expedition which came from Park's own pen. These papers were accompanied by several letters, the most interesting of which is one (dated Sansanding, November 17) addressed to Lord Camden. In this letter Park says—'I am sorry to say, that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive; namely, three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself. From this account I am afraid that your lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state; but I assure you I am far from despairing. With the assistance of one of the soldiers, I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the east, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream, but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end nowhere but in the sea. My dear friend Mr Anderson, and likewise Mr Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere, and if I could not

succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last *die on the Niger.*'"

These were the last words which Park sent to Europe; the next intelligence was a vague rumour of his death. For five years, however, no authentic information of the event was received; but from the exertions of Isaaco, Park's former guide, who was induced in 1810 to make a journey with a view to ascertain the traveller's fate, it appeared that his prophetic words had been accomplished, and that he had "died on the Niger." Isaaco obtained the particulars from Amadi Fatouma, who acted as guide to the party onward from Sansanding. They were as follows:—Passing Jenné and Timbuctoo in safety, the little schooner, with Park and his surviving companions (eight in number) on board, reached Yaour, in the kingdom of Houssa. Not willing to delay his progress by landing, Park sent Amadi Fatouma, whose engagement as guide terminated here, on shore with presents to the king. These presents being treacherously appropriated by the inferior chief to whom Amadi delivered them, the king of Houssa, thinking his dignity insulted, sent an army after the schooner. The army came upon the schooner at a part of the river called Boussa. "There is before Boussa a rock extending across the river, with only one opening in it, in the form of a door, for the water to pass through. The king's men took possession of the top of this rock, until Park came up to it, and attempted to pass. The natives attacked him and his friends with lances, pikes, arrows, and other missiles. Park defended himself vigorously for a long time; but at last, after throwing everything in the canoe overboard, being overpowered by numbers, and seeing no chance of getting the canoe past, he took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the river; Martyn did the same; and the whole were drowned in their attempt to escape by swimming. One black remained in the canoe, the other two being killed, and he cried for mercy. The canoe fell into the hands of the natives. Amadi Fatouma, on being freed from his irons three months afterwards, ascertained these facts from the native who had survived the catastrophe."

From 1805 to 1822, various attempts were made to penetrate after Park into the heart of Nigritia. In 1809 Roentger, a German, proceeded from Morocco with a view to cross the Great Desert, but he seems to have been murdered by his guides. Shortly after, some information was obtained from two Americans, Adams and Riley, who were wrecked off the coast of the Great Desert, and carried into the interior by the Arabs. Adams alleged that he had been carried as far as Timbuctoo, but little credit was attached to his statement. The famous Burckhardt was to attempt a journey into the interior from Egypt, but died before carrying his resolution into effect. In 1816 the British government, possessed with the idea, which we have seen that Park himself came latterly to entertain, that the Congo

was the outlet of the Niger, fitted out two expeditions, one of which, under Captain Tuckey, was to ascend the Congo in vessels; the other, under Major Peddie, was to penetrate the interior by Park's route, and, embarking on the Niger, to sail down it so as to meet Captain Tuckey, which would of course happen if the Niger and the Congo were identical. Both parties were brought to a halt—the expedition up the Congo by cataracts, which prevented farther navigation, and the land expedition by the hostility of the natives; and the only result of consequence was to explode the hypothesis that the Niger and the Congo were the same.

About the year 1819 attention was drawn to the possibility of penetrating into Central Africa by a route not yet tried—namely, from Tripoli through the Great Desert; and as the bashaw of Tripoli, whose influence extended far into the interior, was understood to be willing to cultivate the good-will of the British, it was resolved to make the attempt under his auspices. Accordingly, in 1819, Mr Ritchie and Lieutenant Lyon began the journey from Tripoli across the Desert. They reached Mourzouk in Fezzan; but Mr Ritchie dying there of bilious fever, the expedition was abandoned. In April 1822, however, three new adventurers, Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr Oudney, with several companions, followed the same route. “A caravan, belonging to a great native merchant named Boo Khaloom, was on the point of starting for Soudan on the Niger, and with this band the travellers were to cross the Desert in company.

“Boo Khaloom, a Moor or Arab of remarkable abilities, and of a liberal and humane disposition, had a retinue on the journey of above two hundred Arabs, and with this company performed their dreary marches, under a burning sun, across the sands of the interior. The most extraordinary sight on this route was the number of skeletons strewed on the ground, the wrecks of former caravans. Sometimes sixty or seventy lay in one spot, and of these some lay entwined in one another's arms, as they had perished! For fourteen days, hills of sand, and plains of sand, constituted the only objects in sight of the travellers. At the end of that time they again beheld symptoms of herbage, being now on the northern borders of the kingdom of Bornou. Shortly afterwards, on reaching a town called Lari, the British travellers beheld a sight which made up for all they had undergone. This was the great inland sea of Africa, Lake Tchad, the existence of which had been so often canvassed, and which now lay before them ‘glowing with the golden rays of the sun.’

“Lake Tchad, one of the most interesting points of Central African scenery, is a vast triangular sheet of water, about one hundred and eighty miles long from east to west, and above one hundred miles in extent at its greatest breadth. It lies betwixt 14 and 17 degrees of north latitude, and 12 and 15 degrees of east longitude. Two large streams flow into it

—the one called the Yeou, from the west, and the other the Shary or Tshary, from the south. Lake Tchad is situated about five hundred miles to the east of the Niger, and the country lying between them bears the general name of the Soudan, though particular appellations are given to provinces, such as Houssa, and others. Bornou is the district lying immediately to the west of the lake. Major Denham spent a considerable time here. He found the kingdom of Bornou in a very peculiar position as to government. The people are negroes, and had once been subjugated by the Foulahs or Fellatahs—a bold race, of uncertain descent, and the conquerors and oppressors of many kingdoms of the interior. But a Bornouese negro, of humble birth and powerful talents, had aroused his countrymen, and driven out the Fellatahs. This individual was found by Major Denham to be in possession of the whole power of Bornou, though, out of respect to the prejudices of the people, the old Fellatah prince was still permitted to hold a nominal throne, and the empty title of sultan. The real ruler contented himself with the title of sheikh. He is described by Denham as being extremely intelligent, and as holding the reins of power with great firmness and sagacity. The Bornouese are disciples of Mohamed, and may be called well-civilised in comparison with other inland nations. Their country supplies them abundantly with food, and they carry on manufactures to a considerable extent in cotton.

“Major Denham found an opportunity of travelling round nearly the whole of Lake Tchad, and thus satisfied himself that the waters of the Niger did not enter this inland pool. After eighteen months’ stay in Bornou, Denham was joined by Captain Clapperton, who had separated from him in order to explore the country of Soudan—an excursion on which Dr Oudney unfortunately perished from fatigue, and the diseases incidental to the climate. Clapperton was well received at Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa, and the seat of Bello, the great Soudanite monarch, and the head of the Fellatah nation. Like the sheikh of Bornou, Sultan Bello was found to be an able and intelligent man.

“Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa, situated on a tributary of the Niger, and distant four days’ journey from that river, is one of the largest cities of the interior, containing, to appearance, above forty thousand inhabitants. The city is laid out in regular streets, and is surrounded, like most African towns, with clay walls. The houses are well-built cottages, generally of clay; and the mosques, as well as parts of the sultan’s palace, are ornamented with painted wooden pillars, in a very pretty style of architecture.

“Upon the whole, the two countries of Houssa and Bornou must be regarded as far above any kingdoms of the African interior yet visited by Europeans in point of power and civilisation. The Fellatah sultan, Bello, was extremely anxious

that an English consul should be sent to Soccatoo, and that a trade should be opened up with the English. Before the travellers left either Houssa or Bornou, however, they found the rulers of these places to cool in their desire for British intercourse. This arose, without doubt, from the intrigues of the Arabs, who were afraid that the traffic through the Desert from the Mediterranean might be superseded by the commerce of the British from the Atlantic or western coast. The Arabs, therefore, artfully placed before the minds of the African princes the consequences which had resulted to India and other countries from a connexion with Britain."

Having spent in all about three years in the interior of Africa, Denham and Clapperton returned to Tripoli, which they reached on the 26th of January 1825. "The safe return of two principal members of this expedition, and the interesting nature of the observations made by them, was cheering and encouraging to the British authorities, and to all who took an interest in African discovery. But the question of the Niger's outlet, through which alone it was obvious commercial intercourse could be securely and effectually established with the interior, remained yet in doubt, though the late travellers were fully convinced that the river flowed into the Atlantic somewhere in the Gulf of Guinea. Ere he had rested many months at home, Clapperton, one of the bravest of the many brave men who had risked their lives on the same dangerous adventure, was again on his way to Africa at the head of an exploratory party. His companions were Dr Morrison and Captain Pearce, besides a faithful servant of Clapperton, Richard Lander. It was resolved on this occasion to enter the interior from Badagry, a district on the northern coast of the Gulf of Guinea, from which Clapperton believed the Niger might be soonest reached."

In the course of their arduous journey all of the party died except Clapperton and his servant Lander. They persevered, nevertheless, passing through many populous negro towns situated between the coast and the Niger. The whole of this tract of country they found very thickly peopled; and the natives appeared, at a distance from the coast, to be of superior disposition and character. In April 1826 they reached Boussa on the Niger, the place where Park had been killed; they saw the spot where the traveller had met his death, and heard that some relics of him were still preserved, but could not obtain a sight of them. After staying some time at Boussa, Clapperton crossed the Niger, and paid another visit to the territories of his former acquaintance, Sultan Bello, who, however, seemed less friendly to him than on the previous occasion, apparently suspecting the motives which actuated the British in their efforts to procure information respecting a part of the world so remote from their own. Wearied out by his toils, Clapperton became ill at Soccatoo, and died there on the 13th of April 1827, in the arms of Richard Lander, who,

with great difficulty, made his way alone back to the coast, which he reached in November. He immediately set out for England, carrying Captain Clapperton's papers with him, and a journal of his own proceedings subsequent to Clapperton's death.

"Meanwhile the British government were making another attempt from the Mediterranean. About the time that Clapperton set out on his second journey, Major Laing, an able officer, who had already travelled on the African coasts, entered the Desert by way of Tripoli, under the protection of a personage who had resided twenty-two years at Timbuctoo. When in the middle of the Desert, the party was attacked by a band of wild Tuaricks, and Major Laing was left for dead, with twenty-four dreadful wounds on his person. He recovered, however, by the care of his surviving companions, although numerous portions of bone had to be extracted from his head and temples! When able to do so, he pursued his journey, and on the 18th of August reached the famous city of Timbuctoo. Several letters were received from him, dated at this place, which he described as having disappointed him in point of extent, being only about four miles in circuit, but that he had found its records copious and interesting. Major Laing never had the opportunity, unhappily, of making these valuable discoveries known, being murdered, three days after leaving Timbuctoo, by a wretch who had undertaken to guide him to the mouth of the Senegal, or its neighbourhood. What became of the ill-fated traveller's papers is not yet known.

"The next light thrown upon African geography came from a source somewhat different from those described. René Caillié, a Frenchman of humble origin, assuming the character of a Mohammedan on a pilgrimage to Mecca, joined, on the 19th of April 1827, a small native caravan, travelling from the river Nunez to the interior. He soon after reached the Joliba (the name which the Niger bears as far down as Timbuctoo), but was detained by illness for five months at a place called Timé. On his recovery, he passed onwards to Jenné on the Niger, a city described by him as containing eight thousand or ten thousand inhabitants, and as being a place of considerable traffic. At Jenné, he embarked in a loose native vessel of sixty tons burden, and sailed with a party of merchants through Lake Dobbie, and down the Niger, until, in April 1828, the vessel stopped at Cabra, the port of Timbuctoo. The inhabitants of Cabra were about twelve hundred in number, and were solely occupied as porters, either in unloading goods, or in conveying them on the backs of asses to Timbuctoo. That city itself lies about ten miles from the Niger, and is a place of some ten thousand or twelve thousand inhabitants. It is chiefly built of bricks, and is supported entirely by commerce. The population are partly negroes and partly Moors; but the king is a negro, and the government is solely in the hands of that class.

On the other hand, though all the people engage more or less in trade, the Moors are the principal merchants. The great article of traffic is salt, which is brought from the mines in the neighbouring Desert of Sahara, and is disseminated from Timbuctoo over the whole of Central Africa.

"After leaving Timbuctoo, Caillié made his way across the Desert to Tangier, where he arrived in August 1828, and whence he was forwarded by the French consul to Europe. Upon the whole, however, M. Caillié has contributed little to the removal of those glaring blanks which have so long defaced the map of Africa.

"Not so the next adventurer to whom we have to allude. This was Richard Lander, the faithful follower of Clapperton. Lander made an offer of his services to government for the investigation of the course and termination of the Niger. The offer was accepted; and Lander embarked at Portsmouth on the 9th of January 1830, accompanied by his younger brother John, who shared in all the toils and honours of the expedition. The Landers arrived on the 19th of March at Badagry, and at the end of the month started on the same route pursued by Clapperton in his journey to the Niger. Paskoe, the old guide, was again taken into service by the Landers. After an interesting journey through the populous cities of Yarriba, the travellers arrived at Boussa on the Niger on the 17th of June. The king of Boussa welcomed them with great cordiality. Though gentle and hospitable, this prince was a mere ignorant savage in comparison of the kings of Houssa and Bornou. At Boussa, notwithstanding that aversion always evinced by the natives to speak about Park, the Landers found an old nautical publication belonging to that traveller, with a loose paper or two between the sheets—one of them an invitation card to dinner. The man who possessed this book regarded it as his household god—every written paper being of magical import in the eyes of the natives. The *tobe*, or surtout-dress, of rich crimson damask, which Park had worn, was also recovered at Boussa by the Landers; but no distinct account was got of the mode in which these articles came into the hands of their owners."

After making all inquiries, so as to rescue any relics of Park, and even ascending to Yaourie, a city and province a few days' journey farther up the Niger for that purpose, obtaining for their trouble a double-barrelled gun which had belonged to the traveller, the Landers endeavoured to procure a canoe, that they might sail down the river, and solve the great problem of its course and termination. They were assisted in the kindest manner by the king of Boussa, who sent messengers down the Niger to a town called Rabba, in order to pave the way for the secure passage of the travellers. On the 20th of September, the travellers embarked in a canoe provided for them on the Niger.

"On the 7th of October they arrived opposite Rabba, having passed a number of islands and towns on the river, which was always a magnificent stream, but varying considerably in width. Rabba is a large market town, governed by a relative of Sultan Bello. The ruler of Rabba being dissatisfied with the presents made to him, the travellers were reluctantly forced to give him Park's *tobe*, and they subsequently had the misfortune to lose his gun. Near Rabba, the river took a wide sweep to the eastward, but it again turned to the south. Egga, another famous market town on the river, and Kacunda, were afterwards passed, and the mouths of two large tributaries, the Coodoovia and the Tchadda, were also seen. Various other towns were passed in succession, the largest of which were Bocqua and Attah. The Landers had now arrived at a region where signs of European intercourse were seen, and where the natives had been tainted by the demoralising consequences of the slave commerce. At a place called Kirree the travellers suffered a heavy misfortune. They were attacked by a number of canoes, seized, and their property taken from them. Richard's journal, amongst other articles, was lost in the river, though the notes of his brother were happily preserved. The travellers expected nothing but death at this time themselves; but their lives were saved, that they might be carried down the river to Eboe Town, where the king of the Eboe people resided, and by whose subjects the attack had been made.

On their way to Eboe Town, they passed a large lake on the river, which afterwards divided itself into three broad streams, flowing at different inclinations to the south-west. From this, and previous branchings of the stream, the Landers felt convinced that they were close by the termination of the Niger in the Gulf of Guinea; and their anxiety to continue their route was proportionable to their pleasure at the near accomplishment of their task. Obie, the Eboe king, resolved to detain them, however, till a ransom was got from the English; but King Boy, a monarch residing farther down the river, and who was then in Eboe Town, became bound for the ransom of the Landers, and carried them down (what proved to be the stream commonly called the Nun River) to Brass Town, his father's capital. King Boy subsequently went down to the mouth of the river with Richard Lander, leaving John at Brass Town. An English merchantman was lying in the Nun, and, with hope in his heart, Richard Lander went on board of her with Boy, and explained his situation to the commander, Captain Lake, expecting to find a countryman's sympathy and aid. The wretch refused to expend a penny on their ransom, though, if he had possessed a spark of intelligence, he might have been assured that the British government would gladly have paid, ten times over, any outlay made in such circumstances. Richard Lander with difficulty prevailed on Boy to go and bring his brother John to the brig,

by which time the traveller hoped Lake would relent. The brutal captain, however, did not relent; and when John Lander came to the brig, he and his brother, much against their will, were forced to leave the river without satisfying Boy, who had generously taken the risk of recovering their ransom. It is a consolation to think that the British government ultimately remunerated Boy beyond his expectations. In Captain Lake's vessel, meantime, the Landers, after much danger, crossed the bar of the river Nun, and entered the open sea in the Bight of Benin, Gulf of Guinea, with the deep satisfaction on their minds of having thus attained the glory of discovering the termination of the Niger! On the 1st of December they were put ashore at Fernando Po, where they experienced the warmest reception from the British residents. Shortly after, they found a passage homewards, and reached Britain on the 9th of June 1831, after an absence of a year and a half.

"The solution of the great African mystery by the Landers was justly felt by their countrymen as a national triumph. But the matter, when explained, looked so simple, as in the case of Columbus with the egg, that men wondered how they could have been so long in the dark with respect to it. The splitting of the Niger into numerous branches near its close, some of them a hundred miles distant from others, was the real cause of all the difficulty. Like the Nile, the Niger has a large delta (so called from the shape of the Greek letter Δ *delta*), and each of its branches bore the look of independent streams. The delta of the Niger is partly inhabited, but is extremely marshy."

Since the completion of Park's great discovery by the Landers, two expeditions have been fitted out for the navigation of the Niger from its mouth into the interior. At first there was a general belief that now a communication had been opened up with Central Africa, and that, by means of the Niger, an easy and speedy intercourse could be held with the negro tribes living south of the Great Desert. Accordingly, two steamers, one of them entirely iron, were fitted out in 1832, at the expense of some individuals in Liverpool anxious to commence the new trade. They arrived at the Delta of the Niger in the month of October, accompanied by a sailing-vessel laden with articles for traffic. Many of the crew were carried off by the pestilential influence of the climate; and the steamers did not ascend very far. The Tchadda, a tributary of the Niger, was explored for about a hundred miles by one of them; but its banks were not found to present much opportunity for commerce, and the steamer returned to the Niger. Richard Lander, who had given his services to the expedition, was mortally wounded in a scuffle with the natives while ascending the river in a boat with a supply of kowries which he had returned to the sea-coast to procure. He died thirteen days after, on the 2d of February 1834; and in July, the vessels left the Niger on their voyage home, the crew of the one

having been reduced from twenty-nine to five, and that of the other from nineteen to four. In a commercial point of view, likewise, the expedition was a failure, the only article of value procured from the natives being ivory, and that in too small a quantity to pay the expenses of the enterprise.

A second expedition, consisting of three iron steamers commissioned by government, set sail for the Niger in May 1841. The object of this expedition was to open up such an intercourse with the native princes on the banks of the Niger as might serve to assist in suppressing the African slave trade, and to plant the seeds of civilisation in the centre of the continent. Besides being amply manned and furnished, the vessels carried with them all that was necessary for establishing a little colony or model farm on the banks of the Niger, such a scheme seeming best fitted for inoculating the African population with the habits which it was desired to naturalise among them. The entire number of individuals connected with the expedition was 301, of whom 145 were Europeans, and 156 persons of colour. The vessels commenced the ascent of the Niger on the 20th of August; passed Aboh, the capital of the Eboe country, where the commissioners negotiated with Obie, the king or chief of the district, regarding the suppression of the slave trade. Ninety-five miles farther up they came to Iddah, the capital of the king of Eggarah, with whom a treaty was also concluded. On the 10th of September the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda was reached; and here it was determined to establish the model farm. Accordingly, the part of the crews and cargoes intended for the purpose was disembarked.

Meanwhile sickness had become so prevalent, and the number of deaths so great, that two of the steamers were obliged to descend the river with the invalids, in order to give them the chance of recovery on the coast. The remaining steamer, the *Albert*, advanced as far as Egga, about 350 miles from the sea. Farther than this, however, the increasing illness of the crew prevented it from proceeding; and accordingly, having explained to the chief of the place the object of the visit, the commander turned back on the 5th of October, and descended the river, there being hardly hands sufficient left to manage the vessel. The *Albert* reached the sea on the 16th of October, the other two steamers having reached it on the end of the previous month. The expedition had been most disastrous. Of the 145 white men, only fifteen escaped the river fever; while of the 156 blacks, only eleven were attacked. The list of deaths showed a total of fifty-three. The news of these unfortunate results having reached England, orders were sent out in the summer of 1842 to abandon the enterprise, and remove the labourers from the model farm; which was accordingly done.

By way of summing up the information which we have yet been able, by all our researches and expeditions, to obtain re-

specting Soudan or Nigritia, we may state an opinion which seems to be gaining ground. It is maintained by some that there is evidence that great changes have occurred in Central Africa within the last few centuries; that, in fact, a general movement towards civilisation is discernible in the heart of this vast and forbidding continent—a movement not originated by European contact, but born among the Africans themselves. There is evidence, it is said, that a few centuries ago the inhabitants of Nigritia were very far inferior in promise and culture to what they are at present; that the commercial spirit and manufacturing ingenuity which travellers report to exist among the negro tribes are of recent growth. The great agents in this change in the condition of Central Africa are said to be the Foulahs—a people of doubtful origin, but possibly Asiatic. These Foulahs are represented as having acted as conquerors of the original negro tribes—triumphing by virtue of their superior temperament and organisation, and incorporating the petty states of the old negro chiefs into large kingdoms; helping also to civilise the natives by introducing among them the ideas of Mohammedanism, which, however inferior and pernicious in themselves, were yet an advance upon the original negro beliefs.

“Throughout the whole extent of Nigritia or Negroland,” says a writer who advocates the opinion we have just stated,* “the Foulahs undoubtedly occupy pre-eminence. They are found spread over a vast geographic region of 28 to 30 degrees of longitude (1500 miles), and of 7 to 10 degrees in latitude, or 500 miles. They extend from the Atlantic Ocean, from the mouth of the Senegal and Senegambia on the west, to the kingdoms of Bornou and Mandara on the east; from the Desert of Sahara on the north, to the mountains of Guinea or Kong on the south. This wide superficies contains more than 700,000 square miles, which is equal to the fourth part of Europe, and a tenth part of the immense continent of Africa.”

In some parts of this vast extent of territory the Foulahs are politically supreme, in others they are feudal dependents of the original chiefs; but everywhere they seem to be the growing power. “The Foulahs,” says Mr Hodgson, “are not negroes. They differ essentially from the negro race in all the characteristics which are marked by physical anthropology. They may be said to occupy the intermediate space betwixt the Arab and the negro. All travellers concur in representing them as a distinct race in moral as in physical traits. To their colour, the various terms of bronze, copper, reddish, and sometimes white, has been applied. They concur also in the report that the Foulahs of every region represent themselves to be white men, and proudly assert their superiority to the black tribes among whom they live. . . . The Foulahs are rigid Moham-

* Notes on Northern Africa. By William B. Hodgson. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1844.

medans, and, according to Mollien the French traveller's report, they are animated by a strong zeal for proselytism. They are the missionaries of Islam among the Pagan negro tribes. Where they have conquered, they have forced the adoption of the Koran by the sword; and whilst pursuing quietly their pastoral occupation, they become schoolmasters (*maalims*), and thus propagate the doctrines and precepts of Islam. Wherever the Foulah has wandered, the Pagan idolatry of the negro has been overthrown; the barbarous Fetish and greegree have been abandoned; anthropophagy and cannibalism have been suppressed. . . . Thus the Foulahs are now exercising a powerful influence upon the moral and social condition of Central Africa. I do not doubt that they are destined to be the great instrument in the future civilisation of Africa, and the consequent suppression of the external Atlantic slave trade. . . . They will, probably, erect one vast empire in the Soudan, and the influence which that power may exert in the great question of African civilisation, gives to them no ordinary importance." If this opinion be true, what might not be the result if the Foulahs, at present barbarians and Mohammedans, themselves were overpowered by the higher and purer ideas which have raised Europe to its present supremacy over the earth? Meanwhile, it is consoling to think that, even in Central Africa, the human race has been moving onward.

NORTHERN AFRICA AND THE GREAT DESERT.

Respecting that vast section of the African continent which extends from the Mediterranean to Nigritia, it appears that we are only beginning to obtain a correct description. Various officers of the French army at present engaged in the arduous enterprise of establishing the colony of Algeria, have occupied themselves in collecting information regarding the numerous tribes overspreading Northern Africa; and it would seem, from their accounts, that the ideas we have been accustomed to entertain concerning these regions are far from correct.

According to these recent accounts, Northern Africa, between the Mediterranean and Nigritia, consists of two portions—the Tell, or that strip of land varying from 50 to 120 miles in breadth, which lies along the sea; and the Sahara, or, as it has commonly been called, the Great Desert. The following remarks respecting the Tell are from the work of Mr Hodgson previously quoted:—"On the Mediterranean coast of Africa, there are in progress at this moment great political and commercial revolutions. There exists in that region a sanguinary and unceasing conflict of Christianity with Mohammedanism, of civilisation with semi-barbarism. France, having conquered the extensive territory of Algeria, is now pushing forward her victorious legions into the more important and more populous empire of Morocco. The result of a conflict between undisciplined hordes and the science

of European warfare cannot be doubtful. But there are elements in this contest which perhaps have not been well understood. It is not with the Arab population of those countries with which France has chiefly to contend. That, indeed, is the more intellectual but smaller portion of the people of Algeria and Morocco. The more ferocious and larger portion of that population consists of the aboriginal Berbers, the ancient Numidians, and Mauretanians. The Romans termed this race *genus insuperabile bello*—‘unconquerable in war.’ It remains to be determined if they have lost that proud appellation.”

“To form a correct conception of the Sahara,” says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 169), condensing the information contained in some of the recent French publications on the subject, “our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached, from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region, where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving horsemen of the Desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilisation expire long before the traveller arrives at Negroland and the savage communities of the interior, the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offsets, more civilised, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilisation, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell [the mountainous tract lying between the Great Desert and the sea]; cultivating the date-tree with application and ingenuity, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin; carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their caravans. Each of the oases of the Sahara, which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle, presents an animated group of towns and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards, as much by the grace of its form, as by the value of its productions; and the pomegranate, the fig-tree, and the apricot cluster around its lofty stem. The lions and other beasts of prey with which poetry has peopled the African wilds are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell, never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Tuaricks frequent the southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these oases and the real Desert; but in the Sahara itself, communications, carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure. War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighbouring tribes, either for the possession of disputed territories, or the revenge of supposed injuries; but all

that is yet known of these singular communities shows them to be living in a completely constituted state of society, eminently adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit, governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people, and fulfilling, with energy and intelligence, the strange vocation of their life."

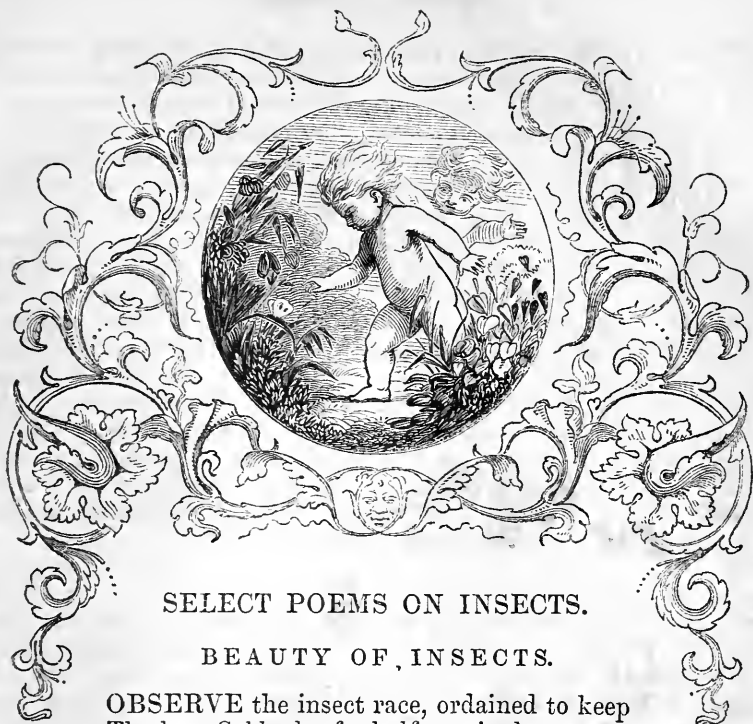
"Almost all the Sahara tribes," says M. Carette, a French captain of engineers, who has contributed much to clear up our notions of this portion of Africa, "are accustomed to a system of annual peregrination, which must have existed from time immemorial, inasmuch as it is based upon the nature of the climate and the produce, and the primary wants of their existence. This general movement is commonly performed in the following manner:—During the winter and spring the tribes are collected in the waste tracts of the Sahara, which, at this season of the year, supply water and fresh vegetation, but they never remain more than three or four days on any one spot; and when the pasture is exhausted, they strike their tents, and go to establish themselves elsewhere. Towards the end of the spring they pass through the towns of the Sahara, where their merchandise is deposited. They load their camels with dates and woollen stuffs, and then turn their steps towards the north, taking with them their whole wandering city—women, dogs, herds, and tents—for it is at this season that the springs begin to dry and the plants to wither on the Sahara, at the same time that the corn is ripe in the Tell. There they arrive at the moment of the harvest, when corn is abundant and cheap, and thus they take a double advantage of the season, by abandoning the waste as it becomes arid, and seeking their fresh stock of provisions in the north, when the markets are overstocked with grain. The summer they pass in this country, in commercial activity, exchanging their dates and woollen manufactured goods for corn, raw wool, sheep, and butter; whilst their herds are allowed to browse freely upon the lands, which lie fallow after the gathering in of the harvest. The signal for the return homewards is given at the end of the summer; the camels are reloaded, the tents again struck, and the wandering city once more marches forth, as it came, in short day's journeys towards the south. The Sahara is regained about the middle of October, the period when the dates are ripe. A month is passed in gathering and storing this fruit; another is devoted to the exchange of the wheat, and barley, and raw wool for the year's dates and the woollen stuffs—the produce of the yearly labour of the women. When all this business is concluded, and the merchandise stored away, the tribes quit the towns, and lead their flocks and herds from pasture-land to pasture-land among the waste tracts of the Sahara, until the following summer calls for a renewal of the same journey, the same system of trade.

"The Sahara," continues M. Carette, "is that part of Algeria

which is most civilised and most capable of receiving civilisation. It is there that habits of precision are most generally diffused, and there that we find the greatest amount of intelligence, activity, and social disposition." The only portion of the Sahara which answers to our ideas of an uninterrupted waste of sand, seems to be the most southern belt of it, which adjoins Nigritia, and which is infested by a roving race called the Tuaricks, who conduct a commercial intercourse, especially in slaves, between the negro countries and the oases of the more northern parts of the Sahara. "These Tuaricks," says M. Carette, "pretend to be of Turkish descent, and affect to treat the Arabs with disdain. They are tall, strong, of slender make, and of fair complexion, with the exception of a few of mixed blood. They wear a head-dress, one of the ends of which covers the whole face except the eyes; and almost all, whether rich or poor, have their feet bare, because, according to their own account, they never go on foot." The southern Tuaricks keep the towns of the Soudan in a constant state of blockade, hunting down the negroes in their neighbourhood, and carrying them off for sale.

CONCLUSION.

From the general survey which we have taken of Africa, and of the progress of African discovery, it appears that, while there is scarcely a point in its vast circuit where Europeans have not attempted to settle, scarcely any of the settlements have flourished. For the purposes of trade, such establishments will no doubt be maintained at a vast sacrifice of life—the consequence of the pestilential effects of the climate on European constitutions; but it is not likely that any settlements of a permanent description will be effected except at the southern and northern extremities of the continent. Cape Colony, as yet, is the most prosperous, indeed the only settlement worthy of the name in Africa: whether the French will be able to make anything of Algeria, remains yet to be seen. As for the centre of the continent, it seems quite hopeless to suppose that Europeans can ever operate there directly. The utmost that can be anticipated is, that they shall be able to act upon the continent through native agents. By establishing a commerce with Central Africa, they may stimulate whatever tendencies to civilisation exist among the negro races; they may create an activity through the continent resembling that caused by the slave traffic, but every way nobler and more beneficial. Whatever seeds of improvement there are among the natives, whether negroes, Foulahs, or Arabs, may be developed by this means, and made to fructify. And in this respect, nothing could be more gratifying than to know that the opinion explained in a former part of this tract with regard to Central Africa is well-founded, and that an actual movement is in progress among the natives towards a more advanced stage of humanity.



SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

BEAUTY OF INSECTS.

OBSERVE the insect race, ordained to keep
The lazy Sabbath of a half-year's sleep.
Entombed beneath the filmy web they lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky.
When vernal sunbeams pierce their dark retreat,
The heaving tomb distends with vital heat;
The full-formed brood, impatient of their cell,
Start from their trance, and burst their silken shell.
Trembling awhile they stand, and scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untried air.
At length assured, they catch the favouring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils and high in ether sail.

Lo! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold.
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
They, idly fluttering, live their little hour;
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.
Not so the child of sorrow, wretched man:
His course with toil concludes, with pain began,
That his high destiny he might discern,
And in misfortune's school this lesson learn—
Pleasure's the portion of the inferior kind;
But glory, virtue, Heaven for man designed.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

What atom forms of insect life appear !
And who can follow nature's pencil here ?
Their wings with azure, green, and purple glossed,
Studded with coloured eyes, with gems embossed,
Inlaid with pearl, and marked with various stains
Of lively crimson, through their dusky veins.
Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,
As through the woods with cautious step he moves.
See the proud giant of the beetle race,
With shining arms his polished limbs enchain !
Like some stern warrior formidably bright,
His steely sides reflect a gleaming light ;
On his large forehead spreading horns he wears,
And high in air the branching antlers bears ;
O'er many an inch extends his wide domain,
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.

—MRS BARBAULD.

THE DAY-FLY.

Poor insect ! what a little day
Of sunny bliss is thine !
And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
And bidd'st them, spreading, shine.
Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
Unmindful of the blast ;
And careless, while 'tis burning noon,
How quick that noon be past.
A shower would lay thy beauty low ;
A dew of twilight be
The torrent of thy overthrow—
Thy storm of destiny !
Then spread thy little shining wing,
Hum on thy busy lay ;
For man, like thee, has but his spring—
Like thine it fades away.

—MRS ROBINSON.

SONG OF THE BEES.

WE watch for the light of the morning to break,
And colour the gray eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, " Awake, awake !
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the wild wood, and bower ;
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The thyme, and the rosemary flower.

We seek for the bloom of the eglantine,
The lime, pointed thistle, and brier ;
And follow the course of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a stage still higher.

As each for the good of the whole is bent,
And stores up his treasure for all,
We hope for an evening with heart's content
For the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall !

—DR AIKIN.

THE ANT.—INDUSTRY.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern :
Yet as wise as we are, if sent to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores ;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time ;
When death and old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall save me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

—DR WATT.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

TO THE CICADA.

HAPPY insect, blithe and gay,
Seated on the sunny spray,
And drunk with dew, the leaves among,
Singing sweet thy chirping song.

All the various season's treasures,
All the products of the plains,
Thus lie open to thy pleasures,
Favourite of the rural swains.

On thee the Muses fix their choice,
And Phœbus adds his own,
Who first inspired thy lively voice,
And tuned thy pleasing tone.

Thy cheerful note in wood and vale
Fills every heart with glee;
And summer smiles with double charms
While thus proclaimed by thee.

Like gods canst thou the nectar sip,
A lively chirping elf;
From labour free, and free from care,
A little god thyself!

—ANACREON.

TO A FLY.

PRITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light
Dazzling captivates your sight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true;
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame, fond thing, beware—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take my counsel ere too late:
Buzz no longer round and round—
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morning: with the day
Rise, and use your wings you may:
Use them then of danger clear.
Wait till morning; do, my dear.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Lo! my counsel nought avails;
Round, and round, and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern:
Prithee, trifler, canst thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart.
Why persist? I plead in vain:
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can—
Is not this a draught of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let pride apply:
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.

—Anonymous.

TO THE SAME.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

—OLDYS.

THE BEE-HIVE.

WHAT various wonders may observers see
In a small insect—the sagacious bee!
Mark how the little untaught builders square
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied strive,
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
See what bright strokes of architecture shine
Through the whole frame—what beauty, what design!
Each odoriferous cell and waxen tower—
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower—

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
To which the labourers may their stores commit,
Without the loss of matter or of room,
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes,
In what just order all the apartments rise !
So regular their equal sides cohere,
The adapted angles so each other bear ;
That by mechanic rules, refined and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this skill even vie with reason's reach ?
Can Euclid more, can more Palladio teach ?
Each verdant hill the industrious chemists climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme ;
And, provident of winter long before,
They stock their caves, and hoard their flowing store.
In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.

—*Weekly Amusement.*

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! what can be
In happiness compared to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine !
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee ;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect ! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

—COWLEY.

TO THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good.
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In thy turn thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be exprest,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear
Melody throughout the year..

Neither night nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent,
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

—ANACREON.

COWPER.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
When abroad I took my early way.
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee !
When the crowd in their sleep were dead ;
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower.
Man will not learn to leave his lifeless bed,
And be wise, and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee !
After the fall of the cistus flower ;
I heard thee last as I saw thee first,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to burst—
In the coolness of the evening hour
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee !
Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy age will never enjoy.
I will not copy thee, thou miserly bee !

Thou art a fool, thou busy, busy bee !
Thus for another to toil !
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And will murder thee, thou poor little bee !

—SOUTHEY.

THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray ;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed ;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of Might
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went
Be careful where he trod.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain—
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you;
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

—COWPER.

TO THE SAME.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, oh nightly be thy splendour given!
Oh could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train
Amid the gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amid the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade?

Oh may no feathered foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!
Oh may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor tempest tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee mid the humming myriads die!

Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bower shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.
Sweet child of stillness, mid the awful calm
Of pausing nature thou art pleased to dwell,
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

How different man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life!
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid these whirlwinds cease,
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade!

—DR WOLCOT.

BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

THE shades of night were scarcely fled ;
The air was mild, the winds were still ;
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread,
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
That drop a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
On every tree and every flower.

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
From mountain side and shadowy dell.

When, bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The butterfly on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew ;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal, light,
Her velvet-textured wings unfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling awhile, with joy she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail ;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields—
Taste all the joys that spring can give—
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
And live while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew—
The lily's honeyed cup explore—
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments, too, of short repose;
And mark thee when, with fresh delight,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark ! while I thus musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease ; but still a voice I hear,
A whispered voice of hope and joy—
" Thy hour of rest approaches near,
Prepare thee, mortal, thou must die !

Yet start not ! on thy closing eyes
Another day shall still unfold ;
A sun of milder radiance rise,
A happier age of joys untold.

Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight—
The humblest form in nature's train—
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain ?

Ah, where were once her golden eyes,
Her glittering wings of purple pride ?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise !
A shapeless mass to earth allied.

Like thee the hapless reptile lived,
Like thee she toiled, like thee she spun ;
Like thine, her closing hour arrived,
Her labours ceased, her web was done.

And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know ?
And shall no future sorrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow ?

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Is this the bound of Power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He, who moulded thine,
Wake at his will the vital flame?

Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of earth, bright heir of Heaven."

—ROSCOE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—COWPER.

THE SPIDER.

INGENIOUS insect, but of ruthless mould,
Whose savage craft, as nature taught, designs
A mazy web of death—the filmy lines,
That from thy circling labyrinth, enfold

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Each thoughtless fly that wanders near thy hold,
Sad victim of thy guile ; nor aught avail
His silken wings, nor coat of glossy mail,
Nor varying lines of azure, jet, or gold :
Yet though thus ill the fluttering captive fares,
Whom heedless of the fraud, thy toils trepan ;
Thy tyrant fang, that slays the stranger, spares
The bloody brothers of thy cruel clan ;
While *man* against his fellows spreads his snares,
Then most delighted when his prey is *man*.

—RUSSELL.

TO THE SAME.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture has displayed ;
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely, blooming maid !

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom,
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof ;
Here mayst thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And, undisturbed, attend thy woof.

While I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate ;
Like thee confined to lonely garret,
And rudely banished rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortured body
Thou drawest thy slender string with pain,
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain.

He, for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye ;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better show it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

—SHENSTONE.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

TROPICAL INSECTS.

By mountain-side and streamlet's flow,
Flowers nameless and unnumbered blow,
And bloom in wild luxuriance free—
And tangling wreaths from tree to tree.

* * *

Myriads of painted insect-wings
Are fluttering in the genial air,
And look like sunbeam blossomings,
They are so brilliant and so fair.
Their life is but a day of bliss,
A ceaseless round of sweets and mirth,
Now up, away, or down to kiss
Some sister blossom of the earth,
From whose dew-bathed and fragrant lip
They stores of dulcete nectar sip.

THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

As an ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried—"Bless your good worship wherever you go!
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill;
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
"Begone you vile reptile," his antship replied;
"Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first, look at me, see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please;
Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."

The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture in glory a monarch's excelled;
His plumage expanded, 'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away;
"Stop, friend," says the butterfly, "don't be surprised,
I once was the reptile you spurned and despised;

But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

—CUNNINGHAM.

TRAVELS OF A BUTTERFLY.

THE woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide;
Nor did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassy fen's delights untried.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Might please his fancy, nor him cause abide.
This choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstayed desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder;
Nor with his feet their silken wings deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He casts his glutton sense to satisfy;
Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie;
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth on some bank thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

—SPENSER.

TO THE GREEN CHAFER.

You dwell within a lovely bower,
Little chafer, gold and green,
Nestling in the fairest flower—
The rose of snow, the gardens' queen.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

There you drink the crystal dew,
And your shards, as emeralds bright,
And corslet, of the ruby's hue,
Hide among the petals white.

Your fringed feet may rest them there,
And there your filmy wings may close;
But do not wound the flower so fair
That shelters you in sweet repose.

Insect, be not like him who dares
On pity's bosom to intrude,
And then that gentle bosom tears
With baseness and ingratitude.

—CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hat, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball, and the grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet his friend on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragon-fly too,
With all their relations—green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste;
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies ;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line ;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle—oh ! shocking to tell !—
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell ;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out with his light ;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

—ROSCOE.

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

Look upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine ;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Creative Wisdom thou mayst trace ;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee.

As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole :
There, with threads of thousand dyes,
Life's bewildering web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

—*From the Danish of Oehlenschläger.*

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
That is the grasshopper's : he takes the lead
In summer luxury ; he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever ;
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—KEATS.

ON THE SAME.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,

Catching your heart up at the feel of June ;
Sole voice left stirring midst the lazy noon,
When e'en the bees lag at the summoning brass :
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass :
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong

One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts ; and both were sent on earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,
In-doors and out, summer and winter—mirth.

—LEIGH HUNT.

THE INNOCENT PILFERER.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
With a diligence truly exact ;
Yet steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The cankerworm, indwelling foe !
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours ;
And birds pick the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill,
Her pillage so fits for our use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft ;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

—COWPER.

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

THE lowly flower said to the winged butterfly,
“ Leave not me.
How different are our fates ! here a poor prisoner I,
Thou dost flee.
Yet we love one another, and from men we may
Live afar ;
And we are like each other, for we both, they say,
Blossoms are.

But thou art borne aloft ; to earth, oh sad despite !
Chained am I.
Alas ! with my soft breath I would embalm thy flight
Through the sky.
Ah no ! thou flee'st too far ; thou all the countless flowers
Fliest to greet ;
I stand alone, to see my shadow turn for hours
At my feet.

Thou flee'st, returnest, flee'st, where bright like thee
Naught appears ;
And so with each returning dawn thou findest me
All in tears.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Oh that with happy, faithful love we both may live,
Charmer mine!
Take thou, like me, root in the earth, or to me give
Wings like thine."

—VICTOR HUGO.

C. WITCOMB.

TO THE WILD BEE.

ONE of my boyhood's dearest loves wert thou,
Melodious rover of the summer bowers;
And never can I see or hear thee now,
Without a fond remembrance of the hours
When youth had gardened life for me with flowers!
Thou bringest to my mind the whitethorn bough,
The blooming heath, and foxglove of the fells;
And, strange though it appear,
Methinks in every hum of thine I hear
A breeze-born tinkling from my country's own blue-bells.

Most sweet and cheering memories are these
To one who loves so well his native land—
Who loves its mountains, rivulets, and trees,
With all the flowers that spring from nature's hand,
And not at man's elaborate command.
Yet, ah! they are no more than memories:
For I have dwelt perforce this many a year
Amid the city's gloom,
And only hear thy quick and joyous boom,
When thou my dusky window haply passest near.

No longer can I closely watch thy range
From fruit to flower, from flower to budding tree,
Musing how lover-like thy course of change,
Yet from all ills of human passion free.
Though thou the summer's libertine may be,
And, having reft its sweetness, may estrange
Thyself thenceforward from the floweret's view,
No sting thou leavest behind—
No trace of reckless waste with thee we find—
And sweetly singest thou to earn thy honey-dew.

Oft have I marvelled at the faultless skill
With which thou trackest out thy dwelling-cave,
Winging thy way with seeming careless will
From mount to plain, o'er lake and winding wave:
The powers which God to earth's first creature gave,
Seem far less fit their purpose to fulfil

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Than thy most wondrous instinct—if, indeed,
We should not think it shame,
To designate by such ambiguous name
The bright endowments which have been to thee decreed.

Hurtful, alas ! too oft are boyhood's loves.
The merle, encaged beneath the cottage eaves,
The pecking sparrow, or the cooing doves,
The chattering daw, most dexterous of thieves,
That oftentimes the careful housewife grieves,
And nimbly springs aloof when she reproves—
Happier by far these pets of youth would be,
Had they been left alone,
To human care or carelessness unknown,
Roaming amid the woods, unheeded still and free!

Well, too, for thee, wert thou thus left, poor bee !
In chase of thee and thy congeners all,
How oft have I coursed o'er the fields with glee,
Despite all hindrances of hedge or wall
That in my onward way might chance to fall :
But, ah ! though fervently admiring thee,
Thy piebald stripes, perchance, or golden hues,
Too often then did death
Bring sudden pause to thy harmonious breath,
And all for thy sweet bag, so rich with balmy dews !

Nor could the beauty of thy earthen home,
In a green bank beneath a fir-tree made,
With its compact and overarching dome,
Enveloping thy treasure-stores in shade—
Nor the fine roadway, serpentinely laid—
Nor all thy lovely cups of honied comb—
Protect thee from the instruments of ill,
Who forced thy tiny cave,
And made a place of peace and joy a grave,
Killing thy race, though still admiring while they kill.

Vainly against the thoughtless plunderers
Didst thou direct thy poison-pointed sting ;
With branches from the super-pendent firs,
They beat thee down, and bruised thy little wing :
Thy queen, although a strangely gifted thing,
Saw ruin fall on all that once was hers,
Nor could the hand of fell destruction check :
Thy cells, of honey reft,
In one confused sod-mingled mass were left,
And thou, thy home and works, lay whelmed in one sad wreck.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Hence, though the wild flowers of my native hills
Before my mind at sight of thee arise,
And though my sense their fancied fragrance fills,
And their bright bloom delights my inner eyes,
Yet painful thoughts the while my breast chastise.
Oh, could poor man accomplish what he wills,
I would live o'er my days of youth again,
If but to cherish thee,
With kindness unalloyed, thou little busy bee,
And have thy memory unmixed with aught of pain!
But still to me thou art a thing of joy!
And the sweet hope is mine, that this new age
Shall see thee saved from all such sore annoy.
Following a path alike benign and sage,
The Man doth now his faculties engage
In teaching early wisdom to the Boy.
Youth now shall love thee, and have no desire
To hunt, or hurt, or kill;
And thou henceforth shalt safely roam at will,
The happiest, merriest member of the summer choir!
—THOMAS SMIBERT.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
None but a God could form.
The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.
The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.
Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
Oh do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!
—GISBORNE.

ON A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH.

“Hinder him not; he preacheth too.”

—*Jean Paul Richter.*

No, no; to hinder him would be a sin,
Let him come freely in!

He bears with him a silent eloquence
 To charm each finer sense ;
 A little living miracle he seems,
 Come down on the sun's beams,
 To preach of nature's gladness all day long !
 Chief of the insect throng—
 Tiny patrician, on whose bannery wings
 Are bright emblazonings !
 My mind doth image thee a radiant flower,
 Upflown in gladdest hour ;
 Or a small twinkling star from distant sphere
 Let loose and fluttering here !
 Whate'er thou art, thou need'st not fear annoy—
 Welcome, thou little joy !
 Yet why beneath this roof disport thyself,
 Mysterious, wayward elf ?
 Proclaim thy mission ! Dost thou come to tell
 Of spangled mead and dell—
 Of the rich clover-beds, of humming bees,
 And high o'erarching trees ?
 Thou seemest the very colours to have sipped
 From wild flowers rosy-lipped ;
 Hast thou, then, left them pale ? and com'st thou here
 In penitence and fear ?
 Or art thou—sacred thought !—a spirit come
 To worship 'neath this dome—
 A soul still laden with an earthly love,
 Finding no rest above ?
 Or art thou but a wild inconstant thing,
 Heedless where wends thy wing ?

Ah, garish creature ! thou art now astray,
 And fain wouldst be away !
 Hadst thou a tongue, I know thou'dst ask where dwell
 The flowers thou lov'st so well.
 Whose little fragrant chalices are filled
 With dew-drops fresh distilled ?
 I know thou'dst ask where shines the blessed sun,
 And where the small brooks run ?
 This is no place, no temple meet for thee :
 Away—thou shouldst be free !
 Go, like a child's thought, to the sunny air !
 Be thou a preacher there !
 Preach 'mid the congregation of the flowers,
 Through summer's fleeting hours—
 Thyself a living witness of His might
 Who gave thee to the light !

TO THE GNAT.

WHEN by the greenwood side, at summer eve,
Poetic visions charm my closing eye;
And fairy scenes, that fancy loves to weave,
Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy;
'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,
Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
And all is solitude, and all is night!

Ah! now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,
Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air!
No guardian sylph in golden panoply
Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering spear.
Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
Thy dragon scales still wet with human gore;
Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings!
—I wake in horror, and “dare sleep no more.”

—ROGERS.

THE INSECT CREATION.

THEN insect legions, pranked with gaudiest hues—
Pearl, gold, and purple—swarmed into existence;
Minute and marvellous creations these!
Infinite multitudes on every leaf,
In every drop, by me discerned at pleasure,
Were yet too fine for unenlightened eye,
Like stars, whose beams have never reached our world,
Though science meets them midway in the heaven
With prying optics, weighs them in her scale,
Measures their orbs, and calculates their courses,
Some barely visible, some proudly shone,
Like living jewels; some grotesque, uncouth,
And hideous—giants of a race of pigmies;
These burrowed in the ground, and fed on garbage;
Those lived deliciously on honey-dews,
And dwelt in palaces of blossomed bells;
Millions on millions, winged, and plumed in front,
And armed with stings for vengeance or assault,
Filled the dim atmosphere with hum and hurry:
Children of light, and air, and fire they seemed,
Their lives all ecstasy and quick cross motion.

—MONTGOMERY.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

TO THE FRITILLARY.

ON A SABBATH MORN.

On thy bed of clover playing,
Pretty insect, why so gay?
Why so blithely dressed this morning?
'Tis to thee no Sabbath-day.

Giddy trifler of an hour,
Days to thee are all the same;
Little care hast thou to count them,
Mindful only of thy game.

And thou dost well—for never sorrow
Sat upon thy golden brow;
And never storm of earthly passion
Gathered in thy breast of snow.

Thou hast not sighed at evening's closing,
For hopes that left thee on its wing;
Thou hast not wept at day's returning,
With thoughts of what that day might bring.

Nor ever voice of truth neglected,
Breathed reproaches in thine ear,
Nor secret pang of conscious error,
Spake of retribution near.

Play thy game, thou spotless worm!
Stranger still to care and sorrow;
Take thy meed of bliss to-day,
Thou wilt perish ere to-morrow.

Time has been, when, like thee, thoughtless,
How unlike in all beside!
Lightly sped, and all uncounted,
Blithe I saw the moments glide.

Then the world was all of flowers,
Thornless as thy clover bed;
Then my folly asked no question,
What might be when these were dead.

Had not Mercy's sterner pity
Bent its chastening rod on me,
Dancing still the round of pleasure,
I had died—but not like thee.

THE BEETLE-WORSHIPPER.

How comest thou on that gentle hand, where love should kisses
bring
For beauty's tribute?—answer me, thou foul and frightful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes that seem
Themselves the worshipped stars that light some youthful poet's
dream?

“ When bends the thick and golden grain, that ripens at my com-
mand,
From the cracked earth I creep, to bless with food the fainting
land ;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But maids as sweet and bright as this are priestesses to me.

Throned in the slime of ancient Nile, I bid the earth to bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and fruits appear;
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head.”

Dark teacher ! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exoteric type of thy philosophy ?
“ The Useful is the Beautiful ; the good, and kind, and true,
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue.

Learn farther, that one common chain runs through the
heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man ;
Both foul and fair alike from Him, the Lord of love, do spring—
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not EVERYTHING.”
—LEITCH RITCHIE.

BEE ECONOMY.

—— So work the honey bees ;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

—SHAKSPEARE.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

As in the sunshine of the morn,
 A butterfly, but newly born,
 Sat proudly perking on a rose,
 With pert conceit his bosom glows ;
 His wings, all glorious to behold,
 Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
 Wide he displays ; the spangled dew
 Reflects his eyes and various hue.
 His now-forgotten friend, a snail,
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
 Crawls o'er the grass ; whom when he spies,
 In wrath he to the gardener cries :
 " What means yon peasant's daily toil,
 From choking weeds to rid the soil ?
 Why wake you to the morning's care ?
 Why with new arts correct the year ?
 Why glows the peach with crimson hue ?
 And why the plum's inviting blue ?
 Were they to feast his taste designed,
 That vermin of voracious kind ?
 Crush then the slow, the pilfering race ;
 So purge the garden from disgrace !"
 " What arrogance !" the snail replied ;
 " How insolent is upstart pride !
 Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
 Provoked my patience to complain,
 I had concealed thy meaner birth,
 Nor traced thee to the scum of earth,
 For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
 To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
 Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
 In base and sordid guise arrayed :
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
 You dragged a slow and noisome train ;
 And from your spider-bowels drew
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
 I own my humble life, good friend ;
 Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
 And what's a butterfly ? At best
 He's but a caterpillar drest ;

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

—GAY.

S O N G.

AWAY! for the heath-flowers' pendent bells
Are heavy with honied dew;
And the cowslip buds, in their sunny dells,
Are bright with a golden hue.

We spread to the breeze our gossamer wings,
And a busy task is ours,
To hover around in airy rings,
And sip from the sweetest flowers.

When weary, we lie on the fragrant breast
Of the rose, ere its charms decay;
And, cradled in beauty, one moment rest,
Then spread our light wings, and away!

We climb up the clover-bud's slender stem,
And o'er its sweet blossoms linger;
For the honey-dew lies like a precious gem
On a fair girl's taper finger.

Drowsily humming our cheerful song,
Till the air echoes back the measure,
O'er meadow and mountain we speed along,
To gather the golden treasure.

Were man's life as useful and gay as ours,
Oh he would be blessed indeed!
But whilst we are sipping the sweetest flowers,
He rests on a noisome weed.

—ANON.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on—toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup ;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin ;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye :
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly !
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play ;
I see thee, and I bless thee too,
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom !

—MOORE.

TO THE VANESSA.

LOVELY insect, haste away,
 Greet once more the sunny day ;
 Leave, oh leave the murky barn,
 Ere trapping spiders thee discern ;
 Soon as seen, they will beset
 Thy golden wings with filmy net,
 Then all in vain to set thee free,
 Hopes all lost for liberty.
 Never think that I belie ;
 Never fear a winter sky ;
 Budding oaks may now be seen,
 Starry daisies deck the green,
 Primrose groups the woods adorn,
 Cloudless skies, and blossomed thorn ;
 These all prove that spring is here,
 Haste away then, never fear.
 Skim o'er hill and valley free,
 Perch upon the blossomed tree ;
 Though my garden would be best,
 Couldst thou but contented rest :
 There the schoolboy has no power
 Thee to chase from flower to flower,
 Nought is there but liberty ;
 Pleasant place for thee and me.
 Though the dew-bent level dale
 Rears the lily of the vale,
 Though the thicket's bushy dell
 Tempts thee to the foxglove's bell,
 Come but once within my bounds,
 View my garden's airy rounds,
 Soon thou'lt find the scene complete,
 And every floweret twice as sweet :
 Oft I've seen, when warm and dry,
 'Mong the bean-fields bosom-high,
 How thy starry gems and gold
 To admiration would unfold ;
 Lo ! the arching heavenly bow
 Doth all his dyes on thee bestow—
 Crimson, blue, and watery green,
 Mixed with azure shade between ;
 These are thine—thou first in place,
 Queen of all the insect race !
 And I've often thought, alone,
 This to thee was not unknown ;
 For amid the sunny hour,
 When I've found thee on a flower

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

(Searching with minutest gleg),
Oft I've seen thy little leg
Soft as glass o'er velvet glides
Smoother down thy silken sides;
Then thy wings would ope and shut;
Then thou seemingly wouldst strut:
Was it nature, was it pride?
Let the learned world decide.
Enough for me (though some may deem
This a trifling, silly theme)
Wouldst thou in my garden come,
To join the bee's delightful hum;
These silly themes then, day and night,
Should be thy trifler's whole delight.

—CLARE.

THE COACH AND THE FLY.

UPON a sandy, uphill road,
Which naked in the sunshine glowed,
Six lusty horses drew a coach.
Dames, monks, and invalids, its load,
On foot, outside, at leisure trode.
The team, all weary, stopped and blowed:
Whereon there did a fly approach,
And, with a vastly business air,
Cheered up the horses with his buzz—
Now pricked them here, now pricked them there,
As neatly as a jockey does—
And thought the while—he knew 'twas so—
He made the team and carriage go;
On carriage-pole sometimes alighting—
Or driver's nose—and biting.
And when the whole did get in motion,
Confirmed and settled in the notion,
He took, himself, the total glory—
Flew back and forth in wondrous hurry,
And as he buzzed about the cattle,
Seemed like a sergeant in a battle,
The files and squadrons leading on
To where the victory is won.
Thus charged with all the commonweal,
This single fly began to feel
Responsibility too great,
And cares, a grievous, crushing weight;
And made complaint that none would aid
The horses up the tedious hill—
The monk his prayers at leisure said—
Fine time to pray!—the dames, at will,

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

Were singing songs—not greatly needed !
Thus in their ears he sharply sang,
And notes of indignation ran—
Notes, after all, not greatly heeded.
Ere long the coach was on the top :
Now, said the fly, my hearties, stop
And breathe—I've got you up the hill;
And, Messrs Horses, let me say,
I need not ask you if you will
A proper compensation pay.

Thus certain ever-bustling noddies
Are seen in every great affair ;
Important, swelling, busy-bodies,
And bores 'tis easier to bear,
Than chase them from their needless care.

—LA FONTAINE.

INSECT EMBLEM.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light ;
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !

Yet thou wert once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept !
And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day !

—ROGERS.

